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THE

WORKS

OF THE

BRITISH POETS,

WITH

LIVES OF THE AUTHORS.

EDITED BY

ROBERT WALSH, Jr.

VOL. XXXV.

JONES, BLACKLOCK, AND COTTON.

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CONTENTS OF VOL. XXXV.

SELECT POEMS OF SIR WILLIAM JONES.

Page
LIFE OF SIR WILLIAM JONES, ... 3
Preface of Sir William Jones, in 1772, . . 25

MISCELLANIES.

Imitation of Hor. Ode 14. Lib. II. 31
Arcadia, a Pastoral Poem, ... 33
Caissa, or the Game of Chess, ... 50
The Seven Fountains, an Eastern Allegory, . 63
Solima, an Arabian Eclogue, ... 80
Laura, an Elegy from Petrarch, ... 83
Written for a Fête Champêtre in Wales, . . 88
On seeing Miss * * * ride by him, without knowing her, ... 91
To Lady Jones, from the Arabic, ... 93
From the Persian Poem of Hatifi, ... 94
Sonnet to G. Hardyngé, Esq. 95
Extempore Opinion on Native Talent, . . 96
Written after a Perusal of the 8th Sermon of Barrow, ... *ib.*
The concluding Sentence of Berkley's Siris, imitated, ... 97
An Episode from a Chorus in the Tragedy of Sohrab, ... *ib.*

12906

ODES.

Page
Ode of Petrarch to the Fountain of Valchiusa, 99
An Ode of Jami, in the Persian form and measure, ... 102
The Muse recalled, ... 103
Ode, in Imitation of Alcæus, ... 109
Ode in Imitation of Callistratus, ... 111
The first Nemean Ode of Pindar, ... 113
A Chinese Ode paraphrased, ... 117
A Turkish Ode of Mesihi, ... 119

HYMNS.

To Camdeo, ... 123
Two Hymns to Pacriti, ... 128
To Durga, ... 135
To Bhavani, ... 144
Hymn to Indra, ... 147
—— to Surya, ... 155
—— to Lacshmi, ... 164
—— to Narayena, ... 174
—— to Sereswaty, ... 180
—— to Ganga, ... 188

TALES.

Palace of Fortune, ... 199
The Enchanted Fruit, ... 215
Fabula Persica, ... 235

SONGS AND BALLADS.

Persian Song of Hafiz, ... 236
Song from the Persian, ... 239
Plassey Plain, a Ballad addressed to Lady Jones, 240

SELECT POEMS OF THOMAS BLACKLOCK, D.D.

Page
Life of Dr. Blacklock, ... 245
Hymn to Divine Love, ... 255
To Benevolence, ... 257
The Wish satisfied, ... 262
Ode to Happiness, ... 265
Philanthes, a Monody, ... 268
The Wish, an Elegy, ... 278
Elegy to the Memory of Constantia, . . . 281
A Soliloquy, ... 287
To Mrs. Anne Blacklock, the Author's mother, 297
The Author's Picture, ... 298
Epigram, ... 300
On Punch, ... *ib.*
Epitaph, ... 301
To a Lady, ... *ib.*
Ode to Amynta, ... 302
Extempore verses spoken at the desire of a gentleman, ... 304
To the Rev. Dr. Ogilvie, ... 305
To a Friend, ... 306
Ode to Aurora, ... 308
To Melissa, ... 309

SELECT POEMS OF DR. COTTON.

Life of Dr. Cotton, ... 313
Visions in Verse, ... 319
The Fireside, ... 394

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SELECT POEMS

OF

SIR WILLIAM JONES:

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

THE LIFE

OF

SIR WILLIAM JONES.

THE life of Sir William Jones, one of the most illustrious characters of the eighteenth century, forms a history of unexampled talents, industry, and taste, employed to the most valuable purposes. In what he executed and in what he projected, there is a comprehension, a vigour of intellect, to which no short narrative can do justice. Yet the purpose of the present sketch will be fully answered if it shall send the reader with eagerness to the more ample and satisfactory volume published by Lord Teignmouth.

The family of Jones is ancient, and may be traced through a long catalogue of names, none of which have obtained a place in biography, except that of his father, who was highly and deservedly celebrated as a philosopher and mathematician during and after the time of Sir Isaac Newton. He was a native of Anglesea, from which he removed to the humble occupation of teaching mathematics on board a man of war. After pursuing this course of life for some years, he became a teacher of the same science in London, and the author of some works held in great esteem. His excellent character and talents recommended him to the acquaintance and patronage of Lord Hardwicke, Sir Isaac Newton, Lord Macclesfield and others, which he

enjoyed until his death in 1749. By his wife, Mary Nix, the daughter of a cabinetmaker in London, he had three children; George, who died in infancy, Mary, who became the wife of Mr. Rainsford, a merchant, and lost her life in 1802, in consequence of her clothes taking fire, and William, the subject of the present memoir, who was born on the eve of the festival of St. Michael, 1746.

As his father died when he had scarcely reached his third year, the care of his education devolved on his mother, whose talents and virtues eminently qualified her for the task. Her husband, with affectionate precision, characterized her as one who was "virtuous without blemish, generous without extravagance, frugal but not niggard, cheerful but not giddy, close but not sullen, ingenious but not conceited, of spirit but not passionate, of her company cautious, in her friendship trusty, to her parents dutiful, and to her husband ever faithful, loving and obedient." She must have been yet a more extraordinary woman than all this imports; for we are told that under her husband's tuition she became a considerable proficient in algebra, and with a view to act as preceptor to her sister's son, who was destined for the sea, she made herself perfect in trigonometry, and the theory of navigation; sciences of which it is probable she knew nothing before her marriage, and which she pursued amidst the anxious, and usually monopolizing cares of a family.

In educating her son she appears to have preferred a method at once tender and judicious. Discovering in him a natural curiosity and thirst for knowledge, beyond what children generally display, she made the gratification of those passions to depend on his own industry, and constantly pointed to a book as the source of information. So successful was this method, that in his fourth year he was able distinctly and rapidly to read any English book, while his memory was agreeably exercised

in getting by heart such popular pieces of poetry as were likely to engage the fancy of a child.

In his sixth year an attempt was made to teach him Latin, but the acquisition of a new language had as yet no charms. At Michaelmas 1753, when he had completed his seventh year, he was placed at Harrow school, under the tuition of Dr. Thackeray. Here during the first two years he applied with diligence to his prescribed tasks, but without indicating that superiority of talents which, in eminent characters, biographers are desirous to trace to the earliest years. It was enough, however, that he learned what was taught, and it was fortunate that his mind was gradually informed without being perplexed. During the vacations his mother resumed her "delightful task," and initiated him in the art of drawing, in which she excelled. Her private instructions became more necessary, and indeed indispensable, when in his ninth year his thigh-bone was accidentally fractured. During his confinement, which lasted twelve months, his mother diverted his taste for reading to the best English poets, whom he already endeavoured to imitate.

On his return to school, he was placed in the same class which he should have attained if the progress of his studies had not been interrupted. Whether this was from favour or caprice in the master, it might have been attended with fatal consequences to young Jones, had his temper been of that irascible and wayward kind which sometimes accompanies genius. He found himself in a situation in which he was necessarily a year behind his school-fellows, and yet his master affected to presume on his equal proficiency, and goaded him, by punishment and degradation, to perform tasks for which he had received no preparatory instructions. In a few months, however, he applied himself so closely, during his leisure, hours to recover

what he had lost, that he soon reached the head of his class, and uniformly gained every prize offered for the best exercise. In his twelfth year he moved into the upper school, when he entered upon the study of the Greek, and, as was his practice when in the lower, exercised himself in various translations and compositions, which, not being required by his instructors, elevated him in the eyes of his school-fellows, while his kindness prevented the usual effects of jealousy.

His predilection for whatever concerned poetry appeared in the pains he took to study the varieties of the Roman metre. During the holidays he learnt French and Arithmetic, and as he was admitted to the company of the ingenious philosopher, Mr. Baker, and his learned friends, his mother recommended to him the *Spectacle de la Nature*, as a book that might enable him to understand their conversation. He obeyed her injunction, as he uniformly did upon every occasion, and was probably interested in many parts of that once instructive work; but he had not yet begun to make excursions into the field of natural history, and he acknowledged that he was more entertained with the Arabian Tales and Shakspeare.

Although he did not yet cease to be the boy, he frequently gave indications of the man, and perhaps in nothing more than the useful term of his amusements, which generally had some reference to his studies, and proved that learning was uppermost in his mind. Of this disposition the following anecdote, related by Lord Teignmouth, is pleasingly characteristic. "He invented a political play, in which Dr. William Bennet, bishop of Cloyne, and the celebrated Dr. Parr, were his principal associates. They divided the fields in the neighbourhood of Harrow, according to a map of Greece, into states and kingdoms; each fixed upon one as his dominion, and assumed an ancient name. Some

of their school-fellows consented to be styled barbarians, who were to invade their territories, and attack their hillocks, which were denominated fortresses. The chiefs vigorously defended their respective domains against the incursions of the enemy; and in these imitative wars, the young statesmen held councils, made vehement harangues, and composed memorials; all, doubtless, very boyish, but calculated to fill their minds with ideas of legislation and civil government. In these unusual amusements, Jones was ever the leader; and he might justly have appropriated to himself the words of Catullus:

"Ego gymnasii flos, ego decus olei."

Dr. Bennett informs us that "great abilities, great particularity of thinking, fondness for writing verses and plays of various kinds, and a degree of integrity and manly courage, distinguished him even at this period." And Dr. Thackeray, the master of the school, however niggardly in general of his praises before objects of his esteem, confessed in private that "he was a boy of so active a mind, that if he were left naked and friendless on Salisbury Plain, he would nevertheless find the road to fame and riches."

When Dr. Sumner succeeded Dr. Thackeray in 1761, he more publicly distinguished Mr. Jones, as one whose proficiency was marked by uncommon diligence. To a critical knowledge of Greek and Latin, he began now to add some acquaintance with the Hebrew, and even learned the Arabic characters, while, during the vacations, he improved his former knowledge of the French and Italian languages. His ardent thirst for knowledge, however, at this time, induced him to study with so little intermission from sleep or exercise, that he was beginning to contract a weakness of sight. On this occasion his friends interposed their advice,

and for some time he consented to relax from fatigues so unsuitable to his tender age. It is probable, however, that he had already gone too far; for weakness of sight was one of the first complaints which impeded his studies when in India.

When he had attained the age of seventeen, his friends determined to remove him to one of the universities; but his mother had been advised to place him in the office of some special pleader. He had, in the course of his desultory reading, perused a few law books, and frequently amused his mother's visitors by discussing topics of legal subtlety. But the law had not taken a complete hold on his inclination at this time, and his preceptor, Dr. Sumner, easily prevailed in recommending an academical course. He was, accordingly, in the spring of 1764, entered a student of University College, Oxford, in which city his mother then took up her residence. This latter circumstance was peculiarly grateful to Mr. Jones, who was as much distinguished above the mass of mankind for filial affection as for his literary accomplishments.

In time he became accustomed to the mode of study then prevalent, and, without neglecting any thing which it was necessary to know, pursued at his leisure hours that course of classical and polite literature which had already proved that he was not to be satiated by the common allowances of education. Oriental literature presented itself to his mind with unusual charms, as if the plan of his future life, and the avenues to his future fame had been regularly laid down before him; and he had not applied himself long to the Arabic and Persic, before he conceived that greater advantages were to be reaped from these languages than from the more popular treasures of Greece and Rome. Such was at the time his enthusiasm in this undertaking, that, having accidentally discovered one Mirza, a native of Aleppo, in London, he prevailed on him

to accompany him to Oxford, not without hopes that he might induce some of his companions to avail themselves of this Syrian's labours, and assist him in defraying the expense of his maintenance; but in this he was disappointed, and for some months the whole of the burthen fell upon himself.

During his residence at Oxford, his time was regularly divided into portions, each of which was filled up with the study of the Ancients or Moderns, and there have been few examples of so extensive an accumulation of knowledge by one so young: yet amidst this severe course of application, he systematically allotted some time for the practice of those manly exercises which promote health.

As his residence at the University necessarily became expensive, he anxiously wished for a fellowship, that he might be enabled to relieve his mother from a charge which she could ill support. He had obtained a scholarship a few months after his matriculation, but a fellowship appeared more remote, and he was beginning to despair of achieving this object, when he received an offer to be private tutor to Lord Althorpe, afterwards Earl Spencer. He was recommended to the Spencer family by Dr. Shipley, who had seen and approved some of his performances at Harrow, and particularly a Greek oration in praise of Lyon, who founded the school at that place in the reign of Elizabeth.

This proposal was cheerfully accepted by Mr. Jones, and in the summer of 1765, he went for the first time to Wimbledon Park, to take upon him the education of his pupil, who was just seven years old, and with whose manners he was delighted. It would be needless to point out the advantages of such a situation as this to a young man of Jones's accomplishments and expectations. It presented every thing he could wish; liberal patronage to promote his views, elegant society to form his manners, and opportunities for study which were infe-

rior only to what he enjoyed at Oxford. In the course of the following summer, he obtained a fellowship, which, although not exceeding one hundred pounds, appeared to him a sufficient provision and a solid independency. His time was now divided between Oxford, London, Wimbledon, and Althorpe, and, in 1767, he visited the continent with the Spencer family, and during this trip, which was but short, acquired some knowledge of the German language. Before setting out, and in the twenty-first year of his age, he began his Commentaries on Asiatic Poetry, in imitation of Dr. Lowth's Prelections at Oxford, on the sacred Poetry of the Hebrews; and soon after his return, in the winter of 1767, he nearly completed his Commentaries, transcribed an Asiatic manuscript on Egypt and the Nile, and copied the Keys of the Chinese language, which he wished to add to his other acquisitions.

Into these pursuits Mr. Jones appears to have been insensibly led, without the hopes of higher gratification than the pleasure they afforded; but a circumstance now occurred which may be considered as the first step of his progress to what finally constituted his fame as a scholar and public character. The circumstance is thus related by Lord Teignmouth, nearly in Mr. Jones's words.

"The king of Denmark, then on a visit to England (1763) had brought with him an eastern manuscript, containing the life of Nadir Shah, which he was desirous of having translated in England. The secretary of state, with whom the Danish minister had conversed upon the subject, sent the volume to Mr. Jones, requesting him to give a literal translation of it in the French language; but he wholly declined the task, alleging for his excuse the dryness of the subject, the difficulty of the style, and chiefly his want both of leisure and ability, to enter upon an undertaking so fruitless and laborious. He mentioned, however, a gentle-

man, with whom he was not then acquainted, but who had distinguished himself by the translation of a Persian history, and some popular tales from the Persic, as capable of gratifying the wishes of his Danish majesty. Major Dow, the writer alluded to, excused himself on account of his numerous engagements, and the application to Mr. Jones was renewed. It was hinted, that his compliance could be of no small advantage to him, at his entrance into life; that it would procure him some mark of distinction, which would be pleasing to him; and, above all, that it would be a reflection upon this country, if the king should be obliged to carry the manuscript to France. Incited by these motives, and principally the last, unwilling to be thought churlish or morose, and eager for reputation, he undertook the work, and sent a specimen of it to his Danish majesty; who returned his approbation of the style and method, but desired that the whole translation might be perfectly literal, and the oriental images accurately preserved. The task would have been far easier to him, if he had been directed to finish it in Latin; for the acquisition of a French style was infinitely more tedious, and it was necessary to have every chapter corrected by a native of France, before it could be offered to the discerning eye of the public, since in every language there are certain peculiarities of idiom, and nice shades of meaning, which a foreigner can never attain in perfection. The work, however arduous and unpleasant, was completed in a year, not without repeated hints from the secretary's office that it was expected with great impatience by the court of Denmark. The translation was not, however, published until 1770. Forty copies upon large paper were sent to Copenhagen: one of them bound with uncommon elegance, for the king himself; and the others as presents to his courtiers.

What reward he received for this undertaking is

but obscurely related. His Danish majesty, we are told, sent him a diploma, constituting him a member of the Royal Society of Copenhagen, and recommended him, in the strongest terms, to the favour and benevolence of his own sovereign. In all this there seems but an inadequate recompense for a work which at that time perhaps no person could have executed but himself.

His pupil being removed to Harrow, Mr. Jones had an opportunity of renewing his intimacy with Dr. Sumner, who had always estimated his talents and learning at their full value. While here, he transcribed a Persian grammar, which he had three years before composed for the use of a school-fellow destined for India. He also began a dictionary of the Persian language, in which the principal words were illustrated from the most celebrated authors of the East; but he appears to have been aware of the expense attending this work, and was unwilling to continue it, unless the East India company would purchase it.

Amidst these occupations, so far beyond the common reach of literary industry, he became a serious inquirer into the evidences of christianity, about which he appears at this time to have entertained some doubts. In this, as in all his studies, his application was intense, and his inquiries were conducted upon the fairest and most liberal principles. The result was a firm belief in the authenticity and inspiration of the Holy Scriptures, and a life dignified by purity of conduct and the exercise of every christian virtue.

In 1770, he passed the winter on the continent with the Spencer family, during which, he informs one of his correspondents, his occupations were "music, with all its sweetness and feeling; difficult and abstruse problems in mathematics; and the beautiful and sublime in poetry and painting." He wrote also in English a tract on education, in the analytical manner; a tragedy founded on the

story of Mustapha, who was put to death by his father, Soliman; and he made various translations from the oriental poets. He appears on this tour to have been less intent on those objects of curiosity which usually interest travellers, than on adding to his knowledge of languages, and habituating himself to composition in all its modes. Of the tract on education just mentioned, a fragment only remains, which his biographer has published. It appears to include the plan which he pursued in his own case. The tragedy has been totally lost, except part of a preface, in which he professes to have taken Shakspeare for his model, not by adopting his sentiments, or borrowing his expressions, but by aiming at his manner, and by striving to write as he supposes he would have written, if he had lived in the eighteenth century.

On his return from this tour, he appears to have contemplated his situation as not altogether corresponding with the feelings of an independent mind, and with the views he entertained of aiming at the dignity and usefulness of a public character. The advice given by some of his friends, when he left Harrow school, probably now recurred to his memory, and was strengthened by additional and more urgent motives; for he finally determined on the law as a profession: and having resigned his charge in Lord Spencer's family, was admitted into the Temple on the nineteenth of September, 1770, in the twenty-fourth year of his age. He found nothing in the study of the law so dry or laborious as not to be overcome by the same industry which had enabled him to overcome, almost in childhood, the difficulties which frequently deter men of mature years: and he was stimulated by what appears to have predominated in him through life, an honest ambition to rise to eminence in a profession which, although sometimes successfully followed by men of little capacity, does not exclude the

most brilliant acquirements. Still, however, while labouring to qualify himself for the bar, he regarded his progress in literature as too important or too delightful to be altogether interrupted, and from the correspondence published by Lord Teignmouth, it appears that he snatched many an hour from his legal inquiries, to meditate plans connected with his oriental studies. What he executed, indeed, did not always correspond with what he projected; but we find that within the first two years of his residence in the Temple, he sketched the plan of an epic poem, and of a Turkish history, and published a French letter to Anquetil du Perron, who, in his Travels in India, had treated the university of Oxford, and some of its learned members, friends of Mr. Jones, with disrespect. Besides these works, Mr. Jones published, in 1772, a small volume of poems, consisting chiefly of translations from the Asiatic languages, with two prose dissertations on Eastern poetry and on the arts commonly called imitative. Most of these poems had been written long before this period, but were kept back until they received all the improvements of frequent revisal, and the criticisms of his friends.

From his entrance into the university, until Michaelmas 1763, when he took his bachelor's degree, he had kept terms regularly, but from this period to 1773, only occasionally. During the Encœnia, in Easter-term 1773, he took his master's degree, and composed an oration which he intended to speak in the theatre; but which was not published till about ten years after. In the beginning of the year 1774, he published his Commentaries on Asiatic Poetry, which have been noticed as having been begun in 1766, and finished in 1769, when he was only in his twenty-third year. The same motives which induced him to keep back his poems, prevailed in the present instance, a diffidence in his own abilities, and a wish to profit by more

mature examination, as well as by the opinions of his friends. By the preface to this work it would appear that he was not perfectly satisfied with the profession in which he had engaged, and that, had circumstances permitted, he would have been better pleased to devote his days to an uninterrupted course of study. But such was his fate that he must now renounce polite literature; and having been admitted to the bar in 1774, he adhered to this determination inflexibly for some years, during which his books and manuscripts, except such as related to law and oratory, remained locked up at Oxford. For some time he had but little practice, but it gradually came, and with it a very considerable share of reputation. Towards the end of the year 1776, he was appointed a commissioner of bankrupts, a favour which he seems inclined to estimate beyond the value usually put upon it by professional men.

Notwithstanding his determination to suspend the study of ancient literature, there was a gratification in it which he found impossible to resign, while his practice continued so scanty as to afford him any disposable time. In the year last mentioned we find him reading the Grecian orators again and again, and translating the most useful orations of Isæus. Some part of his time likewise he devoted to philosophical experiments and discoveries, attended the meetings of the Royal Society, of which he had been elected a fellow in 1772, and kept up an extensive epistolary intercourse with many of the literati of Europe. In these letters subjects of law seldom occur, unless as an apology for his barrenness on topics more congenial. From the commencement of the contest between Great Britain and America, he was decidedly against the measures adopted by the mother country.

In 1776, he published his translation of the Orations of Isæus, in causes concerning the succession

to property at Athens; with a prefatory discourse, notes historical and critical, and a commentary. This work he dedicated to Earl Bathurst, who, among all his illustrious friends, was as yet his only benefactor, by conferring on him the place of commissioner of bankrupts. The elegant style, profound research, and acute criticism displayed in this translation, attracted the applause of every judge of classical learning.

His next publication was a Latin Ode to Liberty, under the title of *Julii Melesigoni ad Libertatem*, a name formed by the transposition of the letters *Gulielmus Jonesius*. In this ode (the author of which was soon known) he made a more ample acknowledgment of his political principles, and this, it is feared, had an unfavourable influence on the hopes which he was encouraged to entertain of promotion. In 1780, there was a vacant seat on the bench of Fort William, in Bengal, to which the kindness of Lord North led him to aspire; but, for some time, he had very little prospect of success. During the time that this matter was in suspense, on the resignation of Sir Robert Newdigate, he was advised to come forward as a candidate for the representation of the University of Oxford in parliament. But finding that there was no chance of success, he declined the contest before the day of election. His avowed principles on the great question of the American war were so decidedly hostile, not only to the measures pursued by administration, but to the sentiments entertained by the majority of the members of the university, that, although he might be disappointed, he could not be surprised at his failure; and he accordingly appears to have resigned himself to his former pursuits with tranquil satisfaction.

During this year (1780) he published an Enquiry into the Legal Mode of Suppressing Riots, with a Constitutional Plan of Future Defence, a pamphlet

suggested by the dreadful riots in London, of which he had been a witness. His object is to prove that the common and statute laws of the realm then in force, give the civil state in every county a power, which, if it were perfectly understood, and continually prepared, would effectually quell any riot or insurrection, without assistance from the military, and even without the modern riot act. In a speech which he intended to deliver at a meeting of the freeholders of Middlesex, in September following, he more explicitly avowed his sentiments on public affairs, and in language rather stronger than usual with him, although suited to the state of popular opinion in that county.

During a short visit to Paris, he appears to have formed a design of writing a history of the war. On his return, however, he recurred to his more favourite studies; and his biographer has printed a curious memorandum, dated 1780, in which Mr. Jones resolves to learn no more rudiments of any kind, but to perfect himself in the languages he had already acquired, viz. Greek, Latin, Italian, French, Spanish, Portuguese, Hebrew, Arabic, Persian, Turkish, German, and English, as the means of acquiring an accurate knowledge of history, arts, and sciences. With such wonderful acquisitions, he was still only in his thirty-third year.

In the winter of 1780–1, he found leisure to complete his translation of seven ancient poems of the highest reputation in Arabia, which, however, were not published till 1783: and he celebrated, about the same time, the nuptials of Lord Althorpe with Miss Bingham, in an elegant ode, entitled The Muse Recalled. In his professional line he published an Essay on the Law of Bailments, a subject handled under the distinct heads of analysis, history, and synthesis: in which mode he proposed at some future period to discuss every branch of

English law, civil and criminal, private and public. His object, in all his legal discussions, was to advance law to the honours of a science. It may be doubted which at this time predominated in his mind, his professional plans, or his favourite study of the Eastern poets. He now, however, undertook a work, in which he might gratify both duty and inclination, by translating an Arabian poem on the Mahommedan law of succession to the property of intestates. The poem had indeed but few charms to reward his labour by delighting his fancy; but, in the prospect of obtaining a judge's seat in India, he foresaw advantages from every opportunity of displaying his knowledge of the Mahommedan laws.

In 1782, he took a very active part among the societies formed to procure a more equal representation in the Commons' house of parliament. The speech which he delivered at the London Tavern on this subject was long admired for its elegance, perspicuity, and independent spirit. He was also elected a member of the society for Constitutional Information, and bestowed considerable attention on the objects it professed. The Dialogue between a Farmer and a Country Gentleman on the Principles of Government, which he wrote some time before, was circulated by this society with much industry. When the dean of St. Asaph (afterwards his brother-in-law) was indicted for publishing an edition of it in Wales, Mr. Jones sent a letter to Lord Kenyon, then chief justice of Chester, avowing himself to be the author, and maintaining that every position in it was strictly conformable to the laws and constitution of England.

On the succession of the Shelburne administration, whose views of political affairs were in some respects more consonant to Mr Jones's principles than those of their predecessors, by the particular

interest of Lord Ashburton, he achieved the object to which for some time past he had anxiously aspired. In March 1783, he was appointed a judge of the supreme court of judicature at Fort William, on which occasion the honour of knighthood was conferred on him. In April following he married a young lady to whom he had been long attached, Anna Maria Shipley, eldest daughter of the bishop of St. Asaph. He had now secured, as his friend Lord Ashburton congratulated him, "two of the first objects of human pursuits, those of ambition and love."

His stay in England after these events was very short, as he embarked for India in the month of April. During the voyage his mind was sensibly impressed with the importance of the public station he was about to fill, and he began to anticipate the objects of inquiry which would engage his attention, and the improvements he might introduce in India from the experience of a life, much of which had been passed in acquiring a knowledge of its learning and laws. Among other designs, very honourable to the extent of his benevolent intentions, which he formed at his onset, we find the publication of the Gospel of St. Luke in the Arabic, the Psalms in Persian verse, and various law tracts in Persian and Arabic. He intended also to compose elements of the laws of England, a history of the American war, already noticed, and miscellaneous poems, speeches and letters, on subjects of taste, oratory or general polity. But the pressure of his official duties, during the short remainder of his life, prevented his completing these designs.

He arrived at Calcutta in September, and was eagerly welcomed by all who were interested in the acquisition of a magistrate of probity and independence, of a scholar who was confessedly at the head of oriental literature, and one in the prime

and vigour of life, who bade fair to be long the ornament of the British dominions in India. His own satisfaction was not less lively or complete. He had left behind him the inconstancy and the turbulence of party, and felt no longer the anxieties of dependence and delay. New scenes were inviting his enthusiastic research, scenes which he had delighted to contemplate at a distance, and which promised to enlarge his knowledge as a scholar, and his usefulness as a public character. He was brought into those regions whose origin, manners, language and religion had been the subject of his profound inquiry, and while his curiosity was heightened, he drew nearer to the means of gratification.

He had not been long in this new situation before he began, with his usual judgment, to divide his time into regular portions. One of his first endeavours was to institute a society in Calcutta, the members of which might assist him in those scientific pursuits, which he foresaw would be too numerous and extended for his individual labour: and he had no sooner suggested the scheme than it was adopted with avidity. The new association assembled for the first time in January 1784. The government of Bengal readily granted its patronage, and Mr. Hastings, then governor-general, who had ever been a zealous encourager of Persian and Sanscrit literature, was offered the honorary title of president; but as his numerous engagements prevented his acquiescence, Sir William Jones was immediately and unanimously placed in the chair. The importance of this society has long been acknowledged, and their Transactions are a sufficient testimony of their learning, acuteness, and perseverance, qualities the more remarkable as they have been found in men, most of whom embarked for India with views of a very different kind, and which might have occupied their whole atten-

tion without their incurring the imputation of illiberality or remissness. To detail the whole of Sir William Jones's proceedings and labours as president of this society would be to abridge their Transactions, of which he lived to see three volumes published.

Soon after his arrival he determined to commence the study of the Sanscrit. The plan to be promoted by his knowledge of Sanscrit was at this time very distant as to probability of execution; but he had carefully weighed it in his mind, and was gradually preparing the way for its accomplishment. It was, indeed, worthy of his great and liberal mind, to provide for the due administration of justice among the Indians, by compiling a digest of Hindu and Mahommedan laws, similar to that which Justinian gave to his Greek and Roman subjects. When he had made such progress in the language as might enable him to take a principal part in this important design, he imparted his views to Lord Cornwallis, then (1788) governor-general, in a long letter, which will ever remain a monument of his extensive understanding, benevolence, and public spirit. "At the period," says his biographer, "when this work was undertaken by Sir William Jones, he had not resided in India more than four years and a half, during which time he had not only acquired a thorough knowledge of the Sanscrit language, but had extended his reading in it so far, as to be qualified to form a judgment upon the merit and authority of the authors to be used in the compilation of his work: and although his labour was only applied to the disposition of materials already formed, he was enabled by his previous studies to give them an arrangement superior to any existing, and which the learned natives themselves approved and admired. In the dispensations of Providence, it may be remarked, as an occurrence of no ordinary nature, that the professors of the Braminical faith

should so far renounce their reserve and distrust, as to submit to the direction of a native of Europe, for compiling a digest of their own laws."

In 1789, the first volume of the Asiatic Researches was published, and the same year Sir William Jones finished his translation of Sacontala, or the Fatal Ring, an ancient Indian drama, and one of the greatest curiosities that the literature of Asia had yet brought to light. In 1794, he published as an institute, prefatory to his larger work, a translation of the ordinances of Menu, who is esteemed by the Hindus the first of created beings, and not only the oldest, but the holiest of legislators. The judgment and candour of the translator, however, led him to appreciate this work no higher than it deserved, as not being calculated for general reading, but exhibiting the manners of a remarkable people in a remote age, as including a system of despotism and priestcraft, limited by law, yet artfully conspiring to give mutual support, and as filled with conceits in metaphysics and natural philosophy which might be liable to misconstruction. Amidst these employments, he still carried on his extensive correspondence with his learned friends in Europe, unfolding with candour his various pursuits and sentiments, and expressing such anxiety about every branch of science, as proved that even what he called relaxation, was but the diversion of his researches from one channel into another. In addition to the various studies already noticed, botany appears to have occupied a share of his attention; and in this, as in every new acquisition, he disdained to stop at a moderate progress, or be content with a superficial knowledge.

The indisposition of Lady Jones, in 1793, rendered it absolutely necessary that she should return to England, and her affectionate husband proposed to follow her in 1795, but he still wished to complete the system of Indian laws before he left the

situation in which he could promote this great work with most advantage. He had not, however, proceeded long in this undertaking, before symptoms appeared of that disorder which deprived the world of one of its brightest ornaments. The following account of his dissolution is given in the words of his biographer.

"On the evening of the twentieth of April, or nearly about that date, after prolonging his walk to a late hour, during which he had imprudently remained in conversation, in an unwholesome situation, he called upon the writer of these sheets, and complained of aguish symptoms, mentioning his intention to take some medicine, and repeating jocularly an old proverb, that 'an ague in the spring is medicine for a king.' He had no suspicion at the time of the real nature of his indisposition, which proved in fact to be a complaint common in Bengal, an inflammation in the liver. The disorder was, however, soon discovered by the penetration of the physician, who, after two or three days, was called in to his assistance; but it had then advanced too far to yield to the efficacy of the medicines usually prescribed, and they were administered in vain. The progress of the complaint was uncommonly rapid, and terminated fatally on the 27th of April, 1794. On the morning of that day, his attendants, alarmed at the evident symptoms of approaching dissolution, came precipitately to call the friend who has now the melancholy task of recording the mournful event. Not a moment was lost in repairing to his house. He was lying on his bed in a posture of meditation, and the only symptom of remaining life was a small degree of motion at the heart, which after a few seconds ceased, and he expired without a pang or groan. His bodily suffering, from the complacency of his features and the ease of his attitude, could not have been severe: and his mind must have derived consolation from

those sources where he had been in the habit of seeking it, and where alone, in our last moments, it can ever be found."

Thus ended the life of a man who was among the brightest examples of rational ambition, and of extensive learning, virtue and excellence, that modern times have produced—a man who must ever be the subject of admiration, although it can happen to the lot of few to equal, and perhaps of none to excel him. It was the peculiar felicity of this extraordinary man, that the whole plan of his life appears to have been the best that could have been contrived to forward his views, and to accomplish his character.

In tracing its progress, we see very little that could have been more happily arranged: few adverse occurrences, and scarcely an object of serious regret, especially when we consider how gently his ambition was chastened and his integrity purified by the few delays which at one time seemed to cloud his prospects.

But it is foreign to the design of the present writer, and it must be left to a very superior pen, to discuss the character of Sir William Jones as a scholar, a philosopher, and a lawyer. He is introduced in this collection as a poet, and his claims are such as, it is hoped, will justify this step. The greater part of his poems, indeed, consist of translations, but they indicate a taste so greatly refined, that there can be no scruple in admitting him to a high rank among modern poets. He has presented to the English reader a new set of images, and opened new sources of the sublime and the pathetic, by familiarizing to us the scenery and manners of the eastern regions. The judgment with which those are selected, leads us to regret, that his original productions are few, since it is universally acknowledged, that, independently of the language and versification, both polished to a high degree of excellence, they are distinguished for true poetical fancy, ardour, and sensibility.

PREFACE

OF

SIR WILLIAM JONES,

TO THE

EDITION OF HIS POEMS IN 1772.

The reader will probably expect, that, before I present him with the following miscellany, I should give some account of the pieces contained in it; and should prove the authenticity of those Eastern originals, from which I profess to have translated them: indeed, so many productions, invented in France, have been offered to the public as genuine translations from the languages of Asia, that I should have wished, for my own sake, to clear my publication from the slightest suspicion of imposture. But there is a circumstance peculiarly hard in the present case; namely, that were I to produce the originals themselves, it would be impossible to persuade some men, that even *they* were not forged for the purpose, like the pretended language of Formosa. I shall, however, attempt, in this short preface, to satisfy the reader's expectations.

The first poem in the collection, called Solima, is not a regular translation from the Arabic language; but most of the figures, sentiments, and descriptions in it, were really taken from the poets of Arabia: for when I was reading some of their verses on benevolence and hospitality, which they justly consider as their most amiable virtues, I selected those passages that seemed most likely to run into our measure, and connected them in such a manner as to form one continued piece, which I suppose to be written in praise of an Arabian princess, who had built a caravansera with pleasant gardens for the refreshment of travellers and pilgrims; an act of munificence not uncommon in Asia. I shall trouble the reader with only one of the original passages, from which he may form a tolerable judgment of the rest:

Kad alama e'ddhaifo wa'l mojteduno
Idha aghbara of kon wahabbat shemalan.
Wakhalat an auladiha elmordhiato,
Wa lam tar ainon lemoznin belalan,
Beenca conto 'errabio el moghitho
Leman yatarica, waconto themalan,
Waconto' nehara behi shemsoho,
Waconto dagiyyi' lleili fibi helalan.

that is;* "The stranger and the pilgrim well know when the sky is dark, and the north wind rages, when the mothers leave their sucking infants, when no moisture can be seen in the clouds, that thou art bountiful to them as the spring, that thou art their chief support, that thou art a sun to them by day, and a moon in the cloudy night."

* See this page versified in Solima.

The hint of the next poem, or The Palace of Fortune, was taken from an Indian tale, translated a few years ago from the Persian, by a very ingenious gentleman in the service of the India Company; but I have added several descriptions and episodes from other Eastern writers, have given a different moral to the whole piece, and have made some other alterations in it, which may be seen by any one, who will take the pains to compare it with the story of Roshana, in the second volume of the tales of Inatulla.

I have taken a still greater liberty with the moral allegory, which, in imitation of the Persian poet Nezami, I have entitled The Seven Fountains; the general subject of it was borrowed from a story in a collection of tales by Ebn Arabshah, a native of Damascus, who flourished in the fifteenth century, and wrote several other works in a very polished style, the most celebrated of which is "An History of the Life of Tamerlane:" but I have ingrafted upon the principal allegory an episode from the Arabian tales of* "a thousand and one nights," a copy of which work, in Arabic, was procured for me by a learned friend at Aleppo.

The song, which follows, was first printed at the end of a Persian grammar: but, for the satisfaction of those who may have any doubt of its being genuine, it seemed proper to set down the original of it in Roman characters at the bottom of the page. The Ode of Petrarch was added,

* See the story of Prince Agib, or the third Calendar in the Arabian Tales, Night 57, &c.

that the reader might compare the manner of the Asiatic poets with that of the Italians, many of whom have written in the true spirit of the Easterns. Some of the Persian songs have a striking resemblance to the sonnets of Petrarch; and even the form of those little amatory poems was, I believe, brought into Europe by the Arabians; one would almost imagine the following lines to be translated from the Persian:

> Aura, che quelle chiome bionde e crespe
> Circondi, e movi, e se' mossa da loro
> Soavemente, e spargi quel dolce oro,
> E poi 'l raccogli, e'n bei nodi l' increspe—

since there is scarce a page in the works of Hafey and Jumi, in which the same image, of "the breeze playing with the tresses of a beautiful girl," is not agreeably and variously expressed.

The elegy on the death of Laura was inserted with the same view, of forming a comparison between the Oriental and the Italian poetry: the description of the fountain of Valchiusa, or Vallis Clausa, which was close to Petrarch's house, was added to the elegy in the year 1769, and was composed on the very spot, which I could not forbear visiting when I passed by Avignon.

The Turkish Ode on the Spring was selected from many others in the same language, written by Mesihi, a poet of great repute at Constantinople, who lived in the reign of Soliman the Second, or the Lawgiver. It is not unlike the Vigil of Venus, which has been ascribed to Catullus; the measure of it is nearly the same with that of the Latin poem; and it has, like that, a lively burden

at the end of every stanza: The works of Mesihi are preserved in the archives of the Royal Society.

It will be needless, I hope, to apologize for the Pastoral, and the poem upon Chess, which were done as early as at the age of sixteen or seventeen years, and were saved from the fire, in preference to a great many others, because they seemed more correctly versified than the rest.

It must not be supposed, from my zeal for the literature of Asia, that I mean to place it in competition with the beautiful productions of the Greeks and Romans; for I am convinced, that, whatever changes we make in our opinions, we always return to the writings of the ancients, as to the standard of true taste.

If the novelty of the following poems should recommend them to the favour of the reader, it may probably be agreeable to him to know, that there are many others of equal or superior merit, which have never appeared in any language of Europe; and I am pursuaded that a writer, acquainted with the originals, might imitate them very happily in his native tongue, and that the public would not be displeased to see the genuine compositions of Arabia and Persia in an English dress. The heroic poem of Ferdusi might be versified as easily as the Iliad, and I see no reason why The Delivery of Persia by Cyrus should not be a subject as interesting to us, as the anger of Achilles, or the wandering of Ulysses. The Odes of Hafez, and of Mesihi, would suit our lyric measures as well as those ascribed to Anacreon; and the seven Arabic elegies that were hung up in the temple of Mecca, and of which there are several fine copies at Ox-

ford, would, no doubt, be highly acceptable to the lovers of antiquity, and the admirers of native genius. But when I propose a translation of these Oriental pieces, as a work likely to meet with success, I only mean to invite my readers, who have leisure and industry, to the study of the languages in which they are written; and am very far from insinuating that I have the remotest design of performing any part of the task myself. For, to say the truth, I should not have suffered even the following trifles to see the light, If I were not very desirous of recommending to the learned world a species of literature, which abounds with so many new expressions, new images, and new inventions.

MISCELLANIES.

IMITATION OF HORACE,

ODE XIV. LIB. II.

WRITTEN AT FOURTEEN YEARS OF AGE.

1760.

How quickly fades the vital flow'r!
Alas, my friend! each silent hour
  Steals unperceiv'd away:
The early joys of blooming youth,
Sweet innocence, and dove-eyed truth,
  Are destin'd to decay.

Can zeal, drear Pluto's wrath restrain?
No; though an hourly victim stain
  His hallow'd shrine with blood,
Fate will recall her doom for none;
The sceptred king must leave his throne,
  To pass the Stygian flood.

In vain, my Parnell, wrapt in ease,
We shun the merchant-marring seas;
  In vain we fly from wars;
In vain we shun the' autumnal blast;
(The slow Cocytus must be pass'd)
  How needless are our cares!

Our house, our land, our shadowy grove,
The very mistress of our love,
  Ah me, we soon must leave!
Of all our trees, the hated boughs
Of cypress shall alone diffuse
  Their fragrance o'er our grave.

To others shall we then resign
The numerous casks of sparkling wine,
  Which, frugal, now we store?
With them a more deserving heir,
(Is this our labour, this our care?)
  Shall stain the stucco floor.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO ARCADIA,

A PASTORAL POEM.

The following pastoral was written in the year 1762; but the author, finding some tolerable passages in it, was induced to correct it afterwards, and to give it a place in his collection of poems, published in 1772. He took the hint of it from an allegory of Mr. Addison, in the thirty-second paper of the Guardian; which is set down in the margin, that the reader may see where he has copied the original, and where he has deviated from it. In this piece, as it now stands, Menalcas, king of the shepherds, means Theocritus; the most ancient, and perhaps the best, writer of Pastorals: and by his two daughters, Daphne and Hyla, must be understood the two sorts of pastoral poetry; the one elegant and polished, the other simple and unadorned; in both of which he excelled. Virgil, whom Pope chiefly followed, seems to have borne away the palm in the higher sort; and Spenser, whom Gay imitated with success, had equal merit in the more rustic style; these two poets, therefore, may justly be supposed in this allegory to have inherited his kingdom of Arcadia.

ARCADIA.[1]

In those fair plains, where glittering Ladon roll'd
His wanton labyrinth o'er sands of gold,
Menalcas reign'd; from Pan his lineage came;
Rich were his vales, and deathless was his fame.
When youth impell'd him, and when love inspir'd,
The listening nymphs his doric lays admir'd:
To hear his notes the swains with rapture flew;
A softer pipe no shepherd ever blew.
But, now, oppress'd beneath the load of age,
Belov'd, respected, venerable, sage,—
Of heroes, demigods, and gods he sung;*
His *reed* neglected on a poplar hung:
Yet all the rules, that young Arcadians keep,
He kept, and watch'd, each morn, his bleating sheep.
Two lovely daughters were his dearest care;
Both mild as May, and both as April fair:
Love, where they mov'd, each youthful breast inflam'd;
And Daphne this, and Hyla that was nam'd.

1 This couplet alludes to the higher Idyllia of Theocritus; as the Ἐγκώμιον εἰς Πτολεμαῖον, the Διοσκοροι, and others which are of the heroic kind.

IMITATIONS.

* *Guardian*, No. 32.—In ancient times there dwelt, in a pleasant vale of Arcadia, a man of very ample possessions, named Menalcas, who, deriving his pedigree from the god Pan, kept very strictly up to the rules of the pastoral life, as it was in the golden age.

The first was bashful as a blooming bride,*
And all her mien display'd a decent pride;
Her tresses, braided in a curious knot,
Were close confin'd, and not a hair forgot,—
Where many a flower, in mystic order plac'd,
With myrtle twin'd, her silken fillet grac'd;
Nor with less neatness was her robe dispos'd,
And every fold a pleasing art disclos'd;
Her sandals of the brightest silk were made,
And, as she walk'd, gave lustre to the shade;
A graceful ease in every step was seen,
She mov'd a shepherdess, yet look'd a queen.
Her sister scorn'd to dwell in arching bow'rs,
Or deck her locks with wreaths of fading flow'rs;
O'er her bare shoulder flow'd her auburn hair,
And, fan'd by Zephyrs, floated on the air;
Green were her buskins, green the vest she wore,
And in her hand a knotty crook she bore.
The voice of Daphne might all pains disarm;
Yet, heard too long, its sweetness ceas'd to charm:
But none were tir'd when artless Hyla sung,
Though something rustic warbled from her tongue †.

IMITATIONS.

* He had a daughter, his only child, called Amaryllis. She was a virgin of a most enchanting beauty, of a most easy and unaffected air; but, having been bred up wholly in the country, was bashful to the last degree.

† She had a voice that was exceedingly sweet; yet had a rusticity in her tone, which, however, to most who heard her, seemed an additional charm. Though in her conversation, in general, she was very engaging, yet to her lovers, who were numerous, she was so coy, that many left her in disgust after a tedious courtship, and matched themselves where they were better received.

Thus both in beauty grew, and both in fame,
Their manners different, yet their charms the same,
The young Arcadians, tuneful from their birth,
To love devoted, and to rural mirth,
Beheld, and fondly lov'd the royal maids,
And sung their praise in valleys, lawns, and glades;
From morn to latest eve they wept and sigh'd;
And some for Daphne, some for Hyla, died:
Each day new presents to the nymphs they bore,
And in gay order spread the shining store;
Some beechen bowls and polish'd sheephooks brought,
With ebon knots, and studs of silver wrought;
Some led in flowery bands the playful fawn,
Or bounding roe, that spurn'd the grassy lawn;
The rest on Nature's blooming gifts relied,
And rais'd their slender hopes on Beauty's pride:
—But the coy maids, regardless of their pain,
Their vows derided, and their plaintive strain.
Hence some, whom love with lighter flames had fir'd,
Broke their soft flutes, and in despair retir'd;
To milder damsels told their amorous tale,
And found a kinder Daphne in the vale.

It happen'd on a cheerful morn of May
When every meadow smil'd in fresh array,
The shepherds, rising at an early hour,
In crowds assembled round the regal bower,
There hail'd in sprightly notes the peerless maids;
And tender accents trembled through the glades.
Menalcas, whom the larks with many a lay
Had call'd from slumber at the dawn of day,
By chance was roving through a hordering dale,
And heard the swains their youthful woes bewail

He knew the cause; for long his prudent mind
To sooth their cares indulgently design'd;
Slow he approach'd; then wav'd his awful hand,
And, leaning on his crook, address'd the listening band:
"Arcadian shepherds! to my words attend;
In silence, hear your monarch and your friend.
Your fruitless pains, which none can disapprove,
Excite my pity, not my anger move.
Two gentle maids, the solace of my age,
Fill all my soul, and all my care engage;
When death shall join me to the pale-ey'd throng,
To them my sylvan empire will belong;
But, lest with them the royal line should fail,
And civil discord fill this happy vale, [wed;
Two chosen youths the beauteous nymphs must
To share their power, and grace the genial bed;
So may the swains our ancient laws obey,*
And all Arcadia own their potent sway.
But what sage counsel can their choice direct?
Whom can the nymphs prefer, or whom reject?
So like your passion, and so like your strain,
That all deserve, yet cannot all obtain.
Hear then my tale: as late by fancy led
To steep Cyllene's ever vocal head,

IMITATIONS.

* For Menalcas had not only resolved to take a son-in-law, who should inviolably maintain the customs of his family; but had received one evening, as he walked in the fields, a pipe of an antique form, from a Faun, or, as some say, from Oberon the Fairy; with a particular charge, not to bestow his daughter on any one, who could not play the same tune upon it, as at that time he entertained him with.

With winding steps I wander'd through the wood,
And pour'd wild notes; a Faun before me stood;
A flute he held, which as he softly blew,
The feather'd warblers to the sound he drew;
Then to my hand the precious gift consign'd,
And said, 'Menalcas, ease thy wondering mind:
This pipe, on which the god of shepherds play'd,
When love inflam'd him, and the viewless maid,[1]
Receive: ev'n Pan thy tuneful skill confess'd,
And after Pan thy lips will grace it best.
Thy daughter's beauty every breast inspires,
And all thy kingdom glows with equal fires:
But let those favour'd youths alone succeed,
Who blow with matchless art this heavenly reed.'
*"This said, he disappear'd. Then hear my will:—
Be bold, ye lovers, and exert your skill;

1 Echo.

IMITATIONS.

* When the time that he designed to give her in marriage was near at hand, he published a decree, whereby he invited the neighbouring youths to make trial of this musical instrument, with promise, that the victor should possess his daughter, on condition that the vanquished should submit to what punishment he thought fit to inflict. Those, who were not yet discouraged, and had high conceits of their own worth, appeared on the appointed day, in a dress and equipage suitable to their respective fancies. The place of meeting was a flowery meadow, through which a clear stream murmured in many irregular meanders. The shepherds made a spacious ring for the contending lovers; and in one part of it there sat upon a little throne of turf, under an arch of eglantine and woodbines, the father of the maid, and at his right hand the damsel crowned with roses and lilies. She wore a flying robe of a slight green stuff; she had her sheephook in one hand, and the fatal pipe in the other. The first who approached her was a youth of a graceful pre-

Be they my sons who sing the softest strains,
And tune to sweetest notes their pleasing pains:
But mark! whoe'er shall, by too harsh a lay,
Offend our ears, and from our manners stray,
He, for our favour and our throne unfit,
To some disgraceful penance must submit."
He ends:—the shepherds at his words rejoice,
And praise their sovereign with a grateful voice.
Each swain believes the lovely prize his own,
And sits triumphant on the' ideal throne;
Kind vanity their want of art supplies,
And gives indulgent what the Muse denies;
Gay vests and flowery garments each prepares,—
And each the dress that suits his fancy wears.
Now deeper blushes ting'd the glowing sky,
And Evening rais'd her silver lamp on high;
When in a bower, by Ladon's lucid stream,
Where not a star could dart his piercing beam,
So thick the curling eglantines display'd,
With woodbines join'd, an aromatic shade,—

IMITATIONS.

sence and a courtly air, but dressed in a richer habit than had ever been seen in Arcadia. He wore a crimson vest, cut, indeed, after the shepherd's fashion, but so enriched with embroidery, and sparkling with jewels, that the eyes of the spectators were diverted, from considering the mode of the garment, by the dazzling of the ornaments. His head was covered with a plume of feathers, and his sheephook glittered with gold and enamel. He applied the pipe to his lips, and began a tune, which he set off with so many graces and quavers, that the shepherds and shepherdesses, who had paired themselves in order to dance, could not follow it; as indeed it required great skill and regularity of steps, which they had never been bred to. Menalcas ordered him to be stripped of his costly robes, and to be clad in a russet weed, and to tend the flocks in the valleys for a year and a day.

The father of the blooming nymphs reclin'd,
His hoary locks with sacred laurel twin'd:
The royal damsels, seated by his side,
Shone like two flowers in summer's fairest pride:
The swains before them crowded in a ring,
Prepar'd to blow the flute, or sweetly sing.
First, in the midst a graceful youth arose,
Born in those fields where crystal Mele flows:
His air was courtly, his complexion fair,
And rich perfumes shed sweetness from his hair,
That o'er his shoulder wav'd in flowing curls,
With roses braided, and inwreath'd with pearls:
A wand of cedar for his crook he bore;
His slender foot the' Arcadian sandal wore,
Yet that so rich, it seem'd to fear the ground,
With beaming gems and silken ribands bound;
The plumage of an ostrich grac'd his head,
And with embroider'd flowers his mantle was o'er-spread.
He sung the darling of the' Idalian queen,*
Fall'n in his prime on sad Cythera's green;
When weeping Graces left the faded plains,
And tun'd their strings to elegiac strains;
While mourning Loves the tender burden bore,
"Adonis, fair Adonis, charms no more!"
The theme displeas'd the nymph, whose ruder ear
The tales of simple shepherds lov'd to hear.
The maids and youths, who saw the swain advance,
And take the fatal pipe, prepar'd to dance:
So wildly, so affectedly he play'd,
His tune so various and uncouth he made,
That not a dancer could in cadence move,
And not a nymph the quaver'd notes approve:

* See Bion, Moschus, &c.

They broke their ranks, and join'd the circling train,
While bursts of laughter sounded o'er the plain.
Menalcas rais'd his hand, and bade retire
The silken courtier from the' Arcadian choir:
Two eager shepherds, at the king's command,
Rent his gay plume, and snap'd his polish'd wand;
They tore his vest, and o'er his bosom threw
A weed of homely grain and russet hue;
Then fill'd with wither'd herbs his scented locks,
And scornful drove him to the low-brow'd rocks;
There doom'd to rove, deserted and forlorn,
Till thrice the moon has arch'd her silver horn.

The next that rose,* and took the mystic reed,
Was wrap'd, ungraceful, in a sordid weed;
A shaggy hide was o'er his shoulder spread:
And wreaths of noxious darnel bound his head;
Unshorn his beard, and tangled was his hair;
He rudely walk'd, and thus address'd the fair:
"My kids I fondle, and my lambs I kiss:
Ah! grant, sweet maid, a more delightful bliss."

IMITATIONS.

* The second that appeared was in a very different garb. He was clothed in a garment of rough goat skins, his hair was matted, his beard neglected; in his person uncouth, and awkward in his gait. He came up fleering to the nymph, and told her, "He had hugged his lambs, and kissed his young kids, but he hoped to kiss one that was sweeter." The fair one blushed with modesty and anger, and prayed, secretly, against him, as she gave him the pipe. He snatched it from her, but with great difficulty made it sound; which was in such harsh and jarring notes, that the shepherds cried out, one and all, that he understood no music. He was immediately ordered to the most craggy parts of Arcadia, to keep the goats, and commanded never to touch a pipe any more.

The damsels blush with anger and disdain,
And turn indignant from the shameless swain;
To Pan in silence, and to Love, they pray,
To make his music hateful as his lay.
The gods assent; the flute he roughly takes,
And scarce with pain a grating murmur makes:
But when, in jarring notes, he forc'd his song,
Just indignation fir'd the rural throng:
"Shame of Arcadia's bow'rs! (the youths exclaim)
Whose tuneless lays disgrace a shepherd's name!"
The watchful heralds, at Menalcas' nod,
Pursued the rustic with a vengeful rod;
Condemn'd three summers on the rocky shore
To feed his goats, and touch a pipe no more.
Now to the ring a portly swain advanc'd,*
Who neither wholly walk'd, nor wholly danc'd;
Yet mov'd in pain, so close his crimson vest
Was clasp'd uneasy o'er his straining breast:
"Fair nymph![1] (said he) the roses which you wear,
Your charms improve not, but their own impair."

1 See Tasso, Guarini, Fontenelle, Camoens, Garcilasso, Lope de Vega, and other writers of pastorals in Italian, French, Portuguese, and Spanish.

IMITATIONS.

* The third that advanced appeared in clothes that were so strait and uneasy to him, that he seemed to move in pain. He marched up to the maiden with a thoughtful look, and stately pace, and said, "Divine Amaryllis, you wear not those roses to improve your beauty, but to make them ashamed." As she did not comprehend his meaning, she presented the instrument without reply. The tune that he played was so intricate and perplexing, that the shepherds stood still like people astonished and confounded.

The maids, unus'd to flowers of eloquence,
Smil'd at the words, but could not guess their sense.
When in his hand the sacred reed he took,
Long time he view'd it with a pensive look;
Then gave it breath, and rais'd a shriller note
Than when the bird of morning swells his throat;
Through every interval, now low, now high,
Swift o'er the stops his fingers seem'd to fly:
The youths, who heard such music with surprise,
Gaz'd on the tuneful bard with wondering eyes:
He saw with secret pride their deep amaze,
Then said,* "Arcadia shall resound my praise,
And every clime my powerful art shall own;
This, this, ye swains, is melody alone:
To me Amphion taught the heavenly strains,
Amphion, born on rich Hesperian plains."
To whom Menalcas: "Stranger! we admire
Thy notes melodious, and thy rapturous fire:
But ere to these fair valleys thou return,
Adopt our manners, and our language learn:
Some aged shepherd shall thy air improve,
And teach thee how to speak, and how to move."
Soon† to the bower a modest stripling came,
Fairest of swains; and Tityrus[1] his name;

1 The name supposed to be taken by Virgil in his first pastoral.

IMITATIONS.

* In vain did he plead that it was the perfection of music, composed by the most skilful master of Hesperia. Menalcas, finding that he was a stranger, hospitably took compassion on him, and delivered him to an old shepherd, who was ordered to get him clothes that would fit him, and teach him how to speak plain.

† The fourth that stepped forward was young Amyntas, the most beautiful of all the Arcadian swains, and secretly beloved

Mild was his look; an easy grace he show'd;
And o'er his beauteous limbs a decent mantle flow'd.
As through the crowd he press'd, the sylvan choir
His mien applauded, and his neat attire;
And Daphne, yet untaught in amorous lore,
Felt strange desires, and pains unknown before.
He now begins: the dancing hills attend,
And knotty oaks from mountain tops descend:—
He sings of swains beneath the beechen shade,
When lovely Amaryllis fill'd the glade;[1]
Next in a sympathizing lay, complains
Of love unpitied, and the lover's pains;
But when with art the hallow'd pipe he blew,
What deep attention hush'd the rival crew!
He play'd so sweetly, and so sweetly sung,
That on each note the' enraptur'd audience hung;
Ev'n blue-hair'd nymphs, from Ladon's lympid stream,
Rais'd their bright heads, and listen'd to the theme;

1 Formosam resonare doces Amaryllida sylvam. *Virg.*

IMITATIONS.

by Amaryllis. He wore that day the same colours as the maid for whom he sighed. He moved towards her with an easy, but unassured air: she blushed as he came near her; and when she gave him the fatal present, they both trembled, but neither could speak. Having secretly breathed his vows to the gods, he poured forth such melodious notes, that, though they were a little wild and irregular, they filled every heart with delight. The swains immediately mingled in the dance: and the old shepherds affirmed, that they had often heard such music by night, which they imagined to be played by some of the rural deities.

Then, through the yielding waves, in transport glanc'd;
Whilst on the banks the joyful shepherds danc'd:
"We oft, (said they) at close of evening flow'rs,
Have heard such music in the vocal bow'rs:
We wonder'd; for we thought some amorous god,
That on a silver moonbeam swiftly rode,
Had fan'd, with starry plumes, the floating air,
And touch'd his harp, to charm some mortal fair."
He ended; and, as rolling billows loud,
His praise resounded from the circling crowd.
The clamorous tumult softly to compose,
High in the midst the plaintive Colin* rose,
Born on the lilied banks of royal Thame,
Which oft had rung with Rosalinda's name;
Fair, yet neglected; neat, yet unadorn'd;
The pride of dress and flowers of art he scorn'd:
And, like the nymph who fir'd his youthful breast,
Green were his buskins, green his simple vest:
With careless ease his rustic lays he sung,
And melody flow'd smoothly from his tongue:
Of June's gay fruits and August's corn he told,
The bloom of April, and December's cold;
The loves of shepherds, and their harmless cheer,†
In every month that decks the varied year.
Now on the flute with equal grace he play'd,
And his soft numbers died along the shade;
The skilful dancers to his accents mov'd,
And every voice his easy tune approv'd;

* Colin is the name that Spenser takes in his pastorals; and Rosalinda is that under which he celebrates his mistress.
† See the Shepherd's Kalendar.

Ev'n Hyla, blooming maid, admir'd the strain,
While through her bosom shot a pleasing pain.
Now all were hush'd: no rival durst arise;
Pale were their cheeks, and full of tears their eyes.
Menalcas, rising from his flowery seat,
Thus, with a voice majestically sweet,
Address'd the' attentive throng: "Arcadians, hear!
The sky grows dark, and beamy stars appear:
Haste to the vale; the bridal bowers prepare:
And hail with joy Menalcas' tuneful heir.
Thou, Tityrus, of swains the pride and grace,
Shall clasp soft Daphne in thy fond embrace:
And thou, young Colin, in thy willing arms
Shalt fold my Hyla, fair in native charms.
O'er these sweet plains divided empire hold,
And to your latest race transmit an age of gold.
What splendid visions rise before my sight,
And fill my aged bosom with delight!
Henceforth of wars and conquest shall you sing,
Arms and the Man in every clime shall ring:*
Thy Muse, bold Maro, Tityrus no more,
Shall tell of chiefs that left the Phrygian shore,
Sad Dido's love, and Venus' wandering son,
The Latians vanquish'd, and Lavinia won.
And thou, O Colin! heaven-defended youth,
Shalt hide in fiction's veil the charms of truth;
Thy notes the sting of sorrow shall beguile,
And smooth the brow of anguish till it smile;
Notes that a sweet Elysian dream can raise,
And lead the' enchanted soul through fancy's maze:

* This prophecy of Menalcas alludes to the Æneid of Virgil, and the Fairy Queen of Spenser.

Thy verse shall shine with Gloriana's name,
And fill the world with Britain's endless fame."
To Tityrus,* then, he gave the sacred flute,
And bade his sons their blushing brides salute;
Whilst all the train a lay of triumph sung,
Till mountains echoed, and till valleys rung.
While thus,† with mirth, they tun'd the nuptial strain,
A youth, too late, was hastening o'er the plain,
Clad in a flowing vest of azure hue;
Blue were his sandals, and his girdle blue:
A slave, ill-dress'd and mean, behind him bore
An osier-basket, fill'd with fishy store,—
The lobster with his sable armour bold;
The tasteful mullet, deck'd with scales of gold;

1 See Sannazaro, Ongaro, Phineas Fletcher, and other writers of piscatory eclogues.

IMITATIONS.

* The good old man leaped from his throne, and, after he had embraced him, presented him to his daughter, which caused a general acclamation.

† While they were in the midst of their joy, they were surprised with a very odd appearance. A person, in a blue mantle, crowned with sedges and rushes, stepped into the midst of the ring. He had an angling rod in his hand, a pannier upon his back; and a poor meagre wretch in wet clothes carried some oysters before him. Being asked whence he came, and what he was? He told them he was come to invite Amaryllis from the plains to the sea-shore; that his substance consisted in sea-calves; and that he was acquainted with the Nereids and Naiads. "Art thou acquainted with the Naiads? (said Menalcas) to them shalt thou return." The shepherds immediately hoisted him up, as an enemy to Arcadia, and plunged him in the river, where he sunk, and was never heard of since.

Bright perch, the tyrants of the finny breed;
And greylings sweet, that crop the fragrant weed:
Among them shells of many a tint appear;
The heart of Venus, and her pearly ear;[1]
The nautilus, on curling billows borne;
And scallops, by the wandering pilgrim worn;
Some drop'd with silver, some with purple die;
With all the race that seas or streams supply:—
A net and angle o'er his shoulder hung:
Thus was the stranger clad;—and thus he sung:
"Ah! lovely damsel, leave thy simple sheep;
'Tis sweeter in the sea-worn rock to sleep;
There shall thy line the scaly shoals betray,
And sports, unknown before, beguile the day;
To guide o'er rolling waves the dancing skiff,
Or pluck the samphire from the' impending cliff:
My rapturous notes the blue-ey'd Nereids praise,
And silver-footed Naiads hear my lays."—
"To them (Menalcas said) thy numbers pour;
Insult our flocks and blissful vales no more."
He spoke; the heralds knew their sovereign's will,
And hurl'd the fisher down the sloping hill:
Headlong he plung'd beneath the liquid plain;
(But not a nymph receiv'd the falling swain)
Then, dropping, rose: and, like the rushing wind,
Impetuous fled, nor cast a look behind;
He sought the poplar'd banks of winding Po,[2]
But shunn'd the meads where Ladon's waters flow.

1 Venus's heart and Venus's ear are the names of two very beautiful shells.

2 This alludes to the Latin compositions of Sannazarius; which have great merit in their kind.

Ere* through nine radiant signs the flaming sun
His course resplendent in the Zodiac run,
The royal damsels, bashful now no more,
Two lovely boys on one glad morning bore;
From blooming Daphne fair Alexis sprung,
And Colinet on Hyla's bosom hung;
Both o'er the vales of sweet Arcadia reign'd
And both the manners of their sires retain'd:
Alexis fairer than a morn of May,[1]
In glades and forests tun'd his rural lay,
More soft than rills that through the valley flow,
Or vernal gales that o'er the violets blow;
He sung the tender woes of artless swains,
Their tuneful contests, and their amorous pains;
When early spring has wak'd the breathing flow'rs,
Or winter hangs with frost the silvery bow'rs:—
But Colinet in ruder numbers tells[2]
The loves of rustics, and fair-boding spells;
Sings how they simply pass the live-long day,
And softly mourn, or innocently play.
Since them, no shepherd rules the Arcadian mead,
But silent hangs Menalcas' fatal reed.

1 See Pope's pastorals.
2 See the Shepherd's Week, of Gay.

IMITATIONS.

* Amyntas and Amaryllis lived a long and happy life, and governed the vales of Arcadia. Their generation was very long lived, there having been but four descents in above two thousand years. His heir was called Theocritus, who left his dominions to Virgil. Virgil left his to his son Spenser, and Spenser was succeeded by his eldest-born Philips.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO

CAISSA.

The first idea of the following piece was taken from a Latin poem of Vida, entitled Scacchia Ludus, which was translated into Italian by Marino, and inserted in the fifteenth Canto of his Adonis: the author thought it fair to make an acknowledgment, in the notes, for the passages which he borrowed from those two poets; but he must also do them the justice to declare, that most of the descriptions, and the whole story of Caissa, which is written in imitation of Ovid, are his own; and their faults must be imputed to him only. The characters in the poem are no less imaginary than those in the episode; in which the invention of Chess is poetically ascribed to Mars, though it is certain that the game was originally brought from India.

CAISSA:

OR, THE GAME OF CHESS.

Written in 1763.

Of armies on the chequer'd field array'd,*
And guiltless war in pleasing form display'd;
When two bold kings contend with vain alarms,
In ivory this, and that in ebon arms;
Sing, sportive maids, that haunt the sacred hill
Of Pindus, and the fam'd Pierian rill,
†Thou, joy of all below, and all above,
Mild Venus, queen of laughter, queen of love:
Leave thy bright island, where on many a rose
And many a pink thy blooming train repose:
Assist me, goddess! since a lovely pair
Command my song, like thee divinely fair.
Near yon cool stream, whose living waters play,
And rise translucent, in the solar ray;
Beneath the covert of a fragrant bow'r,
Where Spring's soft influence purpledevery flow'r;
Two smiling nymphs reclin'd in calm retreat,
And envying blossoms crowded round their seat;

IMITATIONS.

* Ludimus effigiem belli, simulataque veris
Prælia, buxo acies fictas, et ludicra regna:
Ut gemini inter se reges, albusque nigerque,
Pro laude oppositi certent bicoloribus armis.
Dicite, Seriades Nymphæ, certamina tanta.
Vida.

† Æneadum genitrix, hominum divûmque voluptas,
Alma Venus! &c. *Lucretius.*

Here Delia was enthron'd; and by her side,
The sweet Sirena; both in beauty's pride:
Thus shine two roses, fresh with early bloom,
That from their native stalk dispense perfume;
Their leaves unfolding to the dawning day,
Gems of the glowing mead, and eyes of May.
A band of youths and damsels sat around,
Their flowing locks with braided myrtle bound;
Agatis, in the graceful dance admir'd,
And gentle Thyrsis, by the Muse inspir'd;
With Sylvia, fairest of the mirthful train;
And Daphnis, doom'd to love, yet love in vain.
Now whilst a purer blush o'erspreads her cheeks,
With soothing accents thus Sirena speaks:
"The meads and lawns are ting'd with beamy light,
And wakeful larks begin their vocal flight;
Whilst on each bank the dew-drops sweetly smile;
What sport, my Delia, shall the hours beguile?
Shall heavenly notes, prolong'd with various art,
Charm the fond ear, and warm the rapturous heart?
At distance shall we view the sylvan chase;
Or catch with silken lines the finny race?"
Then Delia thus: "Or rather, since we meet
By chance assembled in this cool retreat,
In artful contest let our warlike train
Move, well-directed, o'er the colour'd plain;
Daphnis, who taught us first, the play shall guide;
Explain its laws, and o'er the field preside:
No prize we need, our ardour to inflame;
We fight with pleasure if we fight for fame."
The nymph consents: the maids and youths prepare
To view the combat, and the sport to share;

But Daphnis most approv'd the bold design,
Whom love instructed, and the tuneful Nine.
He rose; and on the cedar table plac'd
A polish'd board, with differing colours grac'd;
Squares eight times eight in equal order lie;*
These bright as snow, those dark with sable dye;
Like the broad target by the tortoise borne,
Or like the hide by spotted panthers worn.
Then from a chest, with harmless heroes stor'd,
O'er the smooth plain two well-wrought hosts he pour'd;
The champions burn'd their rivals to assail,
Twice eight in black, twice eight in milkwhite mail;†
In shape and station different, as in name,
Their motions various, nor their power the same.
Say Muse! (for Jove has nought from thee concealed)
Who form'd the legions on the level field?
High in the midst, the reverend kings appear,
And o'er the rest their pearly sceptres rear:
One solemn step, majestically slow,
They gravely move, and shun the dangerous foe;
If e'er they call, the watchful subjects spring,
And die with rapture, if they save their king;

IMITATIONS.

* Sexaginta insunt et quatuor ordine sedes
Octono; parte ex omni, via limite quadrat
Ordinibus paribus; necnon forma omnibus una
Sedibus, æquale et spatium, sed non color unus:
Alternant semper variæ, subeuntque vicissim
Albentes nigris; testudo picta superne
Quilia devexo gestat discrimina tergo. *Vida.*

† Agmina bina parinumeroque, et viribus æquis,
Bis niveâ cum veste octo, totidemque nigranti.
Ut variæ facies, pariter sunt et sua cuique
Nomina, diversum munus, non æqua protestas.
Vida.

On him the glory of the day depends,
He, once imprison'd, all the conflict ends.
The queens exulting near their consorts stand:
Each bears a deadly falchion in her hand;
Now here, now there, they bound with furious pride,
And thin the trembling ranks from side to side;
Swift as Camilla flying o'er the main,
Or lightly skimming o'er the dewy plain:
Fierce as they seem, some bold plebeian spear
May pierce their shield, or stop their full career.
The valiant guards, their minds on havoc bent,
Fill the next squares, and watch the royal tent;
Though weak their spears, though dwarfish be their height,
Compact they move, the bulwark of the fight.[1]
To right and left the martial wings display
Their shining arms, and stand in close array.
Behold four archers, eager to advance,
Send the light reed, and rush with sidelong glance;
Through angles, ever they assault the foes,
True to the colour, which at first they chose.
Then four bold knights, for courage fam'd and speed,
Each knight exalted on a prancing steed:
Their arching course no vulgar limit knows,*
Transverse they leap, and aim insidious blows,

1 The chief art in the tactics of Chess consists in the nice conduct of the royal pawns; in supporting them against every attack; and, if they are taken, in supplying their places with others equally supported: a principle, on which the success of the game in a great measure depends, though it seems to be omitted by the very accurate Vida.

IMITATIONS.

* Il cavallo leggier per dritta lista,
Come gli altri, l'arringo unqua non fende,

Nor friends, nor foes, their rapid force restrain,
By one quick bound two changing squares theygain;
From varying hues renew the fierce attack,
And rush from black to white, from white to black.
Four solemn elephants the sides defend;
Beneath the load of pondrous towers they bend:
In one unalter'd line they tempt the fight;
Now crush the left, and now o'erwhelm the right.
Bright in the front the dauntless soldiers raise
Their polish'd spears; their steely helmets blaze:
Prepar'd they stand the daring foe to strike,
Direct their progress, but their wounds oblique.
Now swell the' embattled troops with hostile rage,
And clang their shields, impatient to engage;
When Daphnis thus: "A varied plain behold,
Where fairy kings their mimic tents unfold,
As Oberon, and Mab, his wayward queen,
Lead forth their armies on the daisied green.
No mortal had the wondrous sport contriv'd,
By gods invented, and from gods deriv'd;
From them the British nymphs receiv'd the game,*
And play each morn beneath the crystal Thame;
Hear then the tale, which they to Colin sung,
As idling o'er the lucid wave he hung:—

IMITATIONS.

Mà la lizza attraversa, e fiero in vista
Curvo in giro, e lunato il salto stende,
E sempre nel saltar due case acquista,
Quel colore abbandona, e questo prende.

Marino, Adone. 15.

* Quæ quondam sub aquis gaudent spectacla tueri
Nereides, vastique omnis gens accola pontı;
Siquando placidum mare, et humida regna quierunt.

Vida.

"A lovely Dryad rang'd the Thracian wild,
Her air enchanting and her aspect mild;
To chase the bounding heart was all her joy,
Averse from Hymen, and the Cyprian boy;
O'er hills and valleys was her beauty fam'd,
And fair Caïssa was the damsel nam'd.
Mars saw the maid; with deep surprise he gaz'd,
Admir'd her shape, and every gesture prais'd;
His golden bow the child of Venus bent,
And through his breast a piercing arrow sent:
The reed was Hope; the feathers, keen Desire;
The point, her eyes; the barbs, ethereal fire.
Soon to the nymph he pour'd his tender strain;
The haughty Dryad scorn'd his amorous pain:
He told his woes, where'er the maid he found,
And still he press'd, yet still Caïssa frown'd;
But ev'n her frowns (ah, what might smiles have done!)
Fir'd all his soul, and all his senses won.
He left his car, by raging tigers drawn,
And lonely wander'd o'er the dusky lawn;
Then lay desponding near a murmuring stream,
And fair Caïssa was his plaintive theme.
A Naiad heard him from her mossy bed,
And through the crystal rais'd her placid head;
Then mildly spake: "O thou whom love inspires,
Thy tears will nourish, not allay thy fires.
The smiling blossoms drink the pearly dew;
And ripening fruit the feather'd race pursue;
The scaly shoals devour the silken weeds:
Love on our sighs, and on our sorrow feeds.
Then weep no more; but, ere thou canst obtain
Balm to thy wounds, and solace to thy pain,
With gentle art thy martial look beguile;
Be mild, and teach thy rugged brow to smile.

Canst thou no play, no soothing game devise,
To make thee lovely in the damsel's eyes?
So may thy prayers assuage the scornful dame,
And ev'n Caïssa own a mutual flame."
"Kind nymph, (said Mars) thy counsel I approve;
Art, only art, her ruthless breast can move.
But when? or how? Thy dark discourse explain:
So may thy stream ne'er swell with gushing rain;
So may thy waves in one pure current flow,
And flowers eternal on thy border blow!"
To whom the maid replied with smiling mien:
"Above the palace of the Paphian queen
Love's brother dwells, a boy of graceful port,*
By gods nam'd Euphron, and by mortals Sport:
Seek him; to faithful ears unfold thy grief,
And hope, ere morn return, a sweet relief.
His temple hangs below the azure skies;
See'st thou yon argent cloud? 'Tis there it lies."
This said, she sunk beneath the liquid plain,
And sought the mansion of her blue-hair'd train.
Meantime the god, elate with heart-felt joy,
Had reach'd the temple of the sportful boy;
He told Caïssa's charms, his kindred fire,
The Naiad's counsel, and his warm desire.
"Be swift, (he added) give my passion aid;
A god requests."—He spake, and Sport obey'd.
He fram'd a tablet of celestial mold,
Inlay'd with squares of silver and of gold;

IMITATIONS.

* Ecco d' astuto ingegno, e pronta mano
Garzon, che sempre scherza, e vola ratto,
Gioco s'apella, ed è *d' amor germano.*
Marino, Adone. 15.

Then of two metals form'd the warlike band,
That here, compact, in show of battle stand;
He taught the rules that guide the pensive game,
And call'd it *Cassa* from the Dryad's name:
(Whence Albion's sons, who most its praise confess,
Approv'd the play, and nam'd it thoughtful Chess.)
The god, delighted, thank'd indulgent Sport;
Then grasp'd the board, and left his airy court.
With radiant feet he pierc'd the clouds; nor stay'd,
Till in the woods he saw the beauteous maid.
Tir'd with the chase the damsel sat reclin'd,
Her girdle loose, her bosom unconfin'd.
He took the figure of a wanton Faun,
And stood before her on the flowery lawn;
Then show'd his tablet: pleas'd, the nymph survey'd
The liveless troops, in glittering ranks display'd;
She ask'd the wily sylvan to explain
The various motions of the splendid train;
With eager heart she caught the winning lore,
And thought ev'n Mars less hateful than before:
"What spell, (said she) deceiv'd my careless mind?
The god was fair, and I was most unkind."
She spoke, and saw the changing Faun assume
A milder aspect, and a fairer bloom;
His wreathing horns, that from his temples grew,
Flow'd down in curls of bright celestial hue;
The dappled hairs, that veil'd his loveless face,
Blaz'd into beams, and show'd a heavenly grace:
The shaggy hide, that mantled o'er his breast,
Was soften'd to a smooth transparent vest,
That through its folds his vigorous bosom show'd,
And nervous limbs, where youthful ardour glow'd:
(Had Venus view'd him in those blooming charms
Not Vulcan's net had forc'd her from his arms.)

With goatlike feet no more he mark'd the ground,
But braided flowers his silken sandals bound.
The Dryad blush'd; and, as he press'd her, smil'd,
Whilst all his cares one tender glance beguil'd."

He ends: *To arms*, the maids and striplings cry;
To arms, the groves and sounding vales reply.
Sirena led to war the swarthy crew,
And Delia those that bore the lily's hue.
Who first, O Muse, began the bold attack;
The white refulgent, or the mournful black?
Fair Delia first, as favouring lots ordain,
Moves her pale legions tow'rd the sable train:
From thought to thought her lively fancy flies,
Whilst o'er the board she darts her sparkling eyes.

At length the warrior moves with haughty strides;
Who from the plain the snowy king divides:
With equal haste his swarthy rival bounds;
His quiver rattles, and his buckler sounds:
Ah! hapless youths, with fatal warmth you burn;
Laws, ever fix'd, forbid you to return.
Then from the wing a short-liv'd spearman flies,
Unsafely bold, and see! he dies, he dies:
The dark-brow'd hero, with one vengeful blow
Of life and place deprives his ivory foe.
Now rush both armies o'er the burnish'd field,
Hurl the swift dart, and rend the bursting shield.
Here furious knights on fiery coursers prance,
Here archers spring; and lofty towers advance.
But see! the white-rob'd Amazon beholds
Where the dark host its opening van unfolds:
Soon as her eye discerns the hostile maid,
By ebon shield, and ebon helm betray'd;
Seven squares she passes with majestic mien,
And stands triumphant o'er the falling queen.

Perplex'd, and sorrowing at his consort's fate,
The monarch burn'd with rage, despair, and hate:
Swift from his zone the' avenging blade he drew,
And, mad with ire, the proud virago slew.
Meanwhile, sweet smiling Delia's wary king
Retir'd from fight behind his circling wing.
Long time the war in equal balance hung;
Till, unforeseen, an ivory courser sprung,
And, wildly prancing in an evil hour,
Attack'd at once the monarch and the tower:
Sirena blush'd; for as the rules requir'd,
Her injur'd sovereign to his tent retir'd,
Whilst her lost castle leaves his threatening height,
And adds new glory to the' exulting knight.
At this, pale fear oppress'd the drooping maid,
And on her cheek the rose began to fade:
A crystal tear, that stood prepar'd to fall,
She wip'd in silence, and conceal'd from all;
From all but Daphnis: he remark'd her pain,
And saw the weakness of her ebon train;
Then gently spoke: "Let me your loss supply,
And either nobly win, or nobly die;
Me oft has fortune crown'd with fair success,
And led to triumph in the fields of Chess."
He said: the willing nymph her place resign'd,
And sat at distance on the bank reclin'd.
Thus, when Minerva call'd her chief to arms,
And Troy's high turret shook with dire alarms,
The Cyprian goddess, wounded, left the plain,
And Mars engag'd a mightier force in vain.
Straight Daphnis leads his squadron to the field;
(To Delia's arms 'tis ev'n a joy to yield.)
Each guileful snare and subtle art he tries,
But finds his art less powerful than her eyes;

Wisdom and strength superior charms obey:
And beauty, beauty, wins the long fought day.
By this—a hoary chief, on slaughter bent,
Approach'd the gloomy king's unguarded tent:
Where, late, his consort spread dismay around,
Now her dark corse lies bleeding on the ground.
Hail, happy youth! thy glories not unsung
Shall live eternal on the poet's tongue;
For thou shalt soon receive a splendid change,
And o'er the plain with nobler fury range.
The swarthy leaders saw the storm impend,
And strove in vain their sovereign to defend:
The' invader wav'd his silver lance in air,
And flew like lightning to the fatal square;
His limbs, dilated, in a moment grew
To stately height, and widen'd to the view;
More fierce his look, more lion-like his mien,
Sublime he mov'd, and seem'd a warrior queen.
As when the sage on some unfolding plant
Has caught a wandering fly, or frugal ant,
His hand the microscopic frame applies,
And lo! a bright-hair'd monster meets his eyes;
He sees new plumes in slender cases roll'd;
Here stain'd with azure, there bedrop'd with gold:
Thus, on the alter'd chief both armies gaze,
And both the kings are fix'd with deep amaze.
The sword, which arm'd the snow-white maid before,
He now assumes, and hurls the spear no more;
The springs indignant on the dark-rob'd band,
And knights and archers feel his deadly hand.
Now flies the monarch of the sable shield,
His legions vanquish'd, o'er the lonely field.

So when the morn, by rosy coursers drawn,*
With pearls and rubies sows the verdant lawn,
Whilst each pale star from heaven's blue vault re-
Still Venus gleams, and last of all expires. [tires,
He hears, where'er he moves, the dreadful sound;
Check the deep vales, and *Check* the woods re-
bound:—
No place remains: he sees the certain fate,
And yields his throne to ruin, and *Check-mate.*
A brighter blush o'erspreads the damsel's cheeks,
And mildly thus the conquer'd stripling speaks:
"A double triumph, Delia, hast thou won,
By Mars protected, and by Venus' son!
The first with conquest crowns thy matchless art,
The second points those eyes at Daphnis' heart."
She smil'd; the nymphs and amorous youths arise,
And own, that Beauty gain'd the nobler prize.
Low in their chest the mimic troops were lay'd,
And peaceful slept the sable hero's shade.[1]

1 A parody of the last line in Pope's translation of the Illiad.
"And peaceful slept the mighty Hector's shade."

IMITATIONS.

* ———Medio rex æquore inermis
Constitit amissis sociis: velut æthere in alto
Expulit ardentes flammas ubi lutea bigis
Lucifers Aurora, tuus pulcherrimus ignis
Lucet adhuc, Venus, et cœlo mox ultimus exit.
Vida, ver. 604.

THE SEVEN FOUNTAINS;

AN EASTERN ALLEGORY.

Written in 1767.

Deck'd with fresh garlands, like a rural bride,
And with the crimson streamer's waving pride,
A wanton bark was floating o'er the main;
And seem'd, with scorn, to view the azure plain:
Smooth were the waves; and scarce a whispering gale
Fan'd with his gentle plumes the silken sail.
High, on the burnish'd deck, a gilded throne
With orient pearls and beaming diamonds shone;
On which reclin'd a youth of graceful mien,
His sandals purple, and his mantle green;
His locks in ringlets o'er his shoulders roll'd,
And on his cheek appear'd the downy gold.
Around him stood a train of smiling boys,
Sporting with idle cheer and mirthful toys;
Ten comely striplings,* girt with spangled wings,
Blew piercing flutes, or touch'd the quivering strings;
Ten more, in cadence to the sprightly strain,
Wak'd with their golden oars the slumbering main:
The waters yielded to their guiltless blows,
And the green billows sparkled as they rose.
Long time the barge had danc'd along the deep,
And on its glassy bosom seem'd to sleep;

* The follies of youth.

But now a glittering isle arose in view,*
Bounded with hillocks of a verdant hue:
Fresh groves and roseate bowers appear'd above:
(Fit haunts, be sure, of pleasure and of love;)
And, higher still, a thousand blazing spires
Seem'd with gilt tops to threat the heavenly fires.
Now, each fair stripling plied his labouring oar,
And straight the pinnace struck the sandy shore.
The youth arose, and, leaping on the strand,
Took his lone way along the silver sand;
While the light bark, and all the airy crew,
Sunk like a mist beneath the briny dew.

With eager steps, the young adventurer stray'd
Through many a grove, and many a winding glade:
At length, he heard the chime of tuneful strings,
That sweetly floated on the Zephyr's wings;
And, soon, a band of damsels blithe and fair,†
With flowing mantles and dishevel'd hair,
Rush'd, with quick pace, along the solemn wood,
Where rapt in wonder and delight he stood:
In loose transparent robes they were array'd,
Which half their beauties hid, and half display'd.
A lovely nymph approach'd him with a smile,
And said, "O, welcome to this blissful isle;
For thou art he, whom ancient bards foretold,
Doom'd in our clime to bring an age of gold:
Hail, sacred king! and from thy subject's hand
Accept the robes and sceptre of the land." [beam

"Sweet maid! (said he) fair learning's heavenly
O'er my young mind ne'er shed her favouring gleam;
Nor has my arm e'er hurl'd the fatal lance,
While desperate legions o'er the plain advance.

* The world. † The follies and vanities of the world.

How should a simple youth, unfit to bear
The steely mail, that splendid mantle wear?"
Ah! (said the damsel) from this happy shore
We banish wisdom, and her idle lore;
No clarions here the strains of battle sing,—
With notes of mirth our joyful valleys ring.
Peace to the brave:—o'er us, the beauteous reign,
And ever-charming pleasures form our train."
This said, a diadem, inlaid with pearls,
She plac'd respectful on his golden curls;
Another, o'er his graceful shoulder threw
A silken mantle of the rose's hue,
Which, clasp'd with studs of gold, behind him flow'd,
And through the folds his glowing bosom show'd.
Then in a car, by snow-white coursers drawn,
They led him o'er the dew-besprinkled lawn,
Through groves of joy and arbours of delight,
With all that could allure the ravish'd sight;
Green hillocks, meads, and rosy grots he view'd,
And verdurous plains with winding streams bedew'd.
On every bank, and under every shade,
A thousand youths, a thousand damsels play'd;
Some wantonly were tripping in a ring
On the soft border of a gushing spring;
While some, reclining in the shady vales,
Told to their smiling loves their amorous tales:
But when the sportful train beheld from far
The nymphs returning with the stately car,
O'er the smooth plain with hasty steps they came,
And hail'd their youthful king with loud acclaim;
With flowers of every tint the paths they strow'd,
And cast their chaplets on the hallow'd road.
At last, they reach'd the bosom of a wood,
Where, on a hill, a radiant palace stood;

A sumptuous dome, by hands immortal made,
Which, on its walls and on its gates, display'd
The gems that in the rocks of Tibet glow,
The pearls that in the shells of Ormus grow.
And now a numerous train advance to meet
The youth, descending from his regal seat;
Whom to a rich and spacious hall they led,
With silken carpets delicately spread:
There on a throne with gems unnumber'd grac'd,
Their lovely king six blooming damsels plac'd,*
And, meekly kneeling, to his modest hand
They gave the glittering sceptre of command;
Then on six smaller thrones they sat reclin'd,
And watch'd the rising transports of his mind:
When thus the youth a blushing nymph address'd,
And, as he spoke, her hand with rapture press'd:
"Say, gentle damsel, may I ask, unblam'd,
How this gay isle and splendid seats are nam'd?
And you, fair queen of beauty and of grace,
Are you of earthly or celestial race?
To me the world's bright treasures were unknown,
Where late I wander'd, pensive and alone;
And, slowly winding on my native shore,
Saw the vast ocean roll, but saw no more;
Till from the waves with many a charming song,
A barge arose, and gayly mov'd along;
The jolly rowers reach'd the yielding sands,
Allur'd my steps, and wav'd their shining hands:
I went, saluted by the vocal train,
And the swift pinnace cleav'd the waves again;
When on this island struck the gilded prow,
I landed full of joy: the rest you know.

* The pleasures of the Senses.

Short is the story of my tender years :
Now speak, sweet nymph, and charm my listening ears."
"These are the groves for ever deck'd with flowers,
(The maid replied) and these the fragrant bowers,—
Where Love and Pleasure hold their airy court,
The seat of bliss, of sprightliness and sport;
And we, dear youth! are nymphs of heavenly line;
Our souls immortal, as our forms divine:
For Maia, fill'd with Zephyr's warm embrace,
In caves and forests cover'd her disgrace;
At last she rested on this peaceful shore,
Where, in yon grot, a lovely boy she bore,
Whom, fresh and wild and frolic from his birth,
She nurs'd in myrtle bowers, and call'd him Mirth.
He on a summer's morning chanc'd to rove
Through the green labyrinth of some shady grove,
Where, by a dimpled rivulet's verdant side,
A rising bank, with woodbine edg'd, he spied:
There, veil'd with flowerets of a thousand hues,
A nymph lay bath'd in slumber's balmy dews;
(This maid by some, for some our race defame,
Was Folly call'd, but Pleasure was her name:)
Her mantle, like the sky in April, blue,
Hung on a blossom'd branch that near her grew;
For, long disporting in the silver stream,
She shun'd the blazing day-star's sultry beam;
And, ere she could conceal her naked charms,
Sleep caught her trembling in his downy arms:
Borne on the wings of Love he flew, and press'd
Her breathing bosom to his eager breast.
At his wild theft the rosy morning blush'd,
The rivulet smil'd, and all the woods were hush'd.

Of these fair parents, on this blissful coast,
(Parents like Mirth and Pleasure who can boast!)
I with five sisters, on one happy morn,
All fair alike, behold us now! were born.
When they to brighter regions took their way,
By Love invited to the realms of day,
To us they gave this large, this gay domain,
And said, departing, "Here let Beauty reign."
Then reign, fair prince! in thee all beauties shine,
And, ah! we know thee of no mortal line."
She said: the king with rapid ardour glow'd,
And the swift poison through his bosom flow'd:
But, while she spoke, he cast his eyes around
To view the dazzling roof, and spangled ground;
Then, turning with amaze from side to side,
Seven golden doors, that richly shone, he spied.
And said, "Fair nymph, (but let me not be bold)
What mean those doors that blaze with burnish'd gold?"
"To six gay bowers, (the maid replied) they lead,
Where spring eternal crowns the glowing mead;
Six fountains there, that glitter as they play,
Rise to the sun with many a colour'd ray."
"But the seventh door, (said he) what beauties grace?"
"O, 'tis a cave; a dark and joyless place,
A scene of nameless deeds, and magic spells,
Where day ne'er shines, and pleasure never dwells:
Think not of that. But come, my royal friend,
And see what joys thy favour'd steps attend."
She spoke; and pointed to the nearest door:
Swift he descends; the damsel flies before;
She turns the lock; it opens at command!
The maid and stripling enter hand in hand.

The wondering youth beheld an opening glade,
Where in the midst a crystal fountain play'd;*
The silver sands, that on its bottom grew,
Where strown with pearls and gems of varied hue;
The diamond sparkled like the star of day,
And the soft topaz shed a golden ray;
Clear amethysts combin'd their purple gleam
With the mild emerald's sight-refreshing beam;
The sapphire smil'd like yon blue plain above,
And rubies spread the blushing tint of love.
"These are the waters of eternal light,"
The damsel said; "the stream of heavenly sight;
See, in this cup, (she spoke, and stoop'd to fill
A vase of jasper with the sacred rill,)
See, how the living waters bound and shine,
Which this well polish'd gem can scarce confine!"
From her soft hand, the lucid urn he took,
And quaff'd the nectar with a tender look:
Straight from his eyes a cloud of darkness flew,
And all the scene was open'd to his view;
Not all the groves, where ancient bards have told,
Of vegetable gems, and blooming gold;
Not all the bowers which oft in flowery lays
And solemn tales Arabian poets praise—
Though streams of honey flow'd through every mead,
Though balm and amber dropt from every reed;
Held half the sweets that Nature's ample hand
Had pour'd luxuriant o'er this wondrous land.
All flowerets here their mingled rays diffuse,
The rainbow's tints to these were vulgar hues;
All birds that in the stream their pinion dip,
Or from the brink the liquid crystal sip,

* Sight.

Or show their beauties to the sunny skies,
Here wav'd their plumes that shone with varying [dyes;
But chiefly he, that o'er the verdant plain
Spreads the gay eyes which grace his spangled train;
And he, who, proudly sailing, loves to show
His mantling wings and neck of downy snow;
Nor absent he, who learns the human sound,
With wavy gold and moving emeralds crown'd;
Whose head and breast with polish'd sapphires glow,
And on whose wing the gems of Indus grow.
The monarch view'd their beauties o'er and o'er,
He was all eye, and look'd from every pore.
But now the damsel calls him from his trance;
And o'er the lawn, delighted, they advance:
They pass the hall adorn'd with royal state,
And enter now with joy the second gate.*

A soothing sound he heard, (but tasted first
The gushing stream that from the valley burst)
And in the shade beheld a youthful quire
That touch'd with flying hands the trembling lyre:
Melodious notes, drawn out with magic art,
Caught with sweet ecstacy his ravish'd heart;
A hundred nymphs their charming descants play'd,
And melting voices died along the glade;
The tuneful stream that murmur'd as it rose,
The birds that on the trees bewail'd their woes,
The boughs, made vocal by the whispering gale,
Join'd their soft strain, and warbled through the vale.

The concert ends, and now the stripling hears
A tender voice that strikes his wondering ears;
A beauteous bird, in our rude climes unknown,
That on a leafy arbour sits alone,

* Hearing.

Strains his sweet throat, and waves his purple wings,
And thus in human accents softly sings :
"Rise, lovely pair, a sweeter bower invites
Your eager steps, a bower of new delights ;
Ah! crop the flowers of pleasure while they blow,
Ere winter hides them in a veil of snow.
Youth, like a thin anemone, displays
His silken leaf, and in a morn decays.
See, gentle youth! a lily-bosom'd bride ;
See, nymph! a blooming stripling by thy side.
Then haste, and bathe your souls in soft delights,
A sweeter bower your wandering steps invites."
He ceas'd; the slender branch, from which he flew,
Bent its fair head, and sprinkled pearly dew.
The damsel smil'd ; the blushing youth was pleas'd,
And by her willing hand his charmer seiz'd ;
The lovely nymph, who sigh'd for sweeter joy,
To the third gate* conducts the amorous boy :
She turns the key; her cheeks like roses bloom,
And on the lock her fingers drop perfume.
His ravish'd sense a scene of pleasure meets,
A maze of joy, a paradise of sweets;
But first his lips had touch'd the' alluring stream,
That through the grove display'd a silver gleam.
Through jasmine bowers, and violet-scented vales,
On silken pinions flew the wanton gales,—
Arabian odours on the plants they left,
And whisper'd to the woods their spicy theft:
Beneath the shrubs, that spread a trembling shade,
The musky roes and fragrant civets play'd.
As when, at eve, an eastern merchant roves
From Hadramut to Aden's spikenard groves,

* Smell.

Where some rich caravan, not long before,
Has pass'd, with cassia fraught, and balmy store,—
Charm'd with the scent that hills and vales diffuse,
His grateful journey gaily he pursues;
Thus pleas'd, the monarch fed his eager soul,
And from each breeze a cloud of fragrance stole.
Soon the fourth door* he pass'd with eager haste,
And the fourth stream was nectar to his taste.
Before his eyes, on agate columns rear'd,
On high a purple canopy appear'd;
And under it, in stately form, was plac'd
A table with a thousand vases grac'd;
Laden with all the dainties that are found
In air, in seas, or on the fruitful ground.
Here the fair youth reclin'd with decent pride,
His wanton nymph was seated by his side:
All that could please the taste the happy pair
Cull'd from the loaded board with curious care;
O'er their enchanted heads, a mantling vine
His curling tendrils wove with amorous twine;
From the green stalks the glowing clusters hung,
Like rubies on a thread of emeralds strung;
With these were other fruits of every hue,
The pale, the red, the golden, and the blue.
A hundred smiling pages stood around
Their shining brows with wreaths of myrtle bound;
They, in transparent cups of agate, bore
Of sweetly-sparkling wines a precious store;
The stripling sip'd and revel'd, till the sun
Down heaven's blue vault his daily course had run;
Then rose, and, follow'd by the gentle maid,
Op'd the fifth door:† a stream before them play'd.

* Taste. † Touch.

The king, impatient for the cooling draught,
In a full cup the mystic nectar quaff'd;
Then with a smile, (he knew no higher bliss)
From her sweet lip he stole a balmy kiss:
On the smooth bank of violets they reclin'd;
And, whilst a chaplet for his brow she twin'd,
With his soft cheek her softer cheek he press'd;
His pliant arms were folded round her breast.
She smil'd; soft lightning darted from her eyes,
And from his fragrant seat she bade him rise;
Then, while a brighter blush her face o'erspread,
To the sixth gate * her willing guest she led.
The golden lock she softly turn'd around;
The moving hinges gave a pleasing sound:
The boy, delighted, ran with eager haste,
And to his lips the living fountain plac'd;
The magic water pierc'd his kindled brain,
And a strange venom shot from vein to vein.
Whatever charms he saw in other bowers,
Were here combin'd, fruits, music, odours, flowers:
A couch besides, with softest silk o'erlaid;
And, sweeter still, a lovely yielding maid,—
Who now more charming seem'd, and not so coy,
And in her arms infolds the blushing boy:
They sport and wanton, till with sleep oppress'd,
Like two fresh rose-buds on one stalk, they rest.
When morning spread around her purple flame,
To the sweet couch the five fair Sisters came;
They hail'd the bridegroom with a cheerful voice,
And bade him make, with speed, a second choice.
Hard task to choose, when all alike were fair!
Now this, now that, engag'd his anxious care:

* The sensual pleasures united.

Then to the first who spoke, his hand he leant;
The rest retir'd, and whisper'd as they went.
The prince enamour'd view'd his second bride;
They left the bower, and wander'd side by side;
With her he charm'd his ears, with her his sight;
With her he pass'd the day, with her the night.
Thus, all by turns the sprightly stranger led,
And all by turns partook his nuptial bed:
Hours, days, and months, in pleasure flow'd away;
All laugh'd, all sweetly sung, and all were gay.
So had he wanton'd threescore days and seven,
More bless'd, he thought, than any son of heaven:
Till on a morn, with sighs and streaming tears,
The train of nymphs before his bed appears;
And thus the youngest of the sisters speaks,
Whilst a sad shower runs trickling down her cheeks:
"A custom which we cannot, dare not fail,
(Such are the laws that in our isle prevail)
Compels us, prince! to leave thee here alone,
Till thrice the sun his rising front has shown:
Our parents, whom, alas! we must obey,
Expect us at a splendid feast to-day;
What joy to us can all their splendour give?
With thee, with only thee, we wish to live.
Yet may we hope, these gardens will afford
Some pleasing solace to our absent lord!
Six golden keys, that ope yon blissful gates,
Where joy, eternal joy, thy steps awaits,
Accept: the seventh (but that you heard before)
Leads to a cave, where ravening monsters roar;
A sullen, dire, inhospitable cell,
Where deathful spirits and magicians dwell.
Farewell, dear youth!—how will our bosoms burn
For the sweet moment of our bless'd return!"

The king, who wept, yet knew his tears were vain,
Took the seven keys, and kiss'd the parting train.
A glittering car, which bounding coursers drew,
They mounted straight, and through the forest flew.
The youth, unknowing how to pass the day,
Review'd the bowers, and heard the fountains play;
By hands unseen whate'er he wish'd was brought;
And pleasures rose obedient to his thought.
Yet all the sweets, that ravish'd him before,
Were tedious now, and charm'd his soul no more:
Less lovely still, and still less gay they grew;
He sigh'd, he wish'd, and long'd for something new:
Back to the hall he turn'd his weary feet,
And sat repining on his royal seat.
Now, on the seventh bright gate he casts his eyes;
And in his bosom rose a bold surmise:
"The nymph (said he) was sure dispos'd to jest,
Who talk'd of dungeons in a place so bless'd:
What harm to open, if it be a cell
Where deathful spirits and magicians dwell?
If dark or foul, I need not pass the door;
If new or strange,—my soul desires no more."
He said, and rose; then took the golden keys,
And op'd the door: the hinges mov'd with ease.
Before his eyes appear'd a sullen gloom,
Thick, hideous, wild; a cavern, or a tomb.
Yet, as he longer gaz'd, he saw afar
A light that sparkled like a shooting star.
He paus'd:—at last, by some kind angel led,
He enter'd; and advanc'd, with cautious tread.
Still, as he walk'd, the light appear'd more clear;
Hope sooth'd him, then, and scarcely left a fear.
At length an aged sire surpris'd he saw,
Who fill'd his bosom with a sacred awe:*

* Religion.

A book he held, which, as reclin'd he lay,
He read, assisted by a taper's ray;
His beard, more white than snow on winter's breast,
Hung to the zone that bound his sable vest:
A pleasing calmness on his brow was seen,
Mild was his look, majestic was his mien.
Soon as the youth approach'd the reverend sage,
He rais'd his head, and clos'd the serious page;
Then spoke: "O son! what chance has turn'd thy [feet
To this dull solitude, and lone retreat?"
To whom the youth: "First, holy father! tell,
What force detains thee in this gloomy cell?
This isle, this palace, and those balmy bowers,
Where six sweet fountains fall on living flowers,
Are mine; a train of damsels chose me king;
And through my kingdom smiles perpetual spring,
For some important cause, to me unknown,
This day they left me joyless and alone;
But, ere three morns with roses strow the skies,
My lovely brides will charm my longing eyes."
"Youth, (said the sire) on this auspicious day
Some angel luther led thy erring way:
Hear a strange tale, and tremble at the snare,
Which for thy steps thy pleasing foes prepare.
Know, in this isle prevails a bloody law;
List, stripling, list! (the youth stood fix'd with awe:)
But seventy* days the hapless monarchs reign,
Then close their lives in exile and in pain;
Doom'd in a deep and frightful cave to rove,
Where darkness hovers o'er the iron grove.
Yet know, thy prudence and thy timely care
May save thee, son! from this destructive snare.
Not far from this, a lovelier island† lies,
Too rich, too splendid, for unhallow'd eyes:

* The life of man. † Heaven.

On that bless'd shore, a sweeter fountain flows
Than this vain clime, or this gay palace knows,
Which if thou taste, whate'er was sweet before
Will bitter seem, and steal thy soul no more.
But ere these happy waters thou canst reach,
Thy weary steps must pass yon rugged beach,
Where the dark sea* with angry billows raves,
And, fraught with monsters, curls his howling waves.
If to my words, obedient, thou attend,
Behold in me thy pilot and thy friend:
A bark I keep, supplied with plenteous store,
That now lies anchor'd on the rocky shore;
And, when of all thy regal toys bereft,
In the rude cave an exile thou art left,
Myself will find thee on the gloomy lea,
And waft thee safely o'er the dangerous sea."
The boy was fill'd with wonder as he spake,
And from a dream of folly seem'd to wake.
All day the sage his tainted thoughts refin'd;
His reason brighten'd, and reform'd his mind:
Through the dim cavern hand in hand they walk'd,
And much of truth, and much of heaven, they talk'd.
At night the stripling to the hall return'd;
With other fires his alter'd bosom burn'd.
O! to his wiser soul how low, how mean,
Seem'd all he e'er had heard, had felt, had seen!
He view'd the stars; he view'd the crystal skies;
And bless'd the Power All-good, All-great, All-wise.
How lowly now appear'd the purple robe,
The rubied sceptre, and the ivory globe!
How dim the rays that gild the brittle earth!
How vile the brood of Folly and of Mirth!

* Death.

When the third morning, clad in mantle grey,
Brought in her rosy car her seventieth day,
A band of slaves, who rush'd with furious sound,
In chains of steel the willing captive bound;
From his young head the diadem they tore,
And cast his pearly bracelets on the floor;
They rent his robe that bore the rose's hue,
And o'er his breast a hairy mantle threw;
Then drag'd him to the damp and dreary cave,
Drench'd by the gloomy sea's resounding wave.
Meanwhile, the voices of a numerous crowd
Pierc'd the dun air, as thunder breaks a cloud:
The nymphs another hapless youth had found,
And then were leading o'er the guilty ground:
They hail'd him king, (alas, how short his reign!)
And with fresh chaplets strow'd the fatal plain.
  The happy exile, monarch now no more,
Was roving slowly o'er the lonely shore;
At last the sire's expected voice he knew,
And tow'rd the sound with hasty rapture flew.
The promis'd pinnace just afloat he found,
And the glad sage his fetter'd hands unbound;
But when he saw the foaming billows rave,
And dragons rolling o'er the fiery wave,
He stop'd: his guardian caught his lingering hand,
And gently led him o'er the rocky strand;
Soon as he touch'd the bark, the ocean smil'd,
The dragons vanish'd, and the waves were mild.
For many an hour with vigorous arms they row'd,
While not a star one friendly sparkle show'd;
At length a glimmering brightness they behold,
Like a thin cloud which morning dyes with gold:
To that they steer; and now, rejoic'd, they view
A shore begirt with cliffs of radiant hue.

They land: a train, in shining mantles clad,
Hail their approach, and bid the youth be glad;
They led him o'er the lea with easy pace,
And floated, as they went, with heavenly grace.
A golden fountain soon appear'd in sight,
That o'er the border cast a sunny light.
The sage, impatient, scoop'd the lucid wave
In a rich vase, which to the youth he gave:
He drank; and straight a bright celestial beam
Before his eyes display'd a dazzling gleam;
Myriads of airy shapes around him gaz'd;
Some prais'd his wisdom, some his courage prais'd;
Then o'er his limbs a starry robe they spread,
And plac'd a crown of diamonds on his head.
His aged guide was gone, and in his place
Stood a fair cherub flush'd with rosy grace;
Who, smiling, spake: "Here ever wilt thou rest,
Admir'd, belov'd, our brother and our guest;
So all shall end, whom vice can charm no more
With the gay follies of that perilous shore.
See yon immortal towers their gates unfold,
With rubies flaming, and no earthly gold!
There joys, before unknown, thy steps invite;
Bliss without care, and morn without a night.
But now farewell! my duty calls me hence;
Some injur'd mortal asks my just defence.
To yon pernicious island I repair,
Swift as a star." He speaks, and melts in air.
The youth o'er walks of jasper takes his flight,
And bounds and blazes in eternal light.

SOLIMA,

AN ARABIAN ECLOGUE.

Written in 1768.

"Ye maids of Aden! hear a loftier tale
Than e'er was sung in meadow, bower, or dale.
—The smiles of Abelah, and Maia's eyes,
Where beauty plays, and love in slumber lies;
The fragrant hyacinths of Azza's hair,
That wanton with the laughing summer air;
Love-tinctur'd cheeks, whose roses seek their bloom,
And lips, from which the Zephyr steals perfume;
Invite no more the wild unpolish'd lay,
But fly like dreams before the morning ray.
Then farewell, love! and farewell, youthful fires!
A nobler warmth my kindled breast inspires.
Far bolder notes the listening wood shall fill:
Flow smooth, ye rivulets; and, ye gales, be still.
"See yon fair groves that o'er Amana rise,
And with their spicy breath embalm the skies;
Where every breeze sheds incense o'er the vales,
And every shrub the scent of musk exhales!
See through yon opening glade a glittering scene,
Lawns ever gay, and meadows ever green;
Then ask the groves, and ask the vocal bow'rs,
Who deck'd their spiry tops with blooming flow'rs,
Taught the blue stream o'er sandy vales to flow,
And the brown wild with liveliest hues to glow?

Fair Solima! the hills and dales will sing;
Fair Solima! the distant echoes ring.*
But not with idle shows of vain delight,
To charm the soul, or to beguile the sight;
At noon, on banks of pleasure to repose,
Where bloom intwin'd the lily, pink, and rose;
Not in proud piles to heap the nightly feast,
Till morn with pearls has deck'd the glowing east;—
Ah! not for this she taught those bowers to rise,
And bade all Eden spring before our eyes:
Far other thoughts her heavenly mind employ,
(Hence, empty pride! and hence, delusive joy!)
To cheer with sweet repast the fainting guest;
To lull the weary on the couch of rest;
To warm the traveller numb'd with winter's cold;
The young to cherish, to support the old;
The sad to comfort, and the weak protect;
The poor to shelter, and the lost direct:—
These are her cares, and this her glorious task;
Can Heaven a nobler give, or mortals ask?
Come to these groves, and these life-breathing glades,
Ye friendless orphans, and ye dowerless maids,
With eager haste your mournful mansions leave,
Ye weak, that tremble; and, ye sick, that grieve;
Here shall soft tents, o'er flowery lawns display'd,
At night defend you, and at noon o'ershade;
Here rosy health the sweets of life will shower,
And new delights beguile each varied hour.

* It was not easy in this part of the translation to avoid a turn similar to that of Pope in the known description of the Man of Ross.

Mourns there a widow, bath'd in streaming tears?
Stoops there a sire beneath the weight of years?
Weeps there a maid, in pining sadness left,
Of tender parents, and of hope, bereft?
To Solima their sorrows they bewail;
To Solima they pour their plaintive tale.
She hears; and radiant as the star of day,
Through the thick forest gains her easy way:
She asks what cares the joyless train oppress,
What sickness wastes them, or what wants distress;
And, as they mourn, she steals a tender sigh,
Whilst all her soul sits melting in her eye:
Then with a smile the healing balm bestows,
And sheds a tear of pity o'er their woes,
Which, as it drops, some soft-ey'd angel bears
Transform'd to pearl, and in his bosom wears.

"When chill'd with fear, the trembling pilgrim roves
Thro' pathless deserts and through tangled groves,
Where mantling darkness spreads her dragon wing,
And birds of death their fatal dirges sing,
While vapours pale a dreadful glimmering cast,
And thrilling horror howls in every blast;
She cheers his gloom with streams of bursting light,
By day a sun, a beaming moon by night;
Darts thro' the quivering shades her heavenly ray,
And spreads with rising flowers his solitary way.

Ye heavens, for this in showers of sweetness shed
Your mildest influence o'er her favour'd head!
Long may her name, which distant climes shall praise,
Live in our notes, and blossom in our lays!
And, like an odorous plant, whose blushing flow'r
Paints every dale, and sweetens every bow'r,

Borne to the skies in clouds of soft perfume
For ever flourish, and for ever bloom!
These grateful songs, ye maids and youths, renew,
While fresh-blown violets drink the pearly dew;
O'er Azib's banks while love-lorn damsels rove,
And gales of fragrance breathe from Hagar's grove."
So sung the youth, whose sweetly-warbled strains
Fair Mena heard, and Saba's spicy plains.
Sooth'd with his lay, the ravish'd air was calm,
The winds scarce whisper'd o'er the waving palm;
The camels bounded o'er the flowery lawn,
Like the swift ostrich, or the sportful faun;
Their silken bands the listening rose-buds rent,
And twin'd their blossoms round his vocal tent:
He sung, till on the bank the moonlight slept,
And closing flowers beneath the night dew wept;
Then ceas'd, and slumber'd in the lap of rest
Till the shrill lark had left his low-built nest,
Now hastes the swain to tune his rapturous tales
In other meadows, and in other vales.

LAURA,

AN ELEGY FROM PETRARCH.

In this fair season,* when the whispering gales
Drop showers of fragrance o'er the bloomy vales,
From bower to bower the vernal warblers play;
The skies are cloudless, and the meads are gay;
The nightingale in many a melting strain
Sings to the groves, "Here Mirth and Beauty reign."

* *Imitations.*—Petrarch, Sonnet, 270.

But me, for ever bath'd in gushing tears,
No mirth enlivens, and no beauty cheers:
The birds that warble, and the flowers that bloom,
Relieve no more this solitary gloom.
I see where late the verdant meadow smil'd,
A joyless desert, and a dreary wild:—
For those dear eyes, that pierc'd my heart before,
Are clos'd in death, and charm the world no more:
Lost are those tresses, that outshone the morn,
And pale those cheeks, that might the skies adorn.
Ah, death! thy hand has crop'd the fairest flower,*
That shed its smiling rays in beauty's bower;
Thy dart has laid on yonder sable bier
All my soul lov'd, and all the world held dear;
Celestial sweetness, love-inspiring youth,
Soft-ey'd benevolence, and white-rob'd truth.
Hard fate of man,† on whom the heavens bestow
A drop of pleasure for a sea of woe!
Ah, life of care, in fears or hopes consum'd,
Vain hopes, that wither ere they well have bloom'd!
How oft, emerging from the shades of night,
Laughs the gay morn, and spreads a purple light:
But soon the gathering clouds o'ershade the skies,
Red lightnings play, and thundering storms arise!
How oft a day, that fair and mild appears,
Grows dark with fate, and mars the toil of years!
Not far remov'd,‡ yet hid from distant eyes,
Low in her secret grot, a Naiad lies.
Steep arching rocks, with verdant moss o'ergrown,
Form her rude diadem, and native throne:

* Sonnet 243. † Sonnet 230.

‡ See a description of this celebrated fountain in a poem of Madame Deshoulieres.

There, in a gloomy cave her waters sleep,
Clear as a brook, but as an ocean deep.
Yet, when the waking flowers of April blow,
And warmer sunbeams melt the gather'd snow;
Rich with the tribute of the vernal rains,
The nymph, exulting, bursts her silver chains;
Her living waves in sparkling columns rise,
And shine like rainbows to the sunny skies;
From cliff to cliff the falling waters roar;
Then die in murmurs, and are heard no more.
Hence, softly flowing in a dimpled stream,
The crystal Sorga spreads a lively gleam;—
From which a thousand rills in mazes glide,
And deck the banks with summer's gayest pride;
Brighten the verdure of the smiling plains;
And crown the labour of the joyful swains.

First, on these banks, (ah, dream of short delight!)
The charms of Laura struck my dazzled sight;
Charms, that the bliss of Eden might restore,
That heaven might envy, and mankind adore.
I saw—and O! what heart could long rebel?
I saw, I lov'd, and bade the world farewell.
Where'er she mov'd, the meads were fresh and gay,
And every bower exhal'd the sweets of May;
Smooth flow'd the streams, and softly blew the gale;
The rising flowers impurpled every dale;
Calm was the ocean, and the sky serene;
An universal smile o'erspread the shining scene:
But when in Death's cold arms entranc'd she lay,
(Ah, ever dear,* yet ever fatal day!)
O'er all the air a direful gloom was spread;
Pale were the meads, and all their blossoms dead;

* Laura was first seen by Petrarch on the 6th of April, in the year 1327; and she died on the same day in 1348.

The clouds of April shed a baleful dew:
All nature wore a veil of deadly hue.
Go, plaintive breeze! to Laura's flowery bier,
Heave the warm sigh, and shed the tender tear.
There to the awful shade due homage pay,
And softly thus address the sacred clay:
"Say,* envied earth! that dost those charms enfold,
Where are those cheeks, and where those locks of gold?
Where are those eyes, which oft the Muse has sung?
Where those sweet lips, and that enchanting tongue?
Ye radiant tresses! and thou, nectar'd smile!
Ye looks that might the melting skies beguile!
You rob'd my soul of rest, my eyes of sleep:
You taught me how to love, and how to weep."
No shrub† o'erhangs the dew-bespangled vale,
No blossom trembles to the dying gale,
No floweret blushes in the morning rays,
No stream along the winding valley plays,
But knows what anguish thrills my tortur'd breast,
What pains consume me, and what cares infest.
At blush‡ of dawn, and in the gloom of night,
Her pale-ey'd phantom swims before my sight,
Sits on the border of each purling rill,
Crowns every bower, and glides o'er every hill.
Flows§ the loud rivulet down the mountain's brow?
Or pants the zephyr on the waving bough?
Or sips the labouring bee her balmy dews,
And with soft strains her fragrant toil pursues?
Or warbles from yon silver-blossom'd thorn
The wakeful bird, that hails the rising morn?

* Sonnet 260, and 259.
† Sonnet 248.
‡ Sonnet 241.
§ Sonnet 239.

—My Laura's voice, in many a soothing note,
Floats through the yielding air, or seems to float:
"Why fill thy sighs (she says) this lonely hower?
Why down thy bosom flows this endless shower?
Complain no more: hut hope ere long to meet
Thy much-lov'd Laura in a happier seat.
Here, fairer scenes detain my parted shade;
Suns that ne'er set, and flowers that never fade:
Through crystal skies I wing my joyous flight,
And revel in eternal blaze of light;
See all thy wanderings in that vale of tears,
And smile at all thy hopes, at all thy fears:
Death wak'd my soul, that slept in life before,
And op'd these hrighten'd eyes, to sleep no more."
She ends: the Fates, that will no more reveal,
Fix on her closing lips their sacred seal.
"Return, sweet shade!" I wake, and fondly say,
"O, cheer my gloom with one far-beaming ray!
Return: thy charms my sorrow will dispel,
And snatch my spirit from her mortal cell;
Then, mix'd with thine, exulting she shall fly,
And bound enraptur'd through her native sky."
She comes no more: my pangs more fierce return:
Tears gush in streams, and sighs my bosom burn.
Ye hanks,* that oft my weary limbs have borne,
Ye murmuring brooks that learnt of me to mourn;
Ye birds, that tune with me your plaintive lay;
Ye groves, where love once taught my steps to stray;
You, ever sweet and ever fair, renew
Your strains melodious, and your blooming hue:
But not in my sad heart can bliss remain,
My heart the haunt of never-ceasing pain!

* Sonnet 261.

Henceforth to sing,— in smoothly-warbled lays
The smiles of youth, and beauty's heavenly rays;
To see* the morn her early charms unfold,
Her cheeks of roses, and her curls of gold;
Led by† the sacred Muse, at noon to rove
O'er tufted mountain, vale, or shady grove;
To watch the stars, that gild the lucid pole,
And view yon orbs in mazy order roll;
To hear the tender nightingale complain,
And warble to the woods her amorous strain:—
No more shall these my pensive soul delight,
But each gay vision melts in endless night.
Nymphs!‡ who in glimmering glades by moonlight dance,
And ye, who through the liquid crystal glance,
Who oft have heard my sadly-pleasing moan;
Behold me now a lifeless marble grown.
Ah! lead me to the tomb where Laura lies;
Clouds! fold me round; and, gather'd darkness rise;
Bear me, ye gales! in death's soft slumber laid;
And, ye bright realms, receive my fleeting shade.

WRITTEN FOR

A FETE CHAMPETRE IN WALES.

Fair Tivy, how sweet are thy waves gently flowing,
Thy wild oaken woods, and green eglantine bow'rs,
Thy banks with the blush-rose and amaranth glowing,
While friendship and mirth claim these labourless hours!

* Sonnet 251. † Sonnet 272. ‡ Sonnet 263.

Yet weak is our vaunt, while something we want,
More sweet than the pleasure which *prospects* can
Come, smile, damsels of Cardigan, [give;
Love can alone make it blissful to live.

How sweet is the odour of jasmine and roses,
That Zephyr around us so lavishly flings!
Perhaps for Bleanpant* fresh perfume he composes,
Or tidings from Bronwith† auspiciously brings;
Yet weak is our vaunt, while something we want,
More sweet than the pleasure which *odours* can
Come, smile, damsels of Cardigan, [give;
Love can alone make it blissful to live.

How sweet was the strain that enliven'd the spirit,
And cheer'd us with numbers so frolic and free!
The poet is absent; be just to his merit;
Ah! may he in love be more happy than we;
For weak is our vaunt, while something we want,
More sweet than the pleasure the *Muses* can give:
Come, smile, damsels of Cardigan,
Love can alone make it blissful to live.

How gay is the circle of friends round a table,
Where stately Kilgarran‡ o'erhangs the brown dale;
Where none are unwilling, and few are unable,
To sing a wild song, or repeat a wild tale!
Yet weak is our vaunt, while something we want,
More sweet than the pleasure that *friendship* can
Come, smile, damsels of Cardigan, [give:
Love can alone make it blissful to live.

* The seat of W. Brigstocke, Esq.
† The seat of Thomas Lloyd, Esq.
‡ A ruin of a castle on the banks of the Tivy.

No longer then pore over dark gothic pages,
To call a rude gibberish from Neatheam or Brooke ; [sages ;
Leave year-books and parchments to grey-bearded
Be nature, and love, and fair woman, our book :
For weak is our vaunt, while something we want,
More sweet than the pleasure that *learning* can give ;
Come, smile, damsels of Cardigan,
Love can alone make it blissful to live.

Admit that our labours were crown'd with full measure,
And gold were the fruit of rhetorical flow'rs,
That India supplied us with long hoarded treasure,
That Dinevor,* Slebeck,† and Coidsmore‡ were ours ;
Yet weak is our vaunt, while something we want,
More sweet than the pleasure that *riches* can give :
Come, smile, damsels of Cardigan,
Love can alone make it blissful to live.

Or, say, that, preferring fair Thames to fair Tivy,
We gain'd the bright ermine robes, purple and red :
And peep'd through long perukes, like owlets through ivy,
Or say, that bright coronets blaz'd on our head ;
Yet weak is our vaunt, while something we want,
More sweet than the pleasure that *honours* can give :
Come, smile, damsels of Cardigan,
Love can alone make it blissful to live.

* Seat of Lord Dinevor, near Landelo, in Carmarthen.
† Seat of —— Philips, Esq. near Haverford West.
‡ Seat of Thomas Lloyd, Esq. near Cardigan.

ON

SEEING MISS * * *

RIDE BY HIM, WITHOUT KNOWING HER.

Written in 1780.

Cardigan, Aug. 4, 1780.

So lightly glanc'd she o'er the lawn,
  So lightly through the vale,
That not more swiftly bounds the faun,
  In Sidon's palmy dale.

Full well her bright-hair'd courser knew,
  How sweet a charge he bore,
And proudly shook the tassels blue,
  That on his neck he wore.

Her vest, with liveliest tincture glow'd,
  That summer blossoms wear,
And wanton down her shoulders flow'd
  Her hyacinthine hair.

Zephyr in play had loos'd the string,
  And with it laughing flown,
Diffusing from his dewy wing,
  A fragrance not his own.

Her shape was like the slender pine,
  With vernal buds array'd,
O heav'n! what rapture would be mine,
  To slumber in its shade.

Her cheeks—one rose had Strephon seen,
But dazzled with the sight,
At distance view'd her nymph-like mien,
And fainted with delight.

He thought Diana from the chase
Was hastening to her bow'r;
For more than mortal seem'd a face
Of such resistless pow'r.

Actæon's fatal change he fear'd,
And trembled at the breeze;
High antlers had his fancy rear'd,
And quivering sunk his knees.

He well might err—that morn confess'd,
The Queen with silver beam,
Shone forth, and Sylvia thus address'd,
By Tivy's azure stream!

"Let us this day our robes exchange;
Bind on my waxing moon:
Then through yon woods at pleasure range,
And shun the sultry noon.

"Whilst I at Cardigan prepare
Gay stores of silk and lace,
Like thine, will seem my flowing hair,
Like thine, my heavenly grace.

"My brother Phœbus lost his heart
When first he view'd thy charms,
And would this day, with dangerous art,
Allure thee to his arms.

"But, Cynthia, friend to virgins fair,
Thy steps will ever guide,
Protect thee from the' enchanting snare,
And o'er thy heart preside.

"In vain his wiles he shall essay,
And touch his golden lyre;
Then to the skies shall wing his way,
With pale, yet raging fire.

"Should he with lies traduce the fair,
And boast how oft he kiss'd her,
The gods shall laugh while I declare,
He flirted with his Sister."

TO LADY JONES:

FROM THE ARABIC.

Written in 1783.

While sad suspense and chill delay
Bereave my wounded soul of rest,
New hopes, new fears, from day to day,
By turns assail my labouring breast.

My heart, which ardent love consumes,
Throbs with each agonizing thought;
So flutters with entangled plumes,
The lark in wily meshes caught.

There she, with unavailing strain,
Pours through the night her warbled grief:
The gloom retires, but not her pain;
The dawn appears, but not relief.

Two younglings wait the parent bird,
  Their thrilling sorrows to appease :
 he comes—ah ! no : the sound they heard
  Was but a whisper of the breeze.

FROM

THE PERSIAN POEM OF HATIFI,

IN THE MEASURE OF THE ORIGINAL.

With cheeks where eternal paradise bloom'd,
Sweet Laili the soul of Kais had consum'd.
Transported her heavenly graces he view'd :
Of slumber no more he thought, nor of food.
Love rais'd in their glowing bosoms his throne,
Adopting the chosen pair as his own.
Together on flowery seats they repos'd ;
Their lips not one idle moment were clos'd.
To mortals they gave no hint of their smart :
Love only the secret drew from each heart.

TRANSPOSITION.*

With cheeks where paradise eternal bloom'd,
Sweet Laili had the soul of Kais consum'd.
Her heavenly graces he transported view'd :
Mo more he thought of slumber, nor of food.
Love in their glowing bosoms rais'd his throne,
The chosen pair adopting as his own.

* The reader will perceive in this transposition that the stations of the words are only changed, by which simple means the five couplets are transposed to Iambic measure.

On flowery seats together they repos'd:
Their lips one idle moment were not clos'd.
No hint they gave to mortals of their smart;
Love only drew the secret from each heart.

SONNET,

TO G. HARDYNGE, ESQ.

HARDYNGE, whom Camden's voice, and Camden's fame,
To noble thoughts and high attempts excite,
Whom thy learn'd sire's well-polish'd lays invite,
To kindle in thy breast Phœbean flame,
Oh! rise; oh! emulate their lives; and claim
The glorious meed of many a studious night,
And many a day spent in asserting right,
Repressing wrong, and bringing fraud to shame,
Nor let the glare of wealth or pleasure's bow'rs
Allure thy fancy. Think how Tully shone,
Think how Demosthenes with heavenly fire
Shook Philip's throne, and lighten'd o'er his tow'rs.
What gave them strength? Not eloquence alone,
But minds elate above each low desire.

EXTEMPORE OPINION

ON NATIVE TALENT.

IN ANSWER TO LINES FROM A FRIEND.

Ah! but too well, dear friend, I know
My fancy weak, my reason slow,
My memory by art improv'd,
My mind by baseless trifles mov'd.
Give me (thus high my pride I raise)
The ploughman's or the gard'ner's praise,
With patient and unceasing toil,
To meliorate a stubborn soil:
And say, (no higher meed I ask)
"With zeal hast thou perform'd thy task;"
Praise, of which virtuous minds may boast,
They best confer, who merit most.

WRITTEN AFTER A PERUSAL OF

THE EIGHTH SERMON OF BARROW.

1786.

As meadows parch'd, brown groves, and withering flowers,
Imbibe the sparkling dew and genial show'rs;
As chill dark air inhales the morning beam;
As thirsty harts enjoy the gelid stream;
Thus to man's grateful soul from Heaven descend,
The mercies of his Father, Lord, and Friend!

THE CONCLUDING SENTENCE OF

BERKELEY'S SIRIS,

IMITATED.

BEFORE thy mystic altar, heavenly truth,
I kneel in manhood, as I knelt in youth:
Thus let me kneel, till this dull form decay,
And life's last shade be brighten'd by thy ray:
Then shall my soul, now lost in clouds below,
Soar without bound, without consuming glow.*

AN EPODE,

FROM A CHORUS IN THE UNFINISHED TRAGEDY OF SOHRAB.

WHAT Power, beyond all powers elate,
Sustains this universal frame?
'Tis not nature, 'tis not fate,
'Tis not the dance of atoms blind,
Ethereal space, or subtile flame;
No; 'tis one vast eternal mind,
Too sacred for an earthly name!
He forms, pervades, directs the whole;
Not like the macrocosm's imag'd soul,

* These lines were written by Sir William Jones in Berkeley's Siris; they are, in fact, a beautiful version of the last sentence of the Siris, amplified and adapted to himself; "He that would make a real progress in knowledge, must dedicate his age as well as youth, the latter growth as well as the first fruits, at the altar of Truth."

But provident of endless good,
By ways nor seen nor understood,
Which e'en His angels vainly might explore.
High, their highest thoughts above,
Truth, wisdom, justice, mercy, love,
Wrought in His heavenly essence, blaze and soar.
Mortals, who His glory seek,
Rapt in contemplation meek,
Him fear, Him trust, Him venerate, Him adore!

ODES.

AN ODE OF PETRARCH,

TO THE

FOUNTAIN OF VALCHIUSA.*

Ye clear and sparkling streams!
(Warm'd by the sunny beams)
Through whose transparent crystal Laura play'd;
Ye boughs, that deck the grove,
Where Spring her chaplets wove,
While Laura lay beneath the quivering shade;†
Sweet herbs! and blushing flowers!
That crown yon vernal bowers,

* See Canzone 27.

† M. de Voltaire has given a beautiful paraphrase of this first stanza, though it is certain that he had never read the ode in the original, or at most only the three first lines of it; for he asserts that the Italian song is irregular, and without rhymes; whereas the stanzas are perfectly regular, and the rhymes very exact. His design was to give Madame du Chatelet, for whom he wrote his history, an idea of Petrarch's style; but, if she had only read his imitation, she could have but an imperfect notion of the Italian, which the reader will easily perceive by comparing them.

For ever fatal, yet for ever dear;
  And ye, that heard my sighs
  When first she charm'd my eyes,
Soft-breathing gales! my dying accents hear.
  If Heaven has fix'd my doom,
  That Love must quite consume
My bursting heart, and close my eyes in death;
  Ah! grant this slight request,—
  That, here my urn may rest,
When to its mansion flies my vital breath.
  This pleasing hope will smooth
  My anxious mind, and sooth
The pangs of that inevitable hour;
  My spirit will not grieve
  Her mortal veil to leave
In these calm shades, and this enchanting bow'r.
  Haply, the guilty maid
  Through yon accustom'd glade
To my sad tomb will take her lonely way;
  Where first her beauty's light
  O'erpower'd my dazzled sight,
When love on this fair border bade me stray:
  There, sorrowing, shall she see,
  Beneath an aged tree,
Her true, but hapless, lover's lowly bier;
  Too late, her tender sighs
  Shall melt the pitying skies,
And her soft veil shall hide the gushing tear.
  O! well-remember'd day,
  When on yon bank she lay,
Meek in her pride, and in her rigour mild;
  The young and blooming flowers,
  Falling in fragrant showers,
Shone on her neck, and on her bosom smil'd:

Some on her mantle hung,
Some in her locks were strung,
Like orient gems in rings of flaming gold;
Some, in a spicy cloud
Descending, call'd aloud,
"Here Love and Youth the reins of empire hold."
I view'd the heavenly maid;
And, wrapt in wonder, said—
"The groves of Eden gave this angel birth;"
Her look, her voice, her smile,
That might all Heaven beguile,
Wafted my soul above the realms of earth:
The star-bespangled skies
Were open'd to my eyes;
Sighing I said, "Whence rose this glittering scene?"
Since that auspicious hour,
This bank, and odorous bow'r,
My morning couch, and evening haunt have been.
Well mayst thou blush, my song,
To leave the rural throng,
And fly thus artless to my Laura's ear;
But, were thy poet's fire
Ardent as his desire,
Thou wert a song that Heaven might stoop to hear.

AN ODE OF JAMI.

IN THE PERSIAN FORM AND MEASURE.

How sweet the gale of morning breathes! Sweet news of my *delight* he brings;
News, that the rose will soon approach the tuneful bird of *night*, he brings.
Soon will a thousand parted souls be led, his captives, through the sky,
Since tidings, which in every heart must ardent flames *excite*, he brings.
Late near my charmer's flowing robe he pass'd, and kiss'd, the fragrant hem;
Thence, odour to the rose-bud's veil, and jasmine's mantle *white*, he brings.
Painful is absence, and that pain to some base rival oft is ow'd;
Thou know'st, dear maid! when to thine ear false tales, contriv'd in *spite*, he brings.
Why should I trace love's mazy path, since destiny my bliss forbids?
Black destiny! my lot is woe, to me no ray of *light* he brings.
In vain, a friend his mind disturbs, in vain a childish trouble gives,
When sage physician to the couch, of heartsick love-lorn *wight*, he brings.
A roving stranger in thy town no guidance can sad Jami find,
Till this his name, and rambling lay to thine all-piercing *sight* he brings.

THE

THE MUSE RECALLED;

AN ODE.

On the Nuptials of Lord Viscount Althorp, now Earl Spencer, and Miss Lavinia Bingham, eldest Daughter of Charles, Lord Lucan, March, 6, 1781.

RETURN, celestial Muse!
By whose bright fingers o'er my infant head,
Lull'd with immortal symphony, were spread
Fresh bays and flowerets of a thousand hues;
Return! thy golden lyre,
Chorded with sunny rays of temper'd fire,
Which in Astræa's fane I fondly hung;
Bold I reclaim: but ah, sweet maid,
Bereft of thy propitious aid
My voice is tuneless, and my harp unstrung.
In vain I call—what charm, what potent spell
Shall kindle into life the long unwaken'd shell?

Haste! the well-wrought basket* bring,
Which two sister-Graces wove,
When the third, whose praise I sing,
Blushing sought the bridal grove,
Where the slow-descending sun
Gilt the bowers of WIMBLEDON.

* Miss Louisa Bingham, and Miss Frances Molesworth, her cousin, decked a basket with ribands and flowers to hold the nuptial presents.

In the vase mysterious fling
Pinks and roses gem'd with dew,
Flowers of every varied hue,
Daughters fair of early spring,
Laughing sweet with sapphire eyes,
Or with Iris' mingled dyes:
Then around the basket go,
Tripping light with silent pace,
While, with solemn voice and slow
Thrice pronouncing thrice I trace
On the silken texture bright,
Character'd in beamy light,
Names of more than mortal pow'r,
Sweetest influence to diffuse;
Names that from her shadiest bow'r
Draw the soft reluctant Muse.

First, I with living gems enchase
The name of her, whom for this festive day
With zone and mantle elegantly gay
The Graces have adorn'd, herself a Grace,
MOLESWORTH—hark! a swelling note
Seems on Zepbyr's wing to float,
Or has vain hope my flatter'd sense beguil'd?
Next her who braided many a flow'r
To deck her sister's nuptial bow'r,
BINGHAM, with gentle heart and aspect mild:
The charm prevails—I hear, I hear
Strains nearer yet, and yet more near.
Still ye nymphs and youths advance,
Sprinkle still the balmy show'r,
Mingle still the mazy dance.
Two names of unresisted pow'r,

Behold, in radiant characters I write:
O rise! O leave thy secret shrine,
For they, who all thy nymphal train outshine,
DUNCANNON,* heavenly Muse, and DEVONSHIRE
invite.

Saw ye not yon myrtle wave?
Heard ye not a warbled strain?
Yes! the harp, which Clio gave,
Shall his ancient sound regain.
One dearer name remains. Prepare, prepare!
She comes—how swift the' impatient air
Drinks the rising accent sweet!
Soon the charm shall be complete.
Return and wake the silent string;
Return, sweet Muse, for ALTHORP bids me sing.
'Tis she—and, as she smiles, the breathing lyre
Leaps from his silken bands, and darts ethereal fire.

Bright son of evening, lucid star,
Auspicious rise thy soften'd beam,
Admir'd ere Cynthia's pearly car
O'er heaven's pure azure spreads her gleam:
Thou saw'st the blooming pair,
Like thee serenely fair,
By love united and the nuptial vow,
Thou see'st the mirthful train
Dance to the' unlabour'd strain,
See'st bound with myrtle every youthful brow.

* Lady Henrietta Spencer, second daughter of John, Earl Spencer, and wife of Lord Viscount Duncannon, eldest son of the Earl of Besborough.

† Lad Georgiana, eldest daughter of Earl Spencer, and wife of William Cavendish, fifth duke of Devonshire.

Shine forth, ye silver eyes of night, [light.
And gaze on virtues crown'd with treasures of de-

And thou, the golden-tressed child of morn,
Whene'er thy all-inspiring heat
Bids bursting rose-buds hill and mead adorn,
See them with every gift that Jove bestows,
With every joy replete,
Save, when they melt at sight of human woes.
Flow smoothly, circling hours,
And o'er their heads unblended pleasure pour;
Nor let your fleeting round
Their mortal transports bound,
But fill their cup of bliss, eternal pow'rs,
Till Time himself shall cease, and suns shall blaze
no more.

Each morn, reclin'd on many a rose
LAVINIA'S* pencil shall disclose
New forms of dignity and grace,
The' expressive air, the' impassion'd face,
The curled smile, the bubbling tear,
The bloom of hope, the snow of fear,
To some poetic tale fresh beauty give,
And bid the starting tablet rise and live;
Or with swift fingers shall she touch the trings,
And in the magic loom of harmony
Notes of such wondrous texture weave,
As lift the soul on seraph wings,
Which as they soar above the jasper sky,
Below them suns unknown and worlds unnumber'd
leave.

* Lady Althorp has an extraordinary talent for drawing historic subjects, and expressing the passions in the most simple manner.

While thou by listening crowds approv'd,
Lov'd by the Muse and by the poet lov'd,
ALTHORP, shouldst emulate the fame
Of Roman patriots and the' Athenian name;
Shouldst charm with full persuasive eloquence,
With all thy mother's* grace, and all thy father's sense,
The' applauding senate; whilst above thy head,
Exulting liberty should smile,
Then bidding dragon-born Contention cease,
Should knit the dance with meek-eyed Peace,
And by thy voice impell'd should spread
An universal joy around her cherish'd isle.
But ah! thy public virtues, youth! are vain
In this voluptuous, this abandon'd age,
When Albion's sons with frantic rage,
In crimes alone and recreant baseness bold,
Freedom and Concord, with their weeping train,
Repudiate; slaves of vice, and slaves of gold!
They on starry pinions sailing
Through the crystal fields of air
Mourn their efforts unavailing,
Lost persuasions, fruitless care:
Truth, Justice, Reason, Valour, with them fly
To seek a purer soil, a more congenial sky.

Beyond the vast Atlantic deep
A dome by viewless Genii shall be rais'd,
The walls of adamant compact and steep,
The portals with sky-tinctur'd gems emblaz'd:
There on a lofty throne shall virtue stand;
To her the youth of Delaware shall kneel;

* Georgiana Poyntz, Countess Spencer.

And, when her smiles rain plenty o'er the land,
Bow, tyrants, bow beneath the' avenging steel!
Commerce with fleets shall mock the waves,
And arts, that flourish not with slaves,
Dancing with every Grace and every Muse,
Shall bid the valleys laugh and heavenly beams diffuse.
She ceases; and a strange delight
Still vibrates on my ravish'd ear;
What floods of glory drown my sight!
What scenes I view! what sounds I hear!
This for my friend—but gentle nymphs, no more
Dare I with spells divine the Muse recal:
Then, fatal harp, thy transient rapture o'er,
Calm I replace thee on the sacred wall.
Ah! see how lifeless hangs the lyre,
Not lightning now, but glittering wire!
Me to the brawling bar and wrangles high
Bright-hair'd Sabrina calls and rosy-bosom'd Wye.

AN ODE

IN IMITATION OF ALCÆUS.

Ου λιθοι, οδε, ξυλα υδε
Τεχυη τεκλονων αἱ πολεις ειστιν
Αλλ' οπυ ποτ' αν ωσιν ΑΝΔΡΕΣ
Αυτυς σωζειν ειδοτες,
Ενθαυθα τειχη και πολεις.

Alc. quoted by Aristides.

What constitutes a state?
Not high rais'd battlement or labour'd mound,
Thick wall or moated gate:
Not cities proud with spires and turrets crown'd;
Not bays and broad arm'd ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich natives ride,
Not star'd and spangled courts,
Where low-brow'd baseness wafts perfume to pride.
NO:—Men, high-minded men,
With powers as far above dull brutes endued
In forest, brake, or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude;
Men, who their duties know,
But know their rights, and knowing, dare maintain,
Prevent the long-aim'd blow,
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain:

These constitute a state,
And sovereign Law, that state's collected will,
O'er thrones and globes elate
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill;
Smit by her sacred frown
The fiend, Discretion, like a vapour sinks,
And e'en the' all dazzling Crown
Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding shrinks.
Such was this heaven-lov'd isle,
Than Lesbos fairer and the Cretan shore!
No more shall freedom smile?
Shall Britons languish, and be Men no more?
Since all must life resign,
Those sweet rewards, which decorate the brave,
'Tis folly to decline,
And steal inglorious to the silent grave.

Abergavenny,
March 13, 1781.

AN ODE

IN IMITATION OF CALLISTRATUS.

Εν μυρΐκ κλαδι το ξιφος φορησω,
Ωσπερ Αρμοδιος κ' Αριστογειτων,
Οτε τον τυραννον κτανετων
Ισονομους τ' Αθηνας εποιησατην.

κ. τ. λ.

Quod si post Idus illias Martias e Tyrannoctonis quispiam tale aliquod carmen plebi tradidisset inque Suburram et fori circulos et in ora vulgi intulisset, actum profecto fuisset de partibus deque dominatione Cæsarum; plus mehercule valuisset unum Αρμοδιε μελος quam Ciceronis Philippicæ omnes.

Lowth De Sacra Poesi, Præl. 1.

Verdant myrtle's branchy pride
Shall my biting falchion wreathe:
Soon shall grace each manly side,
Tubes that speak, and points that breathe.
Thus, Harmodius! shone thy blade;
Thus, Aristogiton! thine:
Whose, when Britain sighs for aid,
Whose shall now delay to shine?
Dearest youths, in islands bless'd,
Not, like recreant idlers dead,
You with fleet Pelides rest,
And with godlike Diomed.
Verdant myrtle's branchy pride
Shall my thirsty blade entwine:
Such, Harmodius! deck'd thy side;
Such, Aristogiton! thine.

They the base Hipparchus slew
At the feast of Pallas crown'd:
Gods!—how swift their poniards flew!
How the monster ting'd the ground!
Then in Athens all was peace,
Equal laws and liberty:
Nurse of arts, and age of Greece!
People valiant, firm, and free!
Not less glorious was thy deed,
Wentworth! fix'd in virtue's cause;
Not less brilliant be thy meed,
Lenox! friend to equal laws.
High in Freedom's temple rais'd,
See Fitz-Maurice beaming stand,
For collected virtues prais'd,
Wisdom's voice and Valour's hand!
Ne'er shall Fate their eyelids close:
They, in blooming regions bless'd,
With Harmodius shall repose;
With Aristogiton rest.
No, bless'd chiefs! a hero's crown
Let the' Athenian patriots claim:
You less fiercely won renown;
You assum'd a milder name.
They through blood for glory strove,
You more blissful tidings bring;
They to death a Tyrant drove,
You to fame restor'd a King.
Rise, BRITANNIA! dauntless rise!
Cheer'd with triple harmony,
Monarch good, and Nobles wise,
People valiant, firm, and free!

THE

*FIRST NEMEAN ODE OF PINDAR.**

CALM breathing-place of ALPHEUS dead
Ortygia, *graceful* branch of Syracuse renown'd.
Young Dina's *rosy* bed,
Sister of Delos, thee, with sweet, *yet lofty* sound
Bursting numbers call, to raise
Of tempest-footed steeds the trophies glorious
(Thus ETNEAN JOVE we praise ;)
While Chromius' car invites, and Nemea's plain,
For *noble* acts victorious
To weave the' encomiastic strain.

From *prospering* gods the song begins;
Next hails that godlike man and virtue's holy meeds:
He the flower of greatness wins,
Whom smiling fortune crowns; and vast heroic deeds
Every Muse delights to sing.
Now wake to that *fair* isle the splendid story,
Which the *great* Olympian king,
Jove, gave to Proserpine, and wav'd his locks
Vowing, that, supreme in glory,
Fam'd for sweet fruits, and *nymph'd-lov'd* rocks.

Sicilia's full nutritious breast
With tower'd and wealthy cities he would crown.

* This Ode is translated word for word with the original: those epithets and phrases only being necessarily added which are printed in *italic* letters.

See Argument of the Hymns to Pacriti.

Her the son of Saturn bless'd
With suitors brazen-arm'd for war's renown
By lance and fiery steed; yet oft thy leaves,
Olympic olive! bind their hair
In wreathy gold. Great subjects I prepare;
But none the' immortal verse deceives.

Oft in the portals was I plac'd
Of that guest-loving man, and pour'd the dulcet
strain,
Where becoming daintiles grac'd
His hospitable board; for ne'er with efforts vain
Strangers to his mansion came:
And thus the virtuous, when detraction rages,
Quench with liberal streams her flame.
Let each in virtue's path right onward press,
As each his art engages,
And, urg'd by genius, win success.

Laborious action strength applies,
And wary conduct, Sense: the future to foresee
Nature gives to few, the wise.
Agesidamus' son, she frankly gave to thee
Powerful might and wisdom deep.
I see not in dark cells the hoarded treasure
Groveling with low care to keep,
But, as wealth flows, to spread it, and to hear
Loud fame, with ample measure
Cheering my friends, since hope and fear

Assail disastrous men. The praise
Of Hercules with rapture I embrace:
On the heights, which virtues raise,
The rapid legend old his name shall place;

For, when he *brook'd no more the cheerless gloom,*
And burst into the blaze of day,
The child of Jove with his twin-brother lay,
Refulgent from the sacred womb.

Not unobserv'd the godlike boy
By Juno golden-thron'd the saffron'd cradle press'd
Straight heaven's queen with furious joy
Bade *hideous* dragons fleet the' *unguarded* floor
infest:
They, the portals opening wide,
Roll'd through the chamber's broad recess *tremendous,*
And in jaws *fire-darting* tried
The slumbering babe to close. He, starting light,
Rear'd his *bold* head *stupendous,*
And first in battle prov'd his might.

With both resistless hands he clasp'd
Both *struggling horrid* pests, and cloth'd their necks
with death;
They expiring, as he grasp'd,
Pour'd from their throats compress'd the foul envenom'd breath.
Horror seiz'd the female train,
Who near Alcmena's *genial* couch attended:
She, from agonizing pain
Yet weak, *unsandal'd and* unmantled rush'd,
And her lov'd charge defended,
Whilst he the *fiery* monsters crush'd.

Swift the Cadmean leaders ran
In brazen mail precipitately bold:
First Amphitryon, dauntless man,
Bar'd his rais'd falchion from its sheathing gold,

While griding anguish pierc'd his *fluttering* breast;
For private woes most keenly bite
Self-loving man; but soon the heart is light,
With sorrow not its own oppress'd.

Standing in deep amazement wild
With rapturous pleasure mix'd, he saw the' enormous force,
Saw the valour of his child:
And fated heralds prompt, as heaven had shap'd their course,
Wafted round the varied tale:
Then call'd he from high Jove's contiguous region,
Him, whose warnings never fail,
Tiresias *blind*, who told, in diction sage,
The chief and thronging legion
What fortunes must his boy engage;

What lawless tyrants of the wood, [main,
What serpents he would slay, what monsters of the
What proud foe to human good,
The worst of monstrous forms, *that holy manhood stain*,
His huge arm to death would dash:
How when heaven's host, o'er Phlegra's champain *hasting*,
With embattled giants *rash*
Vindictive war'd, his pondrous mace would storm
With dreadful strokes *wide-wasting*,
And dust their glittering locks deform.

He told; and how in blissful peace
Through cycles infinite of gliding time,
When his mortal task should cease,
Sweet prize of perils hard and toil sublime,

In gorgeous mansions he should hold entranc'd
Soft Hebe, fresh with blooming grace,
And crown, exalting his majestic race,
The bridal feast near Jove advanc'd.

A CHINESE ODE

PARAPHRASED.

Behold, where yon blue rivulet glides
  Along the laughing dale;
Light reeds bedeck its verdant sides,
  And frolic in the gale:

So shines our prince! In bright array
  The Virtues round him wait;
And sweetly smil'd the' auspicious day,
  That rais'd him o'er our state.

As pliant hands in shapes refin'd
  Rich ivory carve and smooth,
His *laws* thus mould each ductile mind,
  And every passion sooth.

As gems are taught by patient art
  In sparkling ranks to beam,
With *manners* thus he forms the heart,
  And spreads a general gleam.

What soft, yet awful dignity!
  What meek, yet manly grace!
What sweetness dances in his eye,
  And blossoms in his face!

So shines our prince! a sky-born crowd
  Of virtues round him blaze:
Ne'er shall oblivion's murky cloud
  Obscure his deathless praise.

THE VERBAL TRANSLATION.

"Behold yon reach of *the river* Ki;
Its green reeds how luxuriant! how luxuriant!
Thus is our prince adorn'd with virtues;
As a carver, as a filer of ivory,
As a cutter, as a polisher, of gems.
O how elate and sagacious! O how dauntless and
  composed!
How worthy of fame! How worthy of reverence
We have a prince adorn'd with virtues,
Whom to the end *of time* we cannot forget."

A TURKISH ODE

OF MESIHI.

* Hear! how the nightingales, on every spray,
Hail, in wild notes, the sweet return of May;
—The gale that o'er yon waving almond blows,
The verdant bank with silver blossoms strows;
The smiling season decks each flowery glade.
Be gay: too soon the flowers of Spring will fade.

† What gales of fragrance scent the vernal air!
Hills, dales, and woods, their loveliest mantles wear,
Who knows what cares await that fatal day,
When ruder gusts shall banish gentle May?
Ev'n death, perhaps, our valleys will invade.
Be gay: too soon the flowers of Spring will fade.

‡ The tulip now its varied hue displays,
And sheds, like Ahmed's eye, celestial rays.

IMITATIONS.

* "Thou hearest the tale of the nightingale, 'that the vernal season approaches.' The Spring has spread a bower of joy in every grove, where the almond-tree sheds its silver blossoms. Be cheerful; be full of mirth; for the Spring passes soon away: it will not last."

† "The groves and hills are again adorned with all sorts of flowers; a pavilion of roses, as the seat of pleasure, is raised in the garden. Who knows which of us will be alive when the fair season ends? Be cheerful," &c.

‡ "The edge of the bower is filled with the light of Ahmed: among the plants the fortunate tulips represent his companions. Come, O people of Mohammed! this is the season of merriment. Be cheerful," &c.

Ah, nation, ever faithful, ever true,
The joys of youth, while May invites, pursue!
Will not these notes your timorous minds persuade?
Be gay: too soon the flowers of Spring will fade.

* The sparkling dewdrops o'er the lilies play,
Like orient pearls, or like the beams of day.
If love and mirth your wanton thoughts engage,
Attend, ye nymphs! a poet's words are sage;
While thus you sit beneath the trembling shade,
Be gay: too soon the flowers of Spring will fade.

† The fresh-blown rose like Zeineb's cheek appears,
When pearls, like dewdrops, glitter in her ears.
The charms of youth at once are seen and past:
And nature says, "They are too sweet to last."
So blooms the rose; and so the blushing maid.
Be gay: too soon the flowers of Spring will fade.

‡ See yon anemones their leaves unfold,
With rubies flaming, and with living gold.
—While crystal showers from weeping clouds descend,
Enjoy the presence of thy tuneful friend:

IMITATIONS.

* "Again the dew glitters on the leaves of the lily, like the water of a bright scimitar. The dewdrops fall through the air on the garden of roses. Listen to me, listen to me, if thou desirest to be delighted. Be cheerful," &c.

† "The roses and tulips are like the bright cheeks of beautiful maids, in whose ears the pearls hang like drops of dew. Deceive not thyself, by thinking that these charms will have a long duration. Be cheerful," &c.

‡ "Tulips, roses, and anemones appear in the gardens; the showers and the sunbeams, like sharp lancets, tinge the banks with the colour of blood. Spend this day agreeably with thy friends, like a prudent man. Be cheerful," &c.

Now, while the wines are brought, the sofa's laid,
Be gay: too soon the flowers of Spring will fade.

* The plants no more are dried, the meadows dead,
No more the rose-bud hangs her pensive head:
The shrubs revive in valleys, meads, and bowers,
And every stalk is diadem'd with flowers;
In silken robes each hillock stands array'd.
Be gay: too soon the flowers of Spring will fade.

† Clear drops, each morn, impearl the rose's bloom,
And from its leaf the zephyr drinks perfume;
The dewy buds expand their lucid store:
Be this our wealth: ye damsels, ask no more.
Though wise men envy, and though fools upbraid,
Be gay: too soon the flowers of Spring will fade.

‡ The dewdrops sprinkled, by the musky gale,
Are chang'd to essence ere they reach the dale.
The mild blue sky a rich pavilion spreads,
Without our labour, o'er our favour'd heads.
Let others toil in war, in arts, or trade;—
Be gay: too soon the flowers of Spring will fade.

IMITATIONS.

* "The time is passed in which the plants were sick, and the rose-bud hung its thoughtful head on its bosom. The season comes in which mountains and rocks are coloured with tulips. Be cheerful," &c.

† "Each morning the clouds shed gems over the rose garden: the breath of the gale is full of Tartarian musk Be not neglectful of thy duty through too great a love of the world. Be cheerful," &c.

‡ "The sweetness of the bower has made the air so fragrant, that the dew, before it falls, is changed into rose-water. The sky spreads a pavilion of bright clouds over the garden. Be cheerful," &c.

* Late, gloomy winter chill'd the sullen air,
Till Soliman arose, and all was fair.
Soft in his reign, the notes of love resound,
And pleasure's rosy cup goes freely round,
Here on the bank, which mantling vines o'ershade,
Be gay: too soon the flowers of Spring will fade.

† May this rude lay from age to age remain,
A true memorial of this lovely train.
Come, charming maid! and hear thy poet sing,
Thyself the rose, and he the bird of spring;
Love bids him sing, and love will be obey'd.
Be gay: too soon the flowers of Spring will fade.

IMITATIONS.

* "Whoever thou art, know that the black gusts of autumn had seized the garden; but the king of the world again appeared, dispensing justice to all: in his reign the happy cupbearer desired and obtained the flowing wine. Be cheerful," &c.

† "By these strains I hoped to celebrate this delightful valley: may they be a memorial to its inhabitants, and remind them of this assembly, and these fair maids! Thou art a nightingale with a sweet voice, O Mesihi, when thou walkest with the damsels, whose cheeks are like roses. Be cheerful; be full of mirth; for the Spring passes soon away; it will not last!"

HYMNS.

TO CAMDEO.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE *Hindu* GOD, to whom the following Poem is addressed, appears evidently the same with the *Grecian* EROS and the *Roman* CUPIDO; but the Indian description of his person and arms, his family, attendants, and attributes, has new and peculiar beauties.

According to the mythology of Hindustan, he was the son of MAYA, or the general *attracting* power, and married to RETTY or *Affection:* and his bosom friend is BESSENT or *Spring:* he is represented as a beautiful youth, sometimes conversing with his mother and consort, in the midst of his gardens and temples; sometimes riding by moonlight on a parrot or lory, and attended by dancing girls or nymphs, the foremost of whom bears his colours, which are a fish on a red ground. His favourite place of resort is a large tract of country round AGRA, and principally the plains of Matra, where KRISHEN also, and the nine GOPIA,

who are clearly the Apollo and Muses of the Greeks, usually spend the night with music and dance. His bow of sugar-cane, or flowers, with a string of bees, and his five arrows, each pointed with an Indian blossom of a heating quality, are allegories equally new and beautiful. He has at least twenty-three names, most of which are introduced in the hymn: that of *Cam*, or *Cama*, signifies *desire*, a sense which it also bears in ancient and modern Persian; and it is possible that the words *Dipuc* and *Cupid*, which have the same signification, may have the same origin, since we know that the old Hetruscans, from whom great part of the Roman language and religion was derived, and whose system had a near affinity with that of the Persians and Indians, used to write their lines alternately forwards and backwards, as furrows were made by the plough; and, though the two last letters of *Cupido* may only be the grammatical termination, as in *libido* and *capedo*, yet the primary root of *cupio* is contained in the three first letters. The seventh stanza alludes to the bold attempt of this deity to wound the great God *Mahadeo*, for which he was punished by a flame consuming his corporeal nature, and reducing him to a mental essence; and hence his chief dominion is over the *minds* of mortals, or such deities as he is permitted to subdue.

THE HYMN.

What potent God from Agra's orient bow'rs
Floats through the lucid air, whilst living flow'rs
With sunny twine the vocal arbours wreathe,
And gales enamour'd heavenly fragrance breathe?
  Hail, power unknown! for at thy beck
  Vales and groves their bosoms deck,
  And every laughing blossom dresses
  With gems of dew his musky tresses.
I feel, I feel thy genial flame divine,
And hallow thee, and kiss thy shrine.

"Know'st thou not me?" Celestial sounds I hear!
"Know'st thou not me?" Ah, spare a mortal ear!
"Behold"—My swimming eyes entranc'd I raise,
But oh! they sink before the' excessive blaze.
  Yes, son of Maya, yes, I know
  Thy bloomy shafts and cany bow,
  Cheeks with youthful glory beaming,
  Locks in braids ethereal streaming,
Thy scaly standard, thy mysterious arms,
And all thy pains and all thy charms.

God of each lovely sight, each lovely sound,
Soul-kindling, world-inflaming, star-ycrown'd,
Eternal Cama! Or doth Smara bright,
Or proud Ananga give thee more delight?
  Whate'er thy seat, whate'er thy name,
  Seas, Earth, and Air, thy reign proclaim:

Wreathy smiles and roseate pleasures
Are thy richest, sweetest treasures.
All animals to thee their tribute bring,
And hail thee universal king.

Thy consort mild, Affection ever true,
Graces thy side, her vest of glowing hue,
And in her train twelve blooming girls advance,
Touch golden strings and knit the mirthful dance.
Thy dreaded implements they bear,
And wave them in the scented air,
Each with pearls her neck adorning,
Brighter than the tears of morning.
Thy crimson ensign, which before them flies,
Decks with new stars the sapphire skies.

God of the flowery shafts and flowery bow,
Delight of all above and all below!
Thy lov'd companion, constant from his birth,
In heaven clep'd Bessent, and gay Spring on earth,
Weaves thy green robe and flaunting bow'rs,
And from thy clouds draws balmy show'rs,
He with fresh arrows fills thy quiver,
(Sweet the gift, and sweet the giver!)
And bids the many-plumed warbling throng
Burst the pent blossoms with their song.

He bends the luscious cane, and twists the string
With bees, how sweet! but ah, how keen their sting!
He with five flowerets tips thy ruthless darts,
Which through five senses pierce enraptur'd hearts:
Strong Chumpa, rich in odorous gold,
Warm Amer, nurs'd in heavenly mould,

Dry Nagkeser in silver smiling,
Hot Kiticum our sense beguiling,
And last, to kindle fierce the scorching flame,
Loveshaft, which gods bright Bela name.

Can men resist thy power, when Krishen yields,
Krishen, who still in Matra's holy fields
Tunes harps immortal, and to strains divine
Dances by moonlight with the Gopia nine?
But, when thy daring arm untam'd
At Mahadeo a loveshaft aim'd,
Heaven shook, and, smit with stony wonder,
Told his deep dread in bursts of thunder,
Whilst on thy beauteous limbs an azure fire
Blaz'd forth, which never must expire.

O thou for ages born, yet ever young,
For ages may thy Bramin's lay be sung!
And, when thy lory spreads his emerald wings
To waft thee high above the towers of Kings,
Whilst o'er thy throne the moon's pale light
Pours her soft radiance through the night,
And to each floating cloud discovers
The haunts of bless'd or joyless lovers,
Thy mildest influence to thy bard impart,
To warm, but not consume his heart.

TWO HYMNS

TO PRACRITI.

THE ARGUMENT.

In all our conversation with learned Hindus, we find them enthusiastic admirers of poetry, which they consider as a divine art, that had been practised for numberless ages in heaven, before it was revealed on earth by Valmic, whose great heroic poem is fortunately preserved: the Brahmans of course prefer that poetry, which they believe to have been *actually inspired;* while the Vaidyas, (who are in general perfect grammarians and good poets, but are not suffered to read any of the sacred writings except the *Ayurveda*, or Body of Medical Tracts,) speak with rapture of their innumerable *popular* poems, epic, lyric, and dramatic, which were composed by men not literally inspired, but called, metaphorically, the sons of Sereswati, or Minerva; among whom the Pandits of all sects, nations, and degrees, are unanimous in giving the prize of glory to Calidasa, who flourished in the court of Vicramaditya, fifty-seven years before Christ. He wrote several poems, one of which, entitled Sacontala, is in my possession; and the subject of it appears to be as interesting as the composition is beautiful: besides these, he published the *Meghaduta*, or cloud-messenger, and the *Nalo-*

daya, or rise of NALA, both elegant love tales: the *Raghuvansa*, an HEROIC poem; and the *Cumara Sambhava*, or birth of CUMARA, which supplied me with materials for the first of the following odes. I have not indeed yet read it; since it could not be correctly copied for me during the short interval in which it is in my power to amuse myself with literature: but I have heard the story told, both in Sanscrit and Persian, by many Pandits, who had no communication with each other; and their outline of it coincided so perfectly, that I am convinced of its correctness: that outline is here filled up, and exhibited in a lyric form, partly in the Indian, partly in the Grecian taste: and great will be my pleasure, when I can again find time for such amusements, in reading the whole poem of CALIDASA, and in comparing my descriptions with the original composition. To anticipate the story in a preface would be to destroy the interest that may be taken in the poem; a disadvantage attending all prefatory arguments, of which those prefixed to the several books of TASSO, and to the dramas of METASTASIO, are obvious instances; but, that any interest may be taken in the two hymns addressed to PRACRITI, under different names, it is unnecessary to render them intelligible by a previous explanation of the mythological allusions, which could not but occur in them.

ISWARA or ISA, and ISANI or ISI, are unquestionably the OSIRIS and ISIS of Egypt; for, though neither a resemblance of names, nor a similarity of character, would separately prove the identity of *Indian* and *Egyptian* deities, yet, when they both concur with the addition of numberless corro-

borating circumstances, they form a proof little short of demonstration. The *female* divinity, in the mythological systems in the East, represents the active power of the *male;* and that Isi means *active nature*, appears evidently from the word *s'acta*, which is derived from *s'acti*, or *power*, and applied to those Hindus, who direct their adoration principally to that goddess: this feminine character of Pracriti, or *created nature*, is so familiar in most languages, and even in our own, that the gravest English writers, on the most serious subjects of Religion and Philosophy, speak of *her* operations, as if *she* were actually an animated being; but such personifications are easily misconceived by the multitude, and have a strong tendency to polytheism. The principal operations of nature are, not the absolute annihilation and new creation of what we call *material substances*, but the temporary extinction and reproduction, or rather, in one word, the *transmutation of forms:* whence the epithet *Polymorphos* is aptly given to nature by European philosophers: hence *Iswara*, *Siva*, *Hara* (for those are his names, and near a thousand more) united with Isi, represent the *secondary causes*, whatever they may be, of natural phenomena, and principally those of temporary destruction and regeneration; but the Indian Isis appears in a variety of characters, especially in those of Parvati, Cali, Durga, and Bhavani, which bear a strong resemblance to the Juno of Homer, to Hecate, to the armed Pallas, and to the Lucretian Venus.

The name Parvati took its rise from a wild poetical fiction. Himalaya, or the *Mansion of Snow*, is the title given by the Hindus to that vast

chain of mountains, which limits India to the north, and embraces it with its eastern and western arms, both extending to the Ocean; the former of those arms is called *Chandrasec'hara*, or the *Moon's Rock;* and the second, which reaches as far west as the mouths of the Indus, was named by the ancients *Montes Parveti.* These hills are held sacred by the Indians, who suppose them to be the terrestrial haunt of the god ISWARA. The mountain *Himalaya*, being personified, is represented as a powerful monarch, whose wife was MENA: their daughter is named PARVATI, or *Mountain-born*, and DURGA, or *of difficult access;* but the *Hindus* believe her to have been married to SIVA in a pre-existent state, when she bore the name of SATI. The daughter of Himalaya had two sons; GANESA, or the *Lord of Spirits*, adored as the wisest of deities, and always invoked at the beginning of every literary work, CUMARA, SCANDA, or CARTICEYA, commander of the celestial armies.

The pleasing fiction of CAMA, the Indian CUPID, and his friend VASANTA, or the Spring, has been the subject of another poem; and here it must be remembered, that the God of Love is named also SMARA, CANDARPA, and ANANGA. One of his arrows is called *Mellica*, the Nyctanthes of our botanists, who very unadvisedly reject the vernacular names of most Asiatic plants: it is beautifully introduced by Cálidása into this lively couplet;

> Mellicamucule bhati gunjanmattamadhuvratah,
> Prayane panchaoanasya sanc'hamapurayanniva.

"The intoxicated bee shines and murmurs in the fresh blown *Mellica*, like him who gives breath

to a white conch in the procession of the god with five arrows."

A critic to whom CALIDASA repeated this verse, observed, that the comparison was not exact: since the bee sits on the blossom itself, and does not murmur at the end of the tube, like him who blows a conch. "I was aware of that," said the poet, "and, therefore, described the bee as *intoxicated:* a drunken musician would blow the shell at the wrong end." There was more than wit in this answer; it was a just rebuke to a dull critic; for poetry delights in general images, and is so far from being a perfect imitation, that a scrupulous exactness of descriptions and similes, by leaving nothing for the imagination to supply, never fails to diminish or destroy the pleasure of every reader, who has an imagination to be gratified.

It may here be observed, that *Nymphæa*, not *Lotos*, is the generic name in Europe of the flower consecrated to ISIS: the Persians know by the name of *Nilúfer* that species of it which the botanists ridiculously call Nelumbo, and which is remarkable for its curious pericarpium, where each of the seeds contains in miniature the leaves of a perfect vegetable. The *lotos* of HOMER was probably the *sugar-cane*, and that of LINNÆUS is a papilionaceous plant; but he gives the same name to another species of the *Nymphæa;* and the word is so constantly applied among us in India to the Nilúfer, that any other would be hardly intelligible: the blue lotos grows in Cashmir and in Persia, but not in Bengal, where we see only the red and white; and hence occasion is taken to feign, that the lotos of Hindustan was dyed crimson by the blood of SIVA.

CUVERA, mentioned in the fourteenth stanza, is the *god of wealth*, supposed to reside in a magnificent city, called Alacà; and *Vrihaspati*, or the genius of the planet Jupiter, is the preceptor of the gods in *Swerga* or the firmament: he is usually represented as their orator, when any message is carried from them to one of their superior deities.

The lamentations of Reti, the wife of Cama, fill a whole book in the Sanscrit poem, as I am informed by my teacher, a learned Vaidya; who is restrained only from reading the book, which contains a description of the nuptials: for the ceremonies of a marriage, where Brahma himself officiated as the father of the bridegroom, are too holy to be known by any but Brahmans.

The achievements of DURGA in her martial character as the patroness of Virtue, and her battle with a demon in the shape of a buffalo, are the subject of many episodes in the *Puránus* and *Cávyas*, or sacred and popular poems: but a full account of them would have destroyed the unity of the Ode, and they are barely alluded to in the last stanza.

It seemed proper to change the measure, when the goddess was to be addressed as BHAVANI, or *the power of fecundity*; but such a change, though very common in Sanscrit, has its inconveniences in European poetry: a distinct hymn is therefore appropriated to her in that capacity; for the explanation of which we need only premise, that LACSHMI is the goddess of *Abundance*; that the *Cetata* is a fragrant and beautiful plant of the Diœcian kind, known to botanists by the name Pandanus: and that the *Dúrgótsava*, or great festival of Bhaváni at

the close of the rains, ends in throwing the image of the goddess into the Ganges, or other sacred waters.

I am not conscious of having left unexplained any difficult allusion in the two poems; and have only to add (lest European critics should consider a few of the images as inapplicable to Indian manners) that the ideas of snow and ice are familiar to the Hindus; that the mountains of Himálaya may be clearly discerned from a part of Bengal: that the Grecian Hæmus is the Sanscrit word *haimas*, meaning snowy; and that funeral urns may be seen perpetually on the banks of the river.

The two hymns are neither translations from any other poems, nor imitations of any; and have nothing of Pindar in them except the measures, which are nearly the same, syllable for syllable, with those of the first and second Nemean Odes: more musical stanzas might perhaps have been formed; but in every art, variety and novelty are considerable sources of pleasure. The style and manner of Pindar have been greatly mistaken; and that a distinct idea of them may be conceived by such, as have not access to that inimitable poet in his own language, I cannot refrain from subjoining the first Nemean Ode,* not only in the same measure as nearly as possible, but almost word for word with the original; those epithets and phrases only being necessarily added, which are printed in Italic letters.

* See p. 113.

TO DURGA.

I. 1.

From thee begins the solemn air,
Ador'd Ganésá; next, thy sire we praise,
(Him, from whose red clustering hair
A new-born crescent sheds propitious rays,
Fair as Gangá's curling foam,)
Dread Is'wara; who lov'd o'er awful mountains,
Rapt in prescience deep, to roam,
But chiefly those, whence holy rivers gush,
Bright from their secret fountains,
And o'er the realms of Brahmá rush.

I. 2.

Rock above rock they ride sublime,
And lose their summits in blue fields of day,
Fashion'd first, when rolling time,
Vast infant, in his golden cradle lay,
Bidding endless ages run,
And wreath their giant heads in snows eternal
Gilt by each revolving sun;
Though morning beam, or noontide glare,
In wintry sign or vernal,
Their adamantine strength impair;

I. 3.

Nor e'en the fiercest summer heat
Could thrill the palace, where their monarch reign'd
On his frost-impearled seat,
(Such height had unremitted virtue gain'd!)

Himálaya, to whom a lovely child;
Sweet Parvatí, sage Ména bore,
Who now in earliest bloom, saw heaven adore
Her charms; earth languish, till she smil'd.

II. 1.

But she to love no tribute paid;
Great Iswara her pious cares engag'd:
Him, who gods and fiends dismay'd, [rag'd.
She sooth'd with offerings meek, when most he
On a morn, when, edg'd with light,
The lake-born flowers their sapphire cups expanded,
Laughing at the scatter'd night,
A vale remote and silent pool she sought,
Smooth-footed, lotos-handed,
And braids of sacred blossoms wrought;

II. 2.

Not for her neck, which, unadorn'd,
Bade envying antelopes their beauties hide:
Art she knew not, or she scorn'd;
Nor had her language e'en a name for pride.
To the god, who, fix'd in thought,
Sat in a crystal cave new worlds designing,
Softly sweet her gift she brought,
And spread the garland o'er his shoulders broad,
Where serpents huge lay twining,
Whose hiss the round creation aw'd.

II. 3.

He view'd, half-smiling, half-severe, [rocks
The prostrate maid—that moment through the
He who decks the purple year,
Vasanta, vain of odoriferous locks,

With CAMA hors'd on infant breezes flew:
(Who knows not CAMA, nature's king?)
VASANTA barb'd the shaft and fix'd the string;
The living bow CANDARPA drew.

III. 1.

Dire sacrilege! the chosen reed,
That SMARA pointed with transcendent art,
Glanc'd with unimagin'd speed,
And ting'd its blooming barb in SIVA's heart:
Glorious flower, in heaven proclaim'd
Rich Mellicà, with balmy breath delicious,
And on earth Nyctanthes nam'd!
Some drops divine, that o'er the lotos blue
Trickled in rills auspicious,
Still mark it with a crimson hue.

III. 2.

Soon clos'd the wound its hallow'd lips;
But nature felt the pain: heaven's blazing eye
Sank absorb'd in sad eclipse,
And meteors rare betray'd the trembling sky;
When a flame, to which compar'd
The keenest lightnings were but idle flashes,
From that orb all-piercing glar'd,
Which in the front of wrathful HARA rolls,
And soon to silver ashes
Reduc'd the' inflamer of our souls.

III. 3.

VASANT, for thee a milder doom,
Accomplice rash, a thundering voice decreed:
"Withering live in joyless gloom,
While ten gay signs the dancing seasons lead.

Thy flowers, perennial once, now annual made,
The fish and ram shall still adorn;
But when the bull has rear'd his golden horn,
Shall, like yon idling rainbow, fade."

IV. 1.

The thunder ceas'd; the day return'd;
But SIVA from terrestrial haunts had fled:
Smit with rapturous love he burn'd,
And sigh'd on gem'd Cailása's viewless head.
Lonely down the mountain steep,
With fluttering heart, soft PARVATI descended;
Nor in drops of nectar'd sleep
Drank solace through the night, but lay alarm'd,
Lest her mean gifts offended
The god her powerful beauty charm'd.

IV. 2.

All arts her sorrowing damsels tried,
Her brow, where wrinkled anguish lower'd, to [smooth.
And, her troubled soul to sooth,
Sagacious MENA mild repoof applied;
But nor art nor counsel sage,
Nor e'en her sacred parent's tender chiding,
Could her only pain assuage:
The mountain drear she sought, in mantling shade
Her tears and transports hiding,
And oft to her adorer pray'd.

IV. 3.

There on a crag whose icy rift
Hurl'd night and horror o'er the pool profound,
That with madding eddy swift
Revengeful bark'd his rugged base around,

The beauteous hermit sat; but soon perceiv'd
A Bráhman old before her stand,
His rude staff quivering in his wither'd hand,
Who, faltering, ask'd for whom she griev'd.

V. 1.

"What graceful youth, with accents mild,
Eyes like twin stars, and lips like early morn,
Has thy pensive heart beguil'd?"
"No mortal youth, (she said with modest scorn)
E'er beguil'd my guiltless heart:
Him have I lost, who to these mountains hoary
Bloom celestial could impart.
Thee I salute, thee venerate, thee deplore,
Dread SIVA, source of glory,
Which on these rocks must gleam no more!"

V. 2.

"Rare object of a damsel's love,
(The wizard bold replied) who rude and wild,
Leaves eternal bliss above,
And roves o'er wastes where nature never smil'd,
Mounted on his milk-white bull!
Seek INDRA with aërial bow victorious;
Who from vases ever full
Quaffs love and nectar; seek the festive hall,
Rich caves, and mansion glorious
Of young CUVERA, lov'd by all;

V. 3.

"But spurn that sullen wayward god,
That three-eyed monster, hideous, fierce, untam'd.
Unattir'd, ill girt, unshod——"
"Such fell impiety, (the nymph exclaim'd)

Who speaks, must agonize; who hears, must die;
Nor can this vital frame sustain
The poisonous taint, that runs from vein to vein;
Death may atone the blasphemy."

VI. 1.

She spoke, and o'er the rifted rocks
Her lovely form with pious phrenzy threw;
But beneath her floating locks
And waving robes a thousand breezes flew,
Knitting close their silky plumes,
And in mid-air a downy pillow spreading;
Till in clouds of rich perfumes
Embalm'd they bore her to a mystic wood;
Where streams of glory shedding,
The well-feign'd Bráhman, SIVA, stood.

VI. 2.

The rest my song conceal:
Unhallow'd ears the sacrilege might rue.
Gods alone to gods reveal
In what stupendous notes the' Immortals woo.
Straight the sons of light prepar'd
The nuptial feast, heaven's opal gates unfolding,
Which the' empyreal army shar'd;
And sage HIMALAYA shed blissful tears,
With aged eyes beholding
His daughter, empress of the spheres.

VI. 3.

Whilst every lip with nectar glow'd,
The bridegroom blithe his transformation told:
Round the mirthful goblet flow'd,
And laughter free o'er plains of ether roll'd:

"Thee too, like VISHNU, (said the blushing queen)
Soft MAYA, guileful maid, attends,
But in delight supreme the phantasm ends;
Love crowns the visionary scene."

VII. 1.

The rose VRIHASPATI, who reigns
Beyond red MANGALA's terrific sphere,
Wandering o'er cerulean plains:
His periods eloquent heaven loves to hear
Soft as dew on waking flow'rs.
He told how TARACA with snaky legions,
Envious of supernal pow'rs,
Had menac'd long old MERU's golden head,
And INDRA's beaming regions
With desolation wild had spread:

VII. 2.

How, when the gods to BRAHMA flew
In routed squadrons, and his help deplor'd;
"Sons! (he said) from vengeance due
The fiend must wield secure his fiery sword
(Thus the' unerring Will ordains)
Till from the Great Destroyer's pure embraces,
Knit in love's mysterious chains
With her, who, daughter to the mountain-king,
Yon snowy mansion graces,
CUMARA, warrior child, shall spring;

VII. 3.

Who bright in arms of heavenly proof,
His crest a blazing star, his diamond mail
Colour'd in the rainbow's woof,
The rash invaders fiercely shall assail,

And, on a stately peacock borne, shall rush
Against the dragon of the deep;
Nor shall his thundering mace insatiate sleep,
Till their infernal chief it crush."

VIII. 1.

"The splendid host with solemn state
(Still spoke the' ethereal orator unblam'd)
Reason'd high in long debate;
Till, through my counsel, provident, they claim'd
Hapless CAMA's potent aid:
At INDRA's wish appear'd the soul's inflamer,
And, in vernal arms array'd,
Engag'd (ah, thoughtless!) in the bold emprise
To tame wide nature's tamer,
And soften Him who shakes the skies.

VIII. 2.

"See now the God, whom all ador'd,
An ashy heap, the jest of every gale!
Loss by heaven and earth deplor'd!
For, love extinguish'd, earth and heaven must fail.
Mark how RETI bears his urn,
And tow'rd her widow'd pile with piercing ditty
Points the flames—ah, see it burn!
How ill the funeral with the feast agrees!
Come Love's pale sister, Pity:
Come, and the lover's wrath appease."

VIII. 3.

Tumultuous passions whilst he spoke
In heavenly bosoms mix'd their bursting fire,
Scorning frigid Wisdom's yoke,
Disdain, revenge, devotion, hope, desire:

Then grief prevail'd; but pity won the prize.
Not SIVA could the charm resist:
"Rise, holy love," he said, and kiss'd
The pearls, that gush'd from DURGA's eyes.

IX. 1.

That instant through the bless'd abode,
His youthful charms renew'd, ANANGA came:
High on emerald plumes he rode
With RETI brighten'd by the' eluded flame;
Nor could young VASANTA mourn
(Officious friend!) his darling lord attending,
Though of annual beauty shorn:
"Love-shafts enow one season shall supply,
He menac'd unoffending,
To rule the rulers of the sky."

IX. 2.

With shouts the boundless mansion rang;
And, in sublime accord, the radiant quire
Strains of bridal rapture sang,
With glowing conquest join'd and martial ire:
"Spring to life, triumphant son,
Hell's future dread, and heaven's eternal wonder!
Helm and flaming harbergeon
For thee, behold, immortal artists weave,
And edge with keen blue thunder
The blade, that shall the' oppressor cleave."

IX. 3.

O DURGA, thou hast deign'd to shield
Man's feeble virtue with celestial might,
Gliding from yon jasper field,
And, on a lion borne, hast brav'd the fight:

For, when the demon Vice thy realms defied,
And arm'd with death each arched horn,
Thy golden lance, O Goddess, mountain-born,
Touch'd but the pest—He roar'd and died.

TO BHAVANI.

When time was drown'd in sacred sleep,
And raven darkness brooded o'er the deep,—
Reposing on primeval pillows
Of tossing billows,
The forms of animated nature lay;
Till o'er the wide abyss, where love
Sat like a nestling dove.
From heaven's dun concave shot a golden ray.

Still brighter and more bright it stream'd,
Then, like a thousand suns, resistless gleam'd;
Whilst on the placid waters blooming,
The sky perfuming,
An opening lotos rose, and smiling spread
His azure skirts and vase of gold,
While o'er his foliage roll'd
Drops, that impearl Bhavani's orient bed.

Mother of gods, rich nature's queen,
Thy genial fire emblaz'd the bursting scene;
For, on the' expanded blossom sitting,
With sun-beams knitting
That mystic veil for ever unremov'd,
Thou bad'st the softly-kindling flame
Pervade this peopled frame,
And smiles, with blushes ting'd, the work approv'd.

Goddess, around thy radiant throne
The scaly shoals in spangled vesture shone,
Some slowly, through green waves advancing,
Some swiftly glancing,
As each thy mild mysterious power impell'd:
E'en orcs and river dragons felt
Their iron bosoms melt
With scorching heat; for love the mightiest quell'd.

But straight ascending vapours rare
O'ercanopied thy seat with lucid air,
While, through young INDRA's new dominions
Unnumber'd pinions
Mix'd with thy beams a thousand varying dyes,
Of birds or insects, who pursued
Their flying loves, or woo'd
Them yielding, and with music fill'd the skies.

And now bedeck'd with sparkling isles
Like rising stars, the watry desert smiles;
Smooth plains by waving forests bounded,
With hillock's rounded,
Send forth a shaggy brood, who frisking light
In mingled flocks of faithful pairs,
Impart their tender cares:
All animals to love their kind invite.

Nor they alone: those vivid gems,
That dance and glitter on their leafy stems,
Thy voice inspires, thy bounty dresses,
Thy rapture blesses,
From yon tall palm, who, like a sunborn king,
His proud tiara spreads elate,
To those who throng his gate,
Where purple chieftains vernal tribute bring.

A gale so sweet o'er GANGA breathes,
That in soft smiles her graceful cheek she wreathes.
Mark where her argent brow she raises,
And blushing gazes
On yon fresh Cétaca, whose amorous flow'r
Throws fragrance from his flaunting hair,
While with his blooming fair
He blends perfume, and multiplies the bow'r.

Thus, in one vast eternal gyre,
Compact or fluid shapes, instinct with fire,
Lead, as they dance, this gay creation,
Whose mild gradation
Of melting tints illudes the visual ray:
Dense earth in springing herbage lives,
Thence life and nurture gives
To sentient forms, that sink again to clay.

Ye maids and youths on fruitful plains,
Where LACSHMI revels and Bhavani reigns,
Oh, haste! oh, bring your flowery treasures,
To rapid measures
Tripping at eve these hallow'd banks along;
The power, in you dim shrines ador'd,
To primal waves restor'd,
With many a smiling race shall bless your song.

HYMN TO YNDRA.

ARGUMENT.

So many allusions to Hindu Mythology occur in the following Ode, that it would be scarce intelligible without an explanatory introduction, which, on every account, and on all occasions, appears preferable to notes in the margin.

A distinct idea of the god, whom the poem celebrates, may be collected from a passage in the ninth section of the *Gità*, where the sudden change of measure has an effect similar to that of the finest modulation:

> te punyamasadya surendra locam
> asnanti divyan dividevabbogan,
> te tam bbuctwa swergalocam visalam
> cshine punye mertyalocam visanti.

"These having through virtue reached the mansion of the King of Sura's, feast on the exquisite heavenly food of the gods: they, who have enjoy'd this lofty region of Swerga, *but* whose virtue is exhausted, revisit the habitation of mortals."

Indra, therefore, or the *King of Immortals*, corresponds with one of the ancient Jupiters (for several of that name were worshipped in Europe,) and particularly with Jupiter the *Conductor*, whose

attributes are so nobly described by the Platonic philosophers: one of his numerous titles is *Dyupeti*, or, in the nominative case before certain letters, Dyupetir; which means the *Lord of Heaven*, and seems a more probable origin of the Hetruscan word than *Juvans Pater;* as Diespiter was probably, not the *Father*, but the *Lord*, of *Day*. He may be considered as the JOVE of ENNIUS in this memorable line:

"Aspice hoc sublime candens, quem invocant omnes *Jovem*"—

where the poet clearly means the firmament, of which INDRA is the personification. He is the god of thunder and the five elements, with inferior Genii under his command; and is conceived to govern the eastern quarter of the world, but to preside, like the *Genius* or *Agathodæman* of the ancients, over the celestial bands, which are stationed on the summit of MERU or the *North-pole*, where he solaces the gods with nectar and heavenly music: hence, perhaps, the Hindus, who give evidence, and the magistrates, who hear it, are directed to stand fronting the East or the North.

This imaginary mount is here feigned to have been seen in a vision at *Varanasi*, very improperly called *Banaris*, which takes its name from two rivulets that embrace the city; and the bard, who was favoured with the sight, is supposed to have been VYASA, surnamed *Dwaipayana*, or *Dwelling in an Island;* who, if he really composed the Gità makes very flattering mention of himself in the tenth chapter. The plant *Lata*, which he describes weaving a net round the mountain Mandara, is

transported by a poetical liberty to *Sumeru*, which the great author of the *Mahabharat* has richly painted on four beautiful couplets: it is the generic name for a *creeper*, though represented here as a species, of which many elegant varieties are found in Asia.

The Genii named *Cinnaras* are the male dancers in *Swerga*, or the Heaven of INDRA: and the *Apsuras* are his dancing-girls, answering to the fairies of the Persians, and to the damsels called in the Koran hhúru'lûyùn, or *with antelope's eyes*. For the story of *Chitrarat'ha*, the chief musician of the Indian Paradise, whose painted car was burned by ARJUN; and for that of the *Chaturdesaretna*, or *fourteen gems*, as they are called, which were produced by churning the ocean; the reader must be referred to Mr. Wilkins's learned annotations on his accurate version of the *Bhagavadgítà*. The fable of the pomegranate-flower is borrowed from the popular mythology of Nepal and Tibet.

In this poem the same form of stanza is repeated with variations, on a principle entirely new in modern lyric poetry, which on some future occasion may be explained.

THE HYMN.

But ah! what glories yon blue vault emblaze?
What living meteors from the zenith stream?
Or hath a rapturous dream
Perplex'd the isle-born bard in fiction's maze?
He wakes: he hears; he views no fancied rays;
'Tis INDRA mounted on the sun's bright beam;
And round him revels his empyreal train:
How rich their tints! how sweet their strain!

Like shooting stars around his regal seat
A veil of many-colour'd light they weave,
That eyes unholy would of sense bereave:
Their sparkling hands and lightly-tripping feet
Tir'd gales and panting clouds behind them leave.
With love of song and sacred beauty smit
The mystic dance they knit;
Pursuing, circling, whirling, twining, leading,
Now chasing, now receding;
Till the gay pageant from the sky descends
On charm'd Sumeru, who with homage bends.

Hail, mountain of delight,
Palace of glory, bless'd by glory's king!
With prospering shade embower me, whilst I sing
Thy wonders yet unreach'd by mortal flight.
Sky-piercing mountain! in thy bowers of love
No tears are seen, save where medicinal stalks
Weep drops balsamic o'er the silver'd walks;
No plaints are heard, save where the restless dove
Of coy repulse and mild reluctance talks;

Mantled in woven gold, with gems unchas'd,
With emerald hillocks grac'd,
From whose fresh laps in young fantastic mazes
Soft crystal bounds and blazes
Bathing the lithe convolvulus, that winds
Obsequious, and each flaunting arbour binds.

When sapient BRAHMA this new world approv'd,
On woody wings eight primal mountains mov'd;
But INDRA mark'd Sumeru for his own,
And motionless was every stone.

Dazzling the moon he rears his golden head:
Nor bards inspir'd, nor heaven's all-perfect speech,
Less may unhallow'd rhyme his beauties teach,
Or paint the pavement which the' immortals tread;
Nor thought of man his awful height can reach:
Who sees it, maddens; who approaches, dies;
For, with flame-darting eyes,
Around it roll a thousand sleepless dragons;
While from their diamond flagons
The feasting gods exhaustless nectar sip,
Which glows and sparkles on each fragrant lip.

This feast in memory of the churned wave
Great INDRA gave, when Amrit first was won
From impious demons, who to Máyà's eyes
Resign'd the prize, and rued the fight begun.

Now, while each ardent Cinnara persuades
The soft-eyed Apsara to break the dance,
And leads her loth, yet with love-beaming glance,
To banks of marjoram and champac shades,
Celestial Genii tow'rd their king advance
(So call'd by men, in heaven Gandharvas nam'd)
For matchless music fam'd.
Soon, where the bands in lucid rows assemble,
Flutes breathe, and citherns tremble;

Till CHITRARATHA sings—His painted car,
Yet unconsum'd, gleams like an orient star.

Hush'd was every breezy pinion,
Every breeze his fall suspended:
Silence reign'd; whose sole dominion
Soon was rais'd, but soon was ended.

He sings, how "whilom from the troubled main
The sovereign elephant Airavan sprang:
The breathing shell, that peals of conquest rang;
The parent cow, whom none implores in vain;
The milk-white steed, the bow with deafening clang,
The goddesses of beauty, wealth, and wine:
Flowers, that unfading shine,
NARAYAN's gem, the moonlight's tender languish:
Blue venom, source of anguish;
The solemn leech, slow-moving o'er the strand,
A vase of long-sought Amrit in his hand.

"To soften human ills dread SIVA drank
The poisonous flood, that stain'd his azure neck;
The rest thy mansions deck,
High Swerga! stor'd in many a blazing rank.

"Thou, god of thunder! sat'st on Meru thron'd,
Cloud-riding, mountain-piercing, thousand-eyed,
With young PULOMAJA, thy blooming bride,
Whilst air and skies thy boundless empire own'd;
Hail DYUPETIR, dismay to BALA's pride!
Or speaks PURANDER, best thy martial fame,
Or SACRA, mystic name?
With various praise in odes and hallow'd story
Sweet bards shall hymn thy glory.
Thou, VASAVA, from this unmeasur'd height
Shed'st pearl, shed'st odours o'er the sons of light!"

The genius rested; for his powerful art
Had swell'd the monarch's heart with ardour vain,
That threatened rash disdain and seem'd to low'r
On gods of loftier power and ampler reign.

He smil'd; and, warbling in a softer mode,
Sang "the red lightning, hail, and whelming rain,
O'er Gocul green and Vraga's nymph-lov'd plain
By INDRA hurl'd, whose altars ne'er had glow'd,
Since infant CRISHNA rul'd the rustic train
Now thrill'd with terror—Them the heavenly child
Call'd, and with looks ambrosial smil'd,
Then with one finger rear'd the vast Goverdhen,
Beneath whose rocky burden
On pastures dry the maids and herdsmen trod:
The lord of thunder felt a mightier God!"

What furies potent modulation soothes!
E'en the dilated heart of INDRA shrinks:
His ruffled brow he smoothes,
His lance, half-rais'd, with listless languor sinks.

A sweeter strain the sage musician chose:
He told, how "SACHI, soft as morning light,
Blithe Sachi, from her lord, INDRANI hight,
When through clear skies their car ethereal rose,
Fix'd on a garden trim her wandering sight,
Where gay pomegranates, fresh with early dew,
Vaunted their blossoms new:
'Oh! pluck, (she said) yon gems, which nature [dresses
To grace my darker tresses.'
In form a shepherd's boy, a god in soul,
He hasten'd, and the blooming treasure stole.

"The reckless peasant, who those glowing flow'rs,
Hopeful of rubied fruit, had foster'd long,
Seiz'd, and with cordage strong
Shackled the god, who gave him show'rs.

Straight from seven winds immortal Genii flew,
Green Varuna, whom foamy waves obey,
Bright Vahni, flaming like the lamp of day,
Cuvera, sought by all, enjoy'd by few,
Marut, who bids the winged breezes play,
Stern Yama, ruthless judge, and Isa cold
With Nairrit mildly bold:
They with the ruddy flash, that points his thunder,
Rend his vain bands asunder.
The' exulting god resumes his thousand eyes,
Four arms divine, and robes of changing dyes"—

Soft memory retrac'd the youthful scene;
The thunder yielded to resistless charms,
Then smil'd enamour'd on his blushing queen,
And melted in her arms.

Such was the vision, which—on Varan's breast,
Or Asi pure, with offer'd blossoms fill'd—
DWAIPAYAN slumbering saw; (thus NARED will'd)
For waking eye such glory never bless'd,
Nor waking ear such music ever thrill'd.
It vanish'd with light sleep: he, rising, prais'd
The guarded mount high-rais'd,
And pray'd the thundering power that sheafy [treasures,
Mild showers and vernal pleasures,
The labouring youth in mead and vale might cheer,
And cherish'd herdsmen bless the' abundant year.

Thee, darter of the swift blue bolt! he sang;
Sprinkler of genial dews and fruitful rains
O'er hills and thirsty plains! [sprang,
"When through the waves of war thy charger
Each rock rebellow'd and each forest rang,
Till vanquish'd Asurs felt avenging pains.
Send o'er their seats the snake, that never dies,
But waft the virtuous to thy skies!"

HYMN TO SURYA.

ARGUMENT.

A PLAUSIBLE opinion has been entertained by learned men, that the principal source of idolatry among the ancients was their enthusiastic admiration of the Sun; and that, when the primitive religion of mankind was lost amid the distractions of establishing the regal government, or neglected amid the allurements of vice, they ascribed to the great visible luminary, or to the wonderful fluid, of which it is the general reservoir, those powers of pervading all space, and animating all nature, which their wisest ancestors had attributed to one eternal MIND, by whom the substance of fire had been created as an inanimate and secondary cause of natural phenomena. The Mythology of the East confirms this opinion; and it is probable, that the *triple Divinity* of the Hindus was originally no more than a personification of the Sun, whom they called *Treyitenu*, or *Three-bodied*, in his triple capacity, of producing forms by his genial *heat*, preserving them by his *light*, or destroying them by the concentrated force of his *igneous* matter; this, with the wilder conceit of a *female power* united with the Godhead, and ruling nature by his authority, will account for nearly the whole system of Egyptian, Indian, and Grecian polytheism, distinguished from the sublime theology of the philoso-

phers whose understandings were too strong to admit the popular belief, but whose influence was too weak to reform it.

SURYA, the PHŒBUS of European heathens, has near fifty names or epithets in the Sanscrit language; most of which, or at least the meaning of them, are introduced in the following Ode; and every image, that seemed capable of poetical ornament, has been selected from books of the highest authority among the Hindus; the title *Area* is very singular; and it is remarkable, that the Tibetians represent the Sun's car in the form of a *boat*.

It will be necessary to explain a few other particulars of the Hindu Mythology, to which allusions are made in the poem. SOMA, or the Moon, is a *male* deity in the Indian system, as *Mona* was, I believe, among the Saxons, and *Lunus* among some of the nations who settled in Italy; his titles also, with one or two of the ancient fables, to which they refer, are exhibited in the second stanza. Most of the *Lunar Mansions* are believed to be the daughters of *Casyapa*, the first production of Brahmà's head; and from their names are derived those of the twelve months, who are here feigned to have married as many constellations; this primeval *Brahman* and *Vinata* are also supposed to have been the parents of *Arun*, the charioteer of the Sun, and of the bird *Garuda*, the eagle of the great Indian JOVE, one of whose epithets is *Madhava*. After this explanation, the Hymn will have few or no difficulties, especially if the reader has perused and studied the *Bhagavad-gita*, with which our literature has been lately enriched, and the fine episode from the *Mahabharat*,

on the production of the *Amrita*, which seems to be almost wholly astronomical, but abounds with poetical beauties. Let the following description of the demon *Rahu*, decapitated by *Narayan*, be compared with similar passages in Hesiod and Milton:

> tach ch'hailasringapratiman danavasya siro mahat
> chacrach'hinnam c'hamutpatya nenaditi bhayancaram
> tat cabandham pepatasya visp'hurad dharanitale.
> sapervatavanadwipan daityasyacampayanmahim.

THE HYMN.

FOUNTAIN of living light,
That o'er all nature streams,
Of this vast microcosm both nerve and soul;
Whose swift and subtile beams,
Eluding mortal sight,
Pervade, attract, sustain the' effulgent whole,
Unite, impel, dilate, calcine,
Give to gold its weight and blaze,
Dart from the diamond many-tinted rays,
Condense, protrude, transform, concoct, refine
The sparkling daughters of the mine;
Lord of the lotos, father, friend, and king,
O Sun, thy powers I sing:
Thy substance Indra with his heavenly bands
Nor sings, nor understands;
Nor e'en the Vedas three, to man explain
Thy mystic orb triform, though Brahma tun'd the strain.

Thou, nectar-beaming Moon,
Regent of dewy night,
From yon black roe, that in thy bosom sleeps,
Faun-spotted Sasin hight;
Wilt thou desert so soon
The night-flowers pale, whom liquid odour steeps,
And Oshadhi's transcendent beam
Burning in the darkest glade
Will no lov'd name thy gentle mind persuade
Yet one short hour to shed thy cooling stream?
But ah! we court a passing dream:
Our prayer nor Indu nor Himansu hears;
He fades; he disappears——
E'en Casyapa's gay daughters twinkling die,
And silence lulls the sky,
Till Chatacs twitter from the moving brake,
And sandal-breathing gales on beds of ether wake.

Burst into song, ye spheres;
A greater light proclaim,
And hymn, concentric orbs! with sevenfold chime,
The god with many a name;
Nor let unhallow'd ears
Drink life and rapture from your charm sublime:
"Our bosoms, Aryama, inspire,
Gem of heaven, and flower of day,
Vivaswat, lancer of the golden ray,
Divacara, pure source of holy fire,
Victorious Rama's fervid sire,
Dread child of Aditi, Martunda bless'd,
Or Sura be address'd,
Ravi, or Mihira, or Bhanu bold,
Or Arca, title old,
Or Heridaswa drawn by green-hair'd steeds,
Or Carmasacshi keen, attesting secret deeds.

"What fiend, what monster fierce
E'er durst thy throne invade?
Malignant Rahu. Him thy wakeful sight,
That could the deepest shade
Of snaky Narac pierce,
Mark'd quaffing nectar; whom by magic sleight
A Sura's lovely form he wore,
Rob'd in light, with lotos crown'd,
What time the' immortals peerless treasures found
On the churn'd Ocean's gem-bespangled shore,
And Mandar's load the tortoise bore:
Thy voice reveal'd the daring sacrilege;
Then, by the deathful edge
Of bright Sudersan cleft, his dragon head
Dismay and horror spread,
Kicking the skies, and struggling to impair
The radiance of thy robes, and stain thy golden hair.

"With smiles of stern disdain
Thou sovereign victor! see'st
His impious rage: soon from the mad assault
The coursers fly releas'd;
Then toss each verdant mane,
And gallop o'er the smooth aërial vault;
Whilst in charm'd Gocul's odorous vale
Blue-ey'd Yamuna descends
Exulting, and her tripping tide suspends,
The triumph of her mighty sire to hail:
So must they fall, who gods assail!
For now the demon rues his rash emprise,
Yet, bellowing blasphemies
With poisonous throat, for horrid vengeance thirsts,
And oft with tempest bursts,
As oft repell'd he groans in fiery chains, [reigns."
And o'er the realms of day, unvanquish'd Surya

Ye clouds, in wavy wreathes
Your dusky van unfold;
O'er dimpled sands, ye surges, gently flow,
With sapphires edg'd and gold!
Loose-tressed Morning breathes,
And spreads her blushes with expansive glow;
But chiefly where heaven's opening eye
Sparkles at her saffron gate,
How rich, how regal in his orient state!
Ere long he shall emblaze the' unbounded sky:
The fiends of darkness yelling fly;
While birds of liveliest note and lightest wing
The rising day-star sing,
Who skirts the' horizon with a blazing line
Of topazes divine;
E'en, in their prelude, brighter and more bright,
Flames the red east, and pours insufferable light.*

First o'er blue hills appear,
With many an agate hoof
And pasterns fring'd with pearl, seven coursers
Nor boasts you arched woof, [green;
That girds the showery sphere,
Such heaven-spun threads of colour'd light serene,
As tinge the reins, which Arun guides,
Glowing with immortal grace,
Young Arun, loveliest of Vinatian race,
Though younger. He, whom Madhava bestrides,
When high on eagle-plumes he rides:
But oh! what pencil of a living star
Could paint that gorgeous car,
In which, as in an ark supremely bright,
The lord of boundless light

* See Gray's Letters, p. 382, 4to. and the note.

Ascending calm o'er the' empyrean sails,
And with ten thousand beams his awful beauty veils.

Behind the glowing wheels
Six jocund Seasons dance,
A radiant Month in each quick-shifting hand;
Alternate they advance,
While buxom Nature feels
The grateful changes of the frolic band:
Each Montb a Constellation fair
Knit in youthful wedlock holds;
And o'er each bed a varied sun unfolds,
Lest one vast blaze our visual force impair,
A canopy of woven air.
Vasanta blithe with many a laughing flow'r
Decks his Candarpa's bow'r;
The drooping pastures thirsty Grishma dries,
Till Versha bids them rise;
Then Sarat with full sheaves the champain fills,
Which Sisira bedews, and stern Hemanta chills.

Mark, how the' all-kindling orb
Meridian glory gains!
Round Meru's breathing zone he winds oblique
O'er pure cerulean plains:
His jealous flames absorb
All meaner lights, and unresisted strike
The world with rapturous joy and dread.
Ocean, smit with melting pain,
Shrinks, and the fiercest monster of the main
Mantles in caves profound his tusky head
With sea-weeds dank and coral spread:
Less can mild Earth and her green daughters bear
The noon's wide-wasting glare;

To rocks the panther creeps: to woody night
The vulture steals his flight;
E'en cold cameleons pant in thickets dun,
And o'er the burning grit the' unwinged locusts run.

But when thy foaming steeds
Descend with rapid pace
Thy fervent axle hastening to allay,—
What majesty, what grace
Dart o'er the western meads
From thy relenting eye their blended ray!
Soon may the' undazzled sense behold
Rich as Vishnu's diadem,
Or Amrit sparkling in an azure gem,
The horizontal globe of molten gold,
Which pearl'd and rubied clouds infold.
It sinks; and myriads of diffusive dyes
Stream o'er the tissued skies,
Till Soma smiles, attracted by the song
Of many a plumed throng,
In groves, meads, vales; and, whilst he glides above
Each bush and dancing bough, quaffs harmony and love.

Then roves thy poet free,
Who with no borrow'd art
Dares hymn thy power; and durst provoke thy blaze,
But felt thy thrilling dart;
And now, on lowly knee,
From him, who gave the wound, the balsam prays,
Herbs, that assuage the fever's pain,
Scatter from thy rolling car,
Cull'd by sage Aswin and divine Cumar;

And, if they ask, "What mortal pours the strain?"
Say (for thou see'st earth, air, and main)
Say: "From the bosom of yon silver isle,
Where skies more softly smile,
He came; and, lisping, our celestial tongue,
Though not from Brahma sprung,
Draws orient knowledge from its fountains pure,
Through caves obstructed long, and paths too long
obscure."

Yes; though the Sanscrit song
Be strown with fancy's wreaths,
And emblems rich, beyond low thoughts refin'd,
Yet heavenly truth it breathes
With attestation strong,—
That, loftier than thy sphere, the' Eternal Mind,
Unmov'd, unrival'd, undefil'd,
Reigns with providence benign:
He still'd the rude abyss, and bade it shine;
(While Sapience with approving aspect mild
Saw the stupendous work, and smil'd!)
Next, thee, his flaming minister, bade rise
O'er young and wondering skies.
Since thou, great orb! with all-enlightening ray
Rulest the golden day,
How far more glorious He, who said, serene,
Be, and thou wast—Himself unform'd, unchang'd,
unseen!

HYMN TO LACSHMI.

ARGUMENT.

Most of the allusions to Indian Geography and Mythology, which occur in the following Ode to the Goddess of Abundance, have been explained on former occasions; and the rest are sufficiently clear. Lacshmi, or Sri, the Ceres of India, is the *preserving power* of nature, or, in the language of allegory, the consort of Vishnu or Heri, a personification of the divine goodness; and her origin is variously deduced in the several Puranas, as we might expect from a system wholly figurative and emblematical. Some represent her as the daughter of Bhrigu, a son of Brahma; but, in the Marcandeya Puran, the Indian Isis, or *Nature*, is said to have assumed three transcendent forms, according to her three *gunds* or *qualities*; and, in each of them, to have produced a pair of divinities, Brahma and Lacshmi, Mahesa and Sereswati, Vishnu and Cali; after whose intermarriage, Brahma and Sereswati formed the mundane Egg, which Mahesa and Cali divided into halves; and Vishnu together with Lacshmi preserved it from destruction: a third story supposes her to have sprung from a *Sea of Milk*, when it was churned on the second incarnation of Heri, who is often painted leaning on the serpent Ananta, the emblem of

Eternity; and this fable, whatever may be the meaning of it, has been chosen as the most poetical. The other names of SRI, or *Prosperity*, are HERIPRIYA, PEDMALAYA, or PEDMA, and CAMALA; the first implying the wife of VISHNU, and the rest derived from the names of the Lotos. As to the tale of SUDAMAN, whose wealth is proverbial among the Hindus, it is related at considerable length in the *Bhagavat*, or great Puran on the achievements of CRISHNA: the Brahman who read it with me, was frequently stopped by his tears. We may be inclined, perhaps, to think, that the wild fables of Idolaters are not worth knowing, and that we may be satisfied with misspending our time in learning the Pagan Theology of old Greece and Rome; but we must consider, that the allegories contained in the Hymn to LACSHMI constitute, at this moment, the prevailing religion of a most extensive and celebrated empire, and are devoutly believed by many millions, whose industry adds to the revenue of Britain, and whose manners, which are interwoven with their religious opinions, nearly affect all Europeans who reside among them.

THE HYMN.

Daughter of Ocean and primeval Night,
Who, fed with moon-beams dropping silver dew,
And cradled in a wild wave dancing light,
Saw'st with a smile new shores and creatures new,
Thee, Goddess! I salute; thy gifts I sing,
And, not with idle wing,
Soar from this fragrant bower through tepid skies,
Ere yet the steeds of noon's effulgent king
Shake their green manes and blaze with rubied eyes:
Hence, floating o'er the smooth expanse of day,
Thy bounties I survey,
See through man's oval realm thy charms display'd,
See clouds, air, earth, performing thy behest,
Plains by soft showers, thy tripping handmaids dress:
And fruitful woods, in gold and gems array'd,
Spangling the mingled shade;
While autumn boon his yellow ensign rears,
And stores the world's true wealth in ripening ears.

But most that central tract thy smile adorns,
Which old Himala clips with fostering arms,
As with a wexing moon's half-circling horns,
And shields from bandits fell, or worse alarms
Of Tartar horse, from Yunan late subdued,
Or Bactrian bowmen rude;
Snow-crown'd Himala, whence, with wavy wings
Far spread, as falcons o'er their nestlings brood,
Fam'd Brahmaputra joy and verdure brings,

And Sindhu's five-arm'd flood from Cashghar hastes,
    To cheer the rocky wastes,
Through western this, and that through orient plains,
While bluish Yamuna between them streams,
And Ganga pure with sunny radiance gleams,
Till Vani, whom a russet ochre stains,
    Their destin'd confluence gains:
Then flows in mazy knot the triple pow'r
O'er laughing Magadh and the vales of Gour.

Not long inswath'd the sacred infant lay:
(Celestial forms full soon their prime attain:)
Her eyes, oft darted o'er the liquid way,
With golden light emblaz'd the darkling main;
And those firm breasts, whence all our comforts well,
    Rose with enchanting swell;
Her loose hair with the bounding billows play'd,
And caught in charming toils each pearly shell,
That idling through the surgy forest stray'd;
When ocean suffer'd a portentous change,
    Toss'd with convulsion strange;
For lofty Mandar from his base was torn, [whirl'd,
With streams, rocks, woods, by gods and demons
While round his craggy sides the mad spray curl'd;
Huge mountain, by the passive Tortoise borne:
    Then sole, but not forlorn,
Ship'd in a flower, that balmy sweets exhal'd,
O'er waves of dulcet cream PEDMALA sail'd.

So name the goddess from her lotos blue,
Or CAMALA, if more auspicious deem'd:
With many petal'd wings the blossom flew,
And from the mount a fluttering sea-bird seem'd,
Till on the shore it stop'd, the heaven-lov'd shore,
    Bright with unvalued store

Of gems marine by mirthful INDRA won;
But she, (what brighter gem had shone before!)
No bride for old MARICHA's frolic son,
On azure HERI fix'd her prospering eyes:
Love bade the bridegroom rise; [rush'd,
Straight o'er the deep, then dimpling smooth, he
And tow'rd the' unmeasur'd snake, stupendous bed,
The world's great mother, not reluctant, led:
All nature glow'd, whene'er she smil'd or blush'd;
The king of serpents hush'd
His thousand heads, where diamond mirrors blaz'd,
That multiplied her image, as he gaz'd.

Thus multiplied, thus wedded, they pervade,
In varying myriads of ethereal forms,
This pendent Egg by dovelike MAYA laid,
And quell MAHESA's ire, when most it storms;
Ride on keen lightning and disarm its flash, —
Or bid loud surges lash
The' impassive rock, and leave the rolling bark
With oars unshatter'd milder seas to dash;
And oft, as man's unnumber'd woes they mark,
They spring to birth in some high-favour'd line,
Half human, half divine,
And tread life's maze transfigur'd, unimpair'd:
As when, through bless'd Vrindavan's odorous grove,
They deign'd with hinds and village girls to rove;
And mirth or toil in field or dairy shar'd,
As lowly rustics far'd:
Blythe RADHA she, with speaking eyes, was nam'd,
He CRISHNA, lov'd in youth, in manhood fam'd.

Though long in Mathura with milkmaids bred,
Each bush attuning with his pastoral flute,
ANANDA's holy steers the herdsman fed,
His noble mind aspir'd to nobler fruit;

The fiercest monsters of each brake or wood
His youthful arm withstood,
And from the rank mire of the stagnant lake
Drew the crush'd serpent with ensanguin'd hood;
Then, worse than ravening beast or fenny snake,
A ruthless king his pondrous mace laid low,
And heaven approv'd the blow:
No more in bower or wattled cabin pent,
By rills he scorn'd and flowery banks to dwell;
His pipe lay tuneless, and his wreathy shell
With martial clangor hills and forests rent;
On crimson waves intent
He sway'd high Dwaraca, that fronts the mouth
Of gulfy Sindhu from the burning south.

A Brahman young, who, when the heavenly boy
In Vraja green and scented Gocul play'd,
Partook each transient care, each flitting joy,
And hand in hand through dale or thicket stray'd,
By fortune sever'd from the blissful seat,
Had sought a lone retreat,
Where in a costless hut sad hours he pass'd,
Its mean thatch pervious to the day-star's heat,
And fenceless from night's dew or pinching blast:
Firm virtue he possess'd and vigorous health,
But they were all his wealth.
Sudaman was he nam'd; and many a year
(If glowing song can life and honour give)
From sun to sun his honour'd name shall live:
Oft strove his consort-wife their gloom to cheer,
And hide the stealing tear;
But all her thrift could scarce each eve afford
The needful sprinkling of their scanty board.

Now Fame, who rides on sun-beams, and conveys
To woods and antres deep her spreading gleam,
Illumin'd earth and heaven with CRISHNA's praise:
Each forest echoed loud the joyous theme:
But keener joy SUDAMAN's bosom thrill'd,
And tears ecstatic rill'd:
"My friend, (he cried) is monarch of the skies!"
Then counsell'd she, who nought unseemly will'd:
"Oh! haste; oh! seek the God with lotos' eyes;
The power that stoops to soften human pain,
None e'er implor'd in vain!"
To Dwaraca's rich towers the pilgrim sped,
Though bashful penury his hope depress'd;
A tatter'd cincture was his only vest,
And o'er his weaker shoulder loosely spread
Floated the mystic thread:
Secure from scorn the crowded paths he trode
Through yielding ranks, and hail'd the Shepherd God.

"Friend of my childhood, lov'd in riper age,
A dearer guest these mansions never grac'd:
O meek in social hours, in council sage!"
So spake the warrior, and his neck embrac'd;
And e'en the goddess left her golden seat
Her lord's compeer to greet:
He, charm'd, but prostrate on the hallow'd floor,
Their purfled vestment kiss'd and radiant feet:
Then from a small fresh leaf, a borrow'd store
(Such offerings e'en to mortal kings are due)
Of modest rice he drew.
Some proffer'd grains the soft-ey'd hero ate,
And more had eaten, but with placid mien,
Bright RUCMINI (thus name the' all-bounteous Queen)

Exclaim'd: "Ah, hold! enough for mortal state!"
Then grave on themes elate
Discoursing, or on past adventures gay,
They clos'd with converse mild the rapturous day.

At smile of dawn, dismiss'd ungifted, home
The hermit plodded, till sublimely rais'd
On granite columns many a sumptuous dome
He view'd, and many a spire, that richly blaz'd,
And seem'd, impurpled by the blush of morn,
The lowlier plains to scorn
Imperious: they, with conscious worth serene,
Laugh'd at vain pride, and bade new gems adorn
Each rising shrub, that clad them. Lovely scene
And more than human! His astonish'd sight
Drank deep the strange delight:
He saw brisk fountains dance, crisp rivulets wind
O'er borders trim, and round inwoven bow'rs,
Where sportive creepers, threading ruby flow'rs
On emerald stalks, each vernal arch entwin'd,
Luxuriant though confin'd!
And heard sweet-breathing gales in whispers tell
From what young bloom they sip'd their spicy smell.

Soon from the palace-gate in broad array
A maiden legion, touching tuneful strings,
Descending strow'd with flowers the brighten'd way;
And straight, their jocund van in equal wings
Unfolding, in their vacant centre show'd
Their chief, whose vesture glow'd
With carbuncles, and smiling pearls atween;
And o'er her head a veil translucent flow'd,
Which dropping light disclos'd a beauteous queen,
Who, breathing love, and swift with timid grace,
Sprang to her lord's embrace

With ardent greeting and sweet blandishment;
His were the marble towers, the' officious train,
The gems unequall'd and the large domain.
When bursting joy its rapid stream had spent,—
The stores which heaven had lent,
He spread unsparing; unattach'd, employ'd;
With meekness view'd; with temperate bliss enjoy'd.

Such were thy gifts, PEDMALA, such thy pow'r!
For when thy smile irradiates yon blue fields,
Observant INDRA sheds the genial show'r,
And pregnant earth her springing tribute yields
Of spicy blades, that clothe the champain dank,
Or skirt the verdurous bank,
That in the' o'erflowing rill allays his thirst:
Then, rising gay in many a waving rank,
The stalks redundant into laughter burst;
The rivers broad, like busy shouldering bands
Clap their applauding hands;
The marish dances and the forest sings;
The vaunting trees their bloomy banners rear;
And shouting hills proclaim the' abundant year,
That food to herds, to herdsmen plenty brings,
And wealth to guardian kings.
Shall man unthankful riot on thy stores?
Ah, no!—he bends, he blesses, he adores.

But, when his vices rank thy frown excite,
Excessive showers the plains and valleys drench,
Or warping insects heath and coppice blight,
Or drought unceasing, which no streams can quench,
The germin shrivels, or contracts the shoot,
Or burns the wasted root;

Then fade the groves with gather'd crust imbrown'd,
The hills lie gasping, and the woods are mute,
Low sink the rivulets from the yawning ground;
Till Famine gaunt her screaming pack lets slip,
And shakes her scorpion whip;
Dire forms of death spread havoc as she flies,
Pain at her skirts and Misery by her side,
And jabbering spectres o'er her traces glide;
The mother clasps her babe, with livid eyes,
Then, faintly shrieking, dies:
He droops expiring, or but lives to feel
The vultures bickering for their horrid meal.

From ills, that, painted, harrow up the breast,
(What agonies if real must they give!)
Preserve thy votaries: be their labours bless'd!
Oh! bid the patient Hindu rise and live.
His erring mind, that wizard lore beguiles,
Clouded by priestly wiles,
To senseless Nature bows for Nature's God.
Now stretch'd o'er ocean's vast from happier isles,
He sees the wand of empire, not the rod:
Ah, may those beams, that western skies illume,
Disperse the' unholy gloom!
Meanwhile may laws, by myriads long rever'd,
Their strife appease, their gentler claims decide!
So shall their victors, mild with virtuous pride,
To many a cherish'd grateful race endear'd,
With temper'd love be fear'd:
Though mists profane obscure their narrow ken,
They err, yet feel; though pagans, they are men.

HYMN TO NARAYENA.

ARGUMENT.

A COMPLETE introduction to the following Ode, would be no less than a full comment on the VAYDS and the PURANS of the HINDUS, the remains of Egyptian and Persian Theology, and the tenets of the Ionic and Italic schools; but this is not the place for so vast a disquisition. It will be sufficient here to premise, that the inextricable difficulties attending the vulgar notion of material substances concerning which

"We know this only, that we nothing know,"

induced many of the wisest among the ancients, and some of the most enlightened among the moderns, to believe that the whole Creation was rather an *energy* than a *work*, by which the Infinite Being, who is present at all times in all places, exhibits to the minds of his creatures a set of perceptions, like a wonderful picture or piece of music, always varied, yet always uniform; so that all bodies and their qualities exist, indeed, to every wise and useful purpose, but exist only as far as they are *perceived;* a theory no less pious than sublime, and as different from any principle of Atheism, as the brightest sunshine differs from the blackest midnight. This *illusive operation* of the Deity the Hindu philosophers called MAYA, or *Deception:* and the word occurs in this sense more than once in the commentary on the *Rig Vayd*, by the great VASISHTHA, of which Mr. Halhed has given us an admirable specimen.

The first stanza of the Hymn represents the sublimest attributes of the Supreme Being, and the three forms, in which they most clearly appear to us, Power, Wisdom, and Goodness, or, in the language of ORPHEUS and his disciples, LOVE: the second comprises the Indian and Egyptian doctrine of the Divine Essence and Archetypal Ideas; for a distinct account of which the reader must be referred to a noble description in the sixth book of PLATO's Republic; and the fine explanation of that passage in an elegant discourse by the author of CYRUS, from whose learned work a hint has been borrowed for the conclusion of this piece. The third and fourth are taken from the institutes of MENU, and the eighteenth Puran of Vyasa, entitled *Srey Bhagawat*, part of which has been translated into Persian, not without elegance, but rather too paraphrastically. From BREHME, or the Great Being, in the *neuter* gender, is formed BREHMA in the *masculine;* and the second word is appropriated to the *creative power* of the Divinity.

The Spirit of God, called NARAYENA, or *moving on the water*, has a multitude of other epithets in Sanscrit, the principal of which are introduced, expressly or by allusion, in the fifth stanza; and two of them contain the names of the evil beings, who are feigned to have sprung from the ears of VISHNU; for thus the Divine Spirit is entitled, when considered as the *preserving power:* the sixth ascribes the perception of secondary qualities by our senses to the immediate influence of MAYA, and the seventh imputes to her operation the primary qualities of extension and solidity.

THE HYMN.

Spirit of Spirits! who, through every part
Of space expanded and of endless time,
Beyond the stretch of labouring thought sublime,
Bad'st uproar into beauteous order start,
Before Heaven was, thou art:
Ere spheres beneath us roll'd, or spheres above,
Ere earth in firmamental ether hung,
Thou sat'st alone: till through thy mystic Love,
Things unexisting to existence sprung,
And grateful descant sung.
What first impell'd thee to exert thy might?
Goodness unlimited. What glorious light
Thy power directed? Wisdom without bound.
What prov'd it first? Oh! guide my fancy right:
Oh! raise from cumbrous ground
My soul in rapture drown'd,
That fearless it may soar on wings of fire:
For thou, who only knowst, Thou only canst inspire.

Wrapt in eternal solitary shade,
The' impenetrable gloom of light intense,
Impervious, inaccessible, immense,
Ere spirits were infus'd or forms display'd,
Brehm his own mind survey'd,
As mortal eyes (thus finite we compare
With infinite) in smoothest mirrors gaze:
Swift, as his look, a shape supremely fair
Leap'd into being with a boundless blaze,
That fifty suns might daze.
Primeval Maya was the goddess nam'd,
Who to her sire, with Love divine inflam'd,

A casket gave with rich Ideas fill'd,
From which this gorgeous universe he fram'd;
For when the' Almighty will'd
Unnumber'd worlds to build,
From Unity diversified he sprang, [rang.
While gay Creation laugh'd, and procreant Nature
First and all potent, all-pervading sound
Bade flow the waters—and the waters flow'd
Exulting in their measureless abode,
Diffusive, multitudinous, profound,
Above, beneath, around;
Then o'er the vast expanse primordial wind
Breath'd gently, till a lucid bubble rose,
Which grew in perfect shape an egg refin'd:
Created substance no such lustre shows,
Earth no such beauty knows.
Above the warring waves it danc'd elate,
Till from its bursting shell with lovely state
A form cerulean flutter'd o'er the deep,
Brightest of beings, greatest of the great:
Who, not as mortals steep,
Their eyes in dewy sleep,
But, heavenly pensive, on the Lotos lay,
That blossom'd at his touch and shed a golden ray.
Hail, primal blossom! hail, empyreal gem!
Kemel or Pedma, or whate'er high name
Delight thee, say, what four-form'd Godhead
With graceful stole and beamy diadem, [came
Forth from thy verdant stem?
Full gifted Brehma! rapt in solemn thought
He stood, and round his eyes fire darting threw;
But, whilst his viewless origin he sought,
One plain he saw of living waters blue,
Their spring nor saw nor knew.

Then in his parent stalk again retir'd,
  With restless pain for ages he inquir'd
  What were his powers, by whom and why conferr'd:
  With doubts perplex'd, with keen impatience fir'd,
    He rose, and rising heard
    The' unknown all-knowing Word,
  "BREHMA! no more in vain research persist:
My veil thou canst not move—Go; bid all worlds exist."
Hail, self-existent, in celestial speech
  NARAYEN, from thy watry cradle, nam'd;
  Or VENAMALY may I sing unblam'd,
  With flowery braids, that to thy sandals reach,
    Whose beauties, who can teach?
Or high PEITAMBER clad in yellow robes
  Than sunbeams brighter in meridian glow,
  That weave their heaven-spun light o'er circling globes?
  Unwearied, lotos-eyed, with dreadful bow,
    Dire Evil's constant foe!
Great PEDMANABHA, o'er thy cherish'd world,
  The pointed Checra, by thy fingers whirl'd;
  Fierce KYTABH shall destroy and MEDHU grim
  To black despair and deep destruction hurl'd.
    Such views my senses dim,
    My eyes in darkness swim:
  What eyes can bear thy blaze, what utterance tell
Thy deeds with silver trump or many-wreathed shell?
Omniscient Spirit! whose all-ruling pow'r
  Bids from each sense bright emanations beam;
  Glows in the rainbow, sparkles in the stream,
  Smiles in the bud, and glistens in the flow'r
    That crowns each vernal bow'r;

Sighs in the gale, and warbles in the throat
  Of every bird that hails the bloomy spring,
  Or tells his love in many a liquid note,
  Whilst envious artists touch the rival string,
  Till rocks and forests ring;
Breathes in rich fragrance from the sandal grove,
  Or where the precious musk-deer playful rove;
  In dulcet juice from clustering fruit distils,
  And burns salubrious in the tasteful clove:
    Soft banks and verdurous hills
    Thy present influence fills;
  In air, in floods, in caverns, woods, and plains;
Thy will inspirits all, thy sovereign MAYA reigns.

Blue crystal vault, and elemental fires,
  That in the' ethereal fluid blaze and breathe,
  Thou tossing main, whose snaky branches wreathe
  This pensile orb with intertwisted gyres;
    Mountains, whose radiant spires
Presumptuous rear their summits to the skies,
  And blend their emerald hue with sapphire light;
  Smooth meads and lawns, that glow with varying dyes
  Of dew-bespangled leaves and blossoms bright,
    Hence vanish from my sight:
Delusive pictures, unsubstantial shows!
  My soul absorb'd One only Being knows,
  Of all perceptions One abundant source,
  Whence every object every moment flows.
    Suns hence derive their force,
    Hence planets learn their course;
  But suns and fading worlds I view no more:
GOD only I perceive; GOD only I adore;

HYMN TO SERESWATY.

ARGUMENT.

The Hindu goddesses are uniformly represented as the subordinate powers of their respective lords: thus Lacshmy, the consort of Vishnu the *preserver*, is the goddess of abundance and prosperity; Bhavany, the wife of Mahalev, is the genial power of fecundity; and Sereswaty, whose husband was the Creator Brehma, possesses the powers of Imagination and Invention, which may justly be termed *creative*. She is, therefore, adored as the patroness of the Fine Arts, especially of Music and Rhetoric, as the inventress of the Sanscrit Language, of the Devanagry Letters, and of the Sciences, which writing perpetuates; so that her attributes correspond with those of Minerva Musica, in Greece and Italy, who invented the flute, and presided over literature. In this character she is addressed in the following Ode, and particularly as the *Goddess of Harmony*: since the Indians usually paint her with a musical instrument in her hand: the seven notes, an artful combination of which constitutes *Music* and variously affects the passions, are feigned to be her earliest production; and the greatest part of the Hymn exhibits a correct delineation of the Ragmala, or *Necklace of Musical Modes*, which may be considered as the most pleasing invention of the ancient Hindus, and the most

beautiful union of Painting with poetical Mythology and the genuine theory of Music.

The different positions of the two semitones, in the scale of seven notes, give birth to seven primary modes; and, as the whole series consists of twelve semitones, every one of which may be made a *model* note, or *tonick*, there are in nature, (though not universally in practice) seventy-seven other modes, which may be called *derivative:* all the eighty-four are distributed by the PERSIANS, under the notion of locality, into three classes, consisting of twelve rooms, twenty-four angles, and forty-eight recesses; but the Hindu arrangement is elegantly formed on the variations of the Indian year, and the association of ideas; a powerful auxiliary to the ordinary effect of modulation. The Modes in this system are deified; and, as there are *six* seasons in India, namely, two Springs, Summer, Autumn, and two Winters, an original RAG, or *God of the Mode*, is conceived to preside over a particular season; each principal mode is attended by five RAGNYS, or *Nymphs of Harmony;* each has eight Sons or Genii of the same divine art; and each RAG, with his family, is appropriated to a distinct season, in which alone his melody can be sung or played at prescribed hours of the day and night: the mode of DEIPEC, or CUPID the *Inflamer*, is supposed to be lost; and a tradition is current in Hindustan, that a musician who attempted to restore it, was consumed by fire from heaven. The natural distribution of modes would have been, seven, thirty-three, and forty-four, according to the number of the minor and major secondary tones; but this order was varied for the sake of the

charming fiction above mentioned. NARED, who is described in the third stanza, was one of the first created beings, corresponding with the MERCURY of the Italians, inventor of the VENE, a fretted instrument, supported by two large gourds, and confessedly the finest used in Asia.

A full discussion of so copious a subject would require a separate dissertation; but here it will be sufficient to say, that almost every allusion and every epithet in the Poem, as well as the names, are selected from approved treatises, either originally Persian, or translated from the Sanscrit, which contain as lively a display of genius as human imagination ever exhibited.

The last couplet alludes to the celebrated place of pilgrimage, at the confluence of the Ganga and Yamna, which the Sereswaty, another sacred river, is supposed to join under ground.

THE HYMN.

Sweet grace of Brehma's bed!
Thou when thy glorious lord
Bade airy nothing breathe and bless his pow'r,
Set'st with illumin'd head,
And in sublime accord,
Seven sprightly notes, to hail the' auspicious hour,
Led'st from their secret bow'r:
They drank the air: they came
With many a sparkling glance,
And knit the mazy dance,
Like you bright orbs, that gird the solar flame,
Now parted, now combin'd,
Clear as thy speech, and various as thy mind.

Young Passions at the sound
In shadowy forms arose,
O'er hearts, yet uncreated, sure to reign;
Joy, that o'erleaps all bound,
Grief, that in silence grows,
Hope, that with honey blends the cup of pain,
Pale Fear, and stern Disdain,
Grim Wrath's avenging band,
Love, nurs'd in dimple smooth,
That every pang can sooth;
But, when soft Pity her meek trembling hand
Stretch'd, like a new-born girl,
Each sigh was music, and each tear a pearl.

Thee her great parent owns,
All-ruling Eloquence,
That, like full Ganga, pours her stream divine,
Alarming states and thrones:
To fix thy flying sense

Of words, thy daughters, by the varied line
  (Stupendous art!) was thine;
  Thine, with pointed reed
  To give primeval truth
  The' unfading bloom of youth,
And paint on deathless leaves high virtue's meed:
  Fair Science, heaven-born child,
And playful fancy on thy bosom smil'd.

  Who bids the fretted Vene
  Start from his deep repose,
And wakes to melody the quivering frame?
  What youth with godlike mien
  O'er his bright shoulder throws
The verdant gourd, that swells with struggling [flame?
  NARED, immortal name!
  He, like his potent Sire,
  Creative spreads around
  The mighty world of sound,
And calls from speaking world ethereal fire:
  While to the' accordant strings
Of boundless heavens and heavenly deeds he sings.

  But look! the jocund hours
  A lovelier scene display,
Young HINDOL sportive in his golden swing
  High-canopied with flow'rs:
  While Ragnys ever gay
Toss the light cordage, and in cadence sing
  The sweet return of spring:
  Here dark Virawer stands:
  There Ramcary divine
  And fawn-eyed Lelit shine;
But stern Daysasha leads her warring bands,
  And slow in ebon clouds
Petmenjary her fading beauty shrouds.

Ah! where has DEIPEC veil'd
His flame-encircled head?
Where flow his lays too sweet for mortal ears?
O loss, how long bewail'd!
Is yellow Camod fled?
And blithe Carnaty vaunting o'er her peers?
Where stream Caydara's tears
Intent on scenes above,
A beauteous anchorite?
No more shall Daysa bright
With gentle numbers call her tardy love?
Has Netta, martial maid,
Lock'd in sad slumbers, her sky-temper'd blade?
Once when the vernal noon
Blaz'd with resistless glare,
The Sun's eye sparkled, and a God was born:
He smil'd: but vanish'd soon———
Then groan'd the Northern air;
The clouds, in thunder muttering sullen scorn,
Delug'd the thirsty corn.
But, earth-born artist, hold!
If e'er thy soaring lyre
To Deipec's notes aspire,
Thy strings, thy bower, thy breast, with rapture bold
Red lightning shall consume;
Nor can thy sweetest song avert the doom.
See sky-form'd MAYGH descend
In fertilizing rain,
Whilst in his hand a falchion gleams unsheath'd!
Soft nymphs his car attend,
And raise the golden grain,
Their tresses dank with dusky spikenard wreath'd:
(A sweeter gale ne'er breath'd)
Tenca with laughing eyes,
And Gujry's blooming cheek,

Melar with dimple sleek,
On whose fair front two musky crescents rise:
While Dayscar his rich neck
And mild Bhopaly with fresh jasmin deck.
Is that the king of Dread
With ashy musing face,
From whose moon-silver'd locks fam'd GANGA [springs?
'Tis BHAIRAN, whose gay bed
Five blushing damsels grace,
And rouse old Autumn with immortal strings,
Till every forest rings;
Bengaly lotos-crown'd,
Vairaty like the morn,
Sindvy with looks of scorn,
And Bhairavy, her brow with Champa's bound;
But Medhumadha's eyes
Speak love, and from her breasts pomegranates rise.
Sing loud, ye lucid spheres;
Ye gales more briskly play,
And wake with harmony the drooping meads;
The cooler season cheers
Each bird, that panting lay,
And Siry bland his dancing bevy leads
Hymning celestial deeds:
Marva, with robes like fire,
Vasant, whose hair perfumes
With musk its rich-eyed plumes,
Asavery, whom listening asps admire,
Dhenasry, flower of glades,
And Malsry, whom the branching Amra shades.
MALCAUS apart reclines
Bedeck'd with heaven-strung pearls,
Blue-mantled, wanton, drunk with youthful pride;
Nor with vain love repines,
While softly-smiling girls

Melt on his cheek or frolic by his side,
  And wintry winds deride;
  Shambhawty leads along
  Cocabh, with kerchief rent,
  And Gwury, wine-besprent,
Warm Guncary, and Toda sweet in song,
  Whom antelopes surround [sound.
With smooth tall necks, and quaff the streaming

  Nor deem these nuptial joys
  With lovely fruit unbless'd:
No; from each god an equal race proceeds,
  From each eight blooming boys;
  Who, their high birth confess'd,
With infant lips gave breath to living reeds
  In valleys, groves, and meads;
  Mark how they bound and glance!
  Some climb the vocal trees,
  Some catch the sighing breeze,
Some, like new stars, with twinkling sandals dance;
  Some the young Shamma snare,
Some warble wild, and some the burden bear.

  These are thy wondrous arts;
  Queen of the flowing speech,
Thence Sereswaty nam'd, and Vany bright!
  Oh, joy of mortal hearts,
  Thy mystic wisdom teach!
Expand thy leaves, and with ethereal light
  Spangle the veil of night.
  If Lepit please thee more,
  Or Brahmy, awful name,
  Dread Brahmy's aid we claim,
And thirst, Vacadevy, for thy balmy lore
  Drawn from that rubied cave,
Where meek-ey'd pilgrims hail the triple wave.

HYMN TO GANGA.

ARGUMENT.

This poem would be rather obscure without geographical notes; but a short introductory explanation will supply the place of them, and give less interruption to the reader.

We are obliged to a late illustrious Chinese monarch named Canhi, who directed an accurate survey to be made of *Potyid*, or (as it is called by the Arabs) *Tebbut*, for our knowledge, that a chain of mountains nearly parallel with Imans, and called Cantese by the Tartars, forms a line of separation between the sources of two vast rivers; which, as we have abundant reason to believe, ran at first in two opposite directions, and, having finished a winding circuit of two thousand miles, meet a little below Dhaca, so as to enclose the richest and most beautiful peninsula on earth, in which the British nation, after a prosperous course of brilliant actions in peace and war, have now the principal sway. Those rivers are *deified* in India; that, which rises on the western edge of the mountain, being considered as the daughter of Mahadeva, or Siva, and the other as the son of Brahma: their loves, wanderings, and nuptials, are the chief subjects of the following Ode, which is feigned to have been the work of a Brahman, in an early age of Hindu an-

tiquity; who, by a prophetical spirit, discerns the toleration and equity of the BRITISH government, and concludes with a prayer *for its peaceful duration, under good laws well administered.*

After a general description of the *Ganges*, an account it given of her fabulous birth, like that of Pallas, from the forehead of *Siva*, the Jupiter Tonans and Genitor of the Latins; and the creation of her lover by an act of Brahma's will is the subject of another stanza, in which his course is delineated through the country of Pótyid, by the name of *Sanpo*, or *Supreme Bliss*, where he passes near the fortress of *Rimbu*, the island of *Palte* or *Yambro*, (known to be the seat of a high priestess almost equally venerated with the goddess *Bhawani*) and *Trashilumbo*, (as a Potya or Tebbutian would pronounce it) or the sacred mansion of the Lama next in dignity to that of Potala, who resides in a city, to the south of the *Sunpo*, which the Italian travellers write *Sgigatzhi*, but which, according to the letters, ought rather to be written in a manner that would appear still more barbarous in our orthography. The *Brahmaputra* is not mentioned again till the twelfth stanza, where his progress is traced, by very probable conjecture, through *Rangamati*, the ancient *Rangamritica* or *Rangamar*, celebrated for the finest spikenard and *Srihat* or *Siret*, the *Serratæ* of *Elian*, whence the fragrant essence extracted from the *Malobathrum*, called *Sadah* by the *Persians*, and *Tejapatra* by the *Indians*, was carried by the *Persian* gulf to *Syria*, and from that coast into *Greece* and *Italy*. It is not, however, positively certain, that the *Brahmuputra* rises as it is here described: two great geo-

graphers are decidedly of opposite opinions on this very point; nor is it impossible that the Indian river may be one arm of the *Sanpo*, and the Naucyan, another; diverging from the mountains of *Arham*, after they have been enriched by many rivers from the rocks of China.

The fourth and fifth stanzas represent the goddess obstructed in her passage to the west by the hills of *Emodi*, so called from a Sanscrit word signifying *snow*, from which also are derived both *Imaus* and *Himalaya* or *Himola*. The sixth describes her, after her entrance into *Hindustan*, through the Straits of *Cupala*, flowing near *Sambal*, the *Sambalaca of Ptolemy*, famed for a beautiful plant of the like name, and thence to the now opulent city and royal place of residence, *Canyacuvja*, erroneously named Calinipaxa by the Greeks, and *Canauj*, not very accurately, by the modern Asiatics: here she is joined by the *Calinadi*, and pursues her course to *Prayaga*, whence the people of *Bahar* were named Prasii, and where the *Yamuna*, having received the *Sereswati* below *Indraprest'ha* or *Delhi*, and watered the poetical ground of Mat'hura, and *Agara*, mingles her noble stream with the Gangà close to the modern fort of *Ilahabad*. This place is considered as the confluence of three sacred rivers, and known by the name of Treveni, or the *three plaited locks;* from which a number of pilgrims, who there begin the ceremonies to be completed at Gaya, are continually bringing vases of water, which they preserve with superstitious veneration, and are greeted by all the Hindus, who meet them on their return.

Six of the principal rivers, which bring their tri-

bute to the Ganges, are next enumerated, and are succinctly described from real properties: thus the *Gandac*, which the Greeks knew by a similar name, abounds, according to *Giorgi*, with crocodiles of enormous magnitude; and the *Mahanadi* runs by the plain of *Gaura*, once a populous district with a magnificent Capital, from which the *Bengalese* were probably called *Gangardiæ*, but now the seat of desolation, and the haunt of wild beasts. From *Prayaga* she hastens to *Casi*, or, as the Muslimans name it, *Benares;* and here occasion is taken to condemn the cruel and intolerant spirit of the crafty tyrant AURANGZIB, whom the *Hindus* of *Cashmir* call *Aurangasur*, or the *Demon*, not the "*ornament* of the *Throne*." She next bathes the skirts of *Pataliputra*, changed into *Patna*, which, both in situation and name, agrees better on the whole with the ancient *Palibothra*, than either *Prayaga* or *Canyacuvja:* if Megasthenes and the ambassadors of Seleucus visited the last named city, and called it *Palibothra*, they were palpably mistaken. After this are introduced the beautiful hill of *Muctigiri*, or *Mengir*, and the wonderful pool of *Sita*, which takes its name from the wife of Ráma, whose conquest of *Sinhaldwip*, or Silan, and victory over the giant *Rawan*, are celebrated by the immortal *Valmici*, and by the other epic poets of India.

The pleasant hills of *Caligram* and *Gangapusad* are then introduced, and give occasion to deplore and extol the late excellent AUGUSTUS CLEVELAND, Esq. who nearly completed by lenity, the glorious work, which severity could not have accomplished, of civilizing a ferocious race of *Indians*, whose

mountains were formerly, perhaps, a rocky island, or washed at least by that sea, from which the fertile champain of *Bengal* has been gained in a course of ages. The western arm of the Ganges is called *Bhagirat'hi*, from a poetical fable of a demi-god, or holy man, named Bhagerat'ha, whose devotion had obtained from *Siva* the privilege of leading after him a great part of the heavenly water, and who drew it accordingly in two branches, which embrace the fine island, now denominated from *Kasimbazar*, and famed for the defeat of the monster *Sirajuddaulah;* and, having met near the venerable Hindu seminary of *Nawadwip*, or *Neduga*, flow in a copious stream by the several European settlements, and reach the Bay at an island which assumes the hame of *Sagar*, either from the sea, or from an ancient Raja of distinguished piety. The *Sundarabans*, or *Beautiful Woods*, an appellation to which they are justly entitled, are incidentally mentioned, as lying between the Bhagirat'hi and the Great River, or Eastern arm, which, by its junction with the Brahmaputra, forms many considerable islands; one of which, as well as the town near the conflux, derives its name from *Lacshmi*, the Goddess of Abundance.

It will soon be perceived, that the form of the stanza, which is partly borrowed from Gray, and to which he was probably partial, as he uses it six times in nine, is enlarged in the following Hymn by a line of fourteen syllables, expressing the long and solemn march of the great Asiatic rivers.

THE HYMN.

How sweetly GANGA smiles, and glides
Luxuriant o'er her broad autumnal bed!
Her waves perpetual verdure spread,
Whilst health and plenty deck her golden sides:
As when an eagle, child of light,
On Cambala's unmeasur'd height,
By Patala, the pontiff's throne rever'd,
O'er her eyry proudly rear'd
Sit brooding, and her plumage vast expands,
Thus GANGA o'er her cherish'd lands,
To Brahma's grateful race endear'd, [divine
Throws wide her fostering arms, and on her banks
Sees temples, groves, and glittering towers, that in
her crystal shine.

Above the stretch of mortal ken,
On bless'd Cailasa's top, where every stem
Glow'd with a vegetable gem,
Mahesa stood, the dread and joy of men;
While Parvati, to gain a boon,
Fix'd on his locks a beamy moon,
And hid his frontal eye, in jocund play,
With reluctant sweet delay:
All nature straight was lock'd in dim eclipse
Till Brahmins pure with hallow'd lips
And warbled prayers restor'd the day;
When GANGA from his brow by heavenly fingers
press'd
Sprang radiant, and descending grac'd the caverns
of the west.

The sun's car blaz'd, and laugh'd the morn;
What time near proud Cantesa's eastern bow'rs,
(While Devata's rain'd living flow'rs)
A river god, so Brahma will'd, was born,
And roll'd mature his vivid stream
Impetuous with celestial gleam: [claim'd,
The charms of Ganga, through all worlds, pro-
Soon his youthful breast inflam'd,
But destiny the bridal hour delay'd;
Then, distant from the westering maid,
He flow'd, now blissful Sanpo nam'd, [state,
By Palte crown'd with hills, bold Rimbu's towering
And where sage Trashilhumbo hails her Lama's
form renate.

But she, whose mind, at Siva's nod
The picture of that sovereign youth had seen,
With graceful port and warlike mien,
In arms and vesture like his parent-God,
Smit with the bright idea rush'd,
And from her sacred mansion gush'd,
Yet ah! with erring step—The western hills
Pride, not pious ardour, fills:
In fierce confederacy the giant bands
Advance with venom-darting hands,
Fed by their own malignant rills;
Nor could her placid grace their savage fury quell:
The madding rifts and shouldering crags her foamy
flood repel.

"Confusion wild and anxious woe
Haunt your waste brow, (she said) unholy rocks,
Far from the nectar-dropping locks!
But thou, lov'd father, teach my waves to flow."
Loud thunder her high birth confess'd;
Then from the' inhospitable west

She turn'd, and gliding o'er a lovelier plain,
Cheer'd the pearled East again:
Through groves of nard she roll'd, o'er spicy reeds,
Through golden vales and emerald meads;
Till pleas'd with INDRA's fair domain, [ed way:
She won through yielding marl her heaven-direct-
With lengthen'd notes her eddies curl'd, and pour'd
a blaze of day.

Smoothly by Sanbal's flaunting bow'rs,
Smoothly she flows, where Calinadi brings
To Canyacuvja, seat of kings,
On prostrate waves her tributary flow'rs;
Whilst Yamunà, whose waters clear
Fam'd Indraprestha's valleys cheer,
With Soreswati knit in mystic chain,
Gurgles o'er the vocal plain
Of Mathura, by sweet Brindávan's grove,
Where Gopa's love-lorn daughters rove,
And hurls her azure stream amain, [tides,
Till bless'd Prayága's point beholds three mingling
Where pilgrims on the far-sought bank drink nec-
tar, as it glides.

From Himola's perennial snow,
And southern Palamau's less daring steep,
Sonorous rivers, bright though deep,
O'er thirsty deserts youth and freshness throw.
"A goddess comes," cried Gumti chaste,
And roll'd her flood with zealous haste;
Her follow'd Soma with pellucid wave
Dancing from her diamond cave,
Broad Gogra, rushing swift from northern hills,
Red Gandac, drawn by crocodiles,
(Herds, drink not there, nor herdsmen, lave!)

Cosa, whose beauteous hand Nepalian odour flings
And Mahanadi laughing wild at cities, thrones, and
kings

Thy temples, Casi, next she sought,
And verdurous flames by tepid breezes fan'd,
Where health extends her pinions bland,
Thy groves, where pious Valmic sat and thought.
Where Vyása pour'd the strain sublime,
That laughs at all consuming time,
And Bráhmans wrapt the lofty Veda sing
Cease, oh! cease!—a ruffian king,
The demon of his empire, not the grace,
His ruthless bandits bids deface
The shrines, whence gifts ethereal spring:
So shall his frantic sons with discord rend his
throne,
And his fair-smiling realms be sway'd by nations
yet unknown.

Less hallow'd scenes her course prolong;
But Sama, restless power, forbids delay:
To Love all virtues homage pay,
E'en stern religion yields. How full, how strong
Her trembling panting surges run,
Where Patali's immortal son
To domes and turrets gives his awful name,
Fragrant in the gales of fame!
Nor stop, where Rama, bright from dire alarms,
Sinks in chaste Sita's constant arms,
While bards his wars and truth proclaim:
There from a fiery cave the bubbling crystal flows,
And Muctigir, delightful hill, with mirth and beauty
glows.

Oh! rising bowers, great Cali's boast,
And thou, from Gangà nam'd, enchanting mount,
What voice your wailings can recount,
Borne by shrill echo o'er each howling coast,
When he who bade your forests bloom,
Shall seal his eyes in iron gloom?
Exalted youth! The godless mountaineer,
Roaming round his thickets drear,
Whom rigour fir'd, nor legions could appal,
I see before thy mildness fall,
Thy wisdom love, thy justice fear: [stains,
A race, whom rapine nurs'd, whom gory murder
Thy fair example wins to peace, to gentle virtue trains.

But mark, where old Bhágírath leads
(This boon his prayers of Mahádèw obtain:
Grace more distinguish'd who could gain!)
Her calmer current o'er his western meads,
Which trips the fertile plains along,
When vengeance waits the' oppressor's wrong;
Then girds, fair, Nawadwip, thy shaded cells,
Where the Pendit musing dwells;
Thence by the' abode of arts and commerce glides,
Till Sagar breasts the bitter tides:
While she, whom struggling passion swells,
Beyond the labyrinth green, where pards by moonlight prowl,
With rapture seeks her destin'd lord, and pours her mighty soul.

Meanwhile o'er Pótyid's musky dales,
Gay Rangamar, where sweetest spikenard blooms,
And Siret, fam'd for strong perfumes,
That, flung from shining tresses, lull the gales,

Wild Brahmaputra winding flows,
And murmurs hoarse his amorous woes;
Then, charming Ganga seen, the heavenly boy
Rushes with tumultuous joy:
(Can aught but love to men or gods be sweet?)
When she, the long-lost youth to greet,
Darts, not as earth-born lovers toy, [isles;
But blending her fierce waves, and teeming verdant
While buxom Lacshmi crowns their bed, and sounding ocean smiles.

What name, sweet bird! will best allure
Thy sacred ear, and give the honour due?
Vishnupedi? Mild Bhismarsu?
Smooth Suranimnaga? Trisrota pure?
By that I call; its power confess:
With growing gifts thy suppliants bless,
Who with full sails in many a light-oar'd boat
On thy jasper bosom float;
Nor frown, dread goddess, on a peerless race,
With liberal heart and martial grace,
Wafted from colder isles remote:
As they preserve our laws, and bid our terror cease,
So be their darling laws preserv'd in health, in joy, and peace!

TALES.

THE

PALACE OF FORTUNE.

AN INDIAN TALE.

Mild was the vernal gale, and calm the day,
When Maia near a crystal fountain lay,
Young Maia, fairest of the blue-eyed maids,
That rov'd at noon in Tibet's musky shades;
But, haply, wandering through the fields of air,
Some fiend had whisper'd—"Maia, thou art fair!"
Hence swelling pride had fill'd her simple breast,
And rising passions rob'd her mind of rest;
In courts and glittering towers she wish'd to dwell,
And scorn'd her labouring parents' lowly cell.
And now, as gazing o'er the glassy stream,
She saw her blooming checks' reflected beam,
Her tresses brighter than the morning sky,
And the mild radiance of her sparkling eye,
Low sighs and trickling tears by turns she stole,
And thus discharg'd the anguish of her soul:
"Why glow those cheeks, if unadmir'd they glow?
Why flow those tresses, if unprais'd they flow?
Why dart those eyes their liquid ray serene,
Unfelt their influence, and their light unseen?

Ye heavens! was that love-breathing bosom made
To warm dull groves, and cheer the lonely glade?
Ah, no! those blushes, that enchanting face,
Some tap'stried hall, or gilded bower, might grace;
Might deck the scenes, where love and pleasure reign,
And fire with amorous flames the youthful train."
While thus she spoke, a sudden blaze of light
Shot through the clouds, and struck her dazzled sight.
She rais'd her head, astonish'd, to the skies,
And veil'd with trembling hands her aching eyes;
When through the yielding air she saw from far
A goddess gliding in a golden car,
That soon descended on the flowery lawn,
By two fair yokes of starry peacocks drawn:
A thousand nymphs with many a sprightly glance
Form'd round the radiant wheels an airy dance,
Celestial shapes! in fluid light array'd;
Like twinkling stars their beamy sandals play'd;
Their lucid mantles glitter'd in the sun,
(Webs half so bright the silkworm never spun)
Transparent robes, that bore the rainbow's hue,
And finer than the nets of pearly dew
That morning spreads o'er every opening flow'r,
When sportive Summer decks his bridal bow'r.
The queen herself, too fair for mortal sight,
Sat in the centre of encircling light.
Soon with soft touch she rais'd the trembling maid,
And by her side in silent slumber laid:
Straight the gay birds display'd their spangled train,
And flew refulgent through the aërial plain;
The fairy band their shining pinions spread,
And, as they rose, fresh gales of sweetness shed:

Fan'd with their flowing skirts, the sky was mild;
And heaven's blue fields with brighter radiance
smil'd.
Now in a garden deck'd with verdant bow'rs
The glittering car descends on bending flow'rs:
The goddess still with looks divinely fair
Surveys the sleeping object of her care;
Then o'er her cheek her magic finger lays,
Soft as the gale that o'er a violet plays,
And thus in sounds, that favour'd mortals hear,
She gently whispers in her ravish'd ear:
"Awake, sweet maid, and view this charming
For ever beauteous, and for ever green; [scene,
Here living rills of purest nectar flow
O'er meads that with unfading flowerets glow;
Here amorous gales their scented wings display,
Mov'd by the breath of ever-blooming May;
Here in the lap of pleasure shalt thou rest,
Our lov'd companion, and our honour'd guest."
The damsel hears the heavenly notes distil,
Like melting snow, or like a vernal rill.
She lifts her head, and, on her arm reclin'd,
Drinks the sweet accents in her grateful mind:
On all around she turns her roving eyes,
And views the splendid scene with glad surprise;
Fresh lawns, and sunny banks, and roseate bow'rs,
Hills white with flocks, and meadows gem'd with
flow'rs;
Cool shades, a sure defence from summer's ray,
And silver brooks, (where wanton damsels play)
Which with soft notes their dimpled crystal roll'd
O'er colour'd shells and sand of native gold;
A rising fountain play'd from every stream,
Smil'd as it rose, and cast a transient gleam,

Then, gently falling in a vocal show'r,
Bath'd every shrub, and sprinkled every flow'r,
That on the banks, like many a lovely bride,
View'd in the liquid glass their blushing pride;
Whilst on each branch, with purple blossoms hung,
The sportful birds their joyous descant sung.
  While Maia, thus entranc'd in sweet delight,
With each gay object fed her eager sight,
The goddess mildly caught her willing hand,
And led her trembling o'er the flowery land;
Soon she beheld where, through an opening glade,
A spacious lake its clear expanse display'd:
In mazy curls, the flowing jasper wav'd,
O'er its smooth bed, with polish'd agate pav'd;
And on a rock of ice, by magic rais'd,
High in the midst a gorgeous palace blaz'd;
The sunbeams on the gilded portals glanc'd,
Play'd on the spires, and on the turrets danc'd;
To four bright gates four ivory bridges led,
With pearls illumin'd, and with roses spread;
And now, more radiant than the morning sun,
Her easy way the gliding goddess won;
Still by her hand she held the fearful maid,
And, as she pass'd, the fairies homage paid:
They enter'd straight the sumptuous palace-hall,
Where silken tapestry emblaz'd the wall,
Refulgent tissue, of a heavenly woof;
And gems unnumber'd sparkled on the roof,
On whose blue arch, the flaming diamonds play'd,
As on a sky with living stars inlay'd;
Of precious diadems a regal store, [floor:
With globes and sceptres, strew'd the porphyry
Rich vests of eastern kings around were spread,
And glittering zones a starry lustre shed:

But Maia most admir'd the pearly strings,
Gay bracelets, golden chains, and sparkling rings.
  High, in the centre of the palace shone,
Suspendid in mid-air, an opal throne :
To this the queen ascends, with royal pride,
And sets the favour'd damsel by her side.
Around the throne, in mystic order, stand
The fairy train, and wait her high command;
When thus she speaks : (the maid attentive sips
Each word that flows, like nectar, from her lips.)
  "Favourite of heaven, my much-lov'd Maia, know
From me all joys, all earthly blessings, flow :
Me suppliant men imperial Fortune call,
The mighty empress of yon rolling ball :
(She rais'd her finger, and the wondering maid,
At distance hung, the dusky globe survey'd;
Saw the round earth with foaming oceans vein'd,
And labouring crowds on mountain tops sustain'd.)
"To me has fate the pleasing task assign'd,
To rule the various thoughts of humankind;
To catch each rising wish, each ardent prayer,
And some to grant and some to waste in air.
Know further,—as I rang'd the crystal sky,
I saw thee near the murmuring fountain lie;
Mark'd the rough storm that gather'd in thy breast,
And knew what care thy joyless soul oppress'd.
Straight I resolv'd to bring thee quick relief,
Ease every weight, and soften every grief!
If in this court contented thou canst live,
And taste the joys these happy gardens give :—
But fill thy mind with vain desires no more,
And view without a wish yon shining store,
Soon shall a numerous train before me bend,
And kneeling votaries my shrine attend.

Warn'd by their empty vanities beware,
And scorn the folly of each human prayer."
She said; and straight a damsel of her train
With tender fingers touch'd a golden chain.
Now a soft bell delighted Maia hears,
That sweetly trembles on her listening ears:
Through the calm air the melting numbers float,
And wanton echo lengthens every note.
Soon, through the dome, a mingled hum arose,
Like the swift stream that o'er a valley flows;
Now louder still it grew, and still more loud,
As distant thunder breaks the bursting cloud;
Through the four portals rush'd a various throng,
That like a wintry torrent pour'd along:
A crowd of every tongue and every hue,
Tow'rd the bright throne, with eager rapture, flew.
A lovely stripling* step'd before the rest
With hasty pace, and tow'rd the goddess press'd:
His mien was graceful, and his looks were mild,
And in his eye celestial sweetness smil'd:
Youth's purple glow, and beauty's rosy beam,
O'er his smooth cheeks diffused a lively gleam;
The floating ringlets of his musky hair
Wav'd on the bosom of the wanton air;
With modest grace the goddesss he address'd,
And thoughtless, thus prefer'd his fond request:
"Queen of the world! whose wide extended sway,
Gay youth, firm manhood, and cold age obey,
Grant me, while life's fresh blooming roses smile,
The day with varied pleasures to beguile;
Let me on beds of dewy flowers recline,
And quaff with glowing lips, the sparkling wine;

* Pleasure.

Grant me to feed on beauty's rifled charms,
And clasp a willing damsel in my arms,—
Her bosom, fairer than a hill of snow,
And gently bounding like a playful roe;
Her lips, more fragrant than the summer air;
And sweet, as Scythian musk, her hyacinthine hair;
Let new delights each dancing hour employ,
Sport follow sport, and joy succeed to joy."
The goddess grants the simple youth's request,
And, mildly, thus accosts her lovely guest:
"On that smooth mirror, full of magic light,
Awhile, dear Maia, fix thy wandering sight."
She looks; and in the' enchanted crystal sees
A bower o'er-canopied with tufted trees:
The wanton stripling lies beneath the shade;
And by his side reclines a blooming maid;
O'er her fair limbs a silken mantle flows,
Through which her youthful beauty softly glows,
And, part conceal'd and part disclos'd to sight,
Through the thin texture casts a ruddy light;
As the ripe clusters of the mantling vine
Beneath the verdant foliage faintly shine,
And, fearing to be view'd by envious day,
Their glowing tints unwillingly display.
The youth, while joy sits sparkling in his eyes,
Pants on her neck, and on her bosom dies;
From her smooth cheek nectareous dew he sips,
And all his soul comes breathing to his lips.
But Maia turns her modest eyes away,
And blushes to behold their amorous play.
She looks again; and sees, with sad surprise,
On the clear glass far different scenes arise:
The bower, which late outshone the rosy morn,
O'erhung with weeds she saw, and rough with thorn;

With sting of asps the leafless plants were wreath'd;
And curling adders gales of venom breath'd:—
Low sat the stripling on the faded ground,
And in a mournful knot his arms were bound;
His eyes, that shot before a sunny beam,
Now searcely shed a saddening, dying gleam,
Faint as a glimmering taper's wasted light,
Or a dull ray that streaks the cloudy night:—
His crystal vase was on the pavement roll'd,
And from the bank was fall'n his eup of gold;
From which, the' envenom'd dregs of deadly hue
Flow'd on the ground, in streams of baleful dew,
And, slowly stealing through the wither'd bow'r,
Poison'd each plant, and blasted every flow'r:
Fled were his slaves, and fled his yielding fair,
And each gay phantom was dissolv'd in air;
Whilst in their place was left a ruthless train,
Despair and grief, remorse and raging pain.
Aside the damsel turns her weeping eyes,
And sad reflections in her bosom rise;
To whom thus, mildly, speaks the radiant queen:
"Take sage example from this moral seene;
See! how vain pleasures sting the lips they kiss,
How asps are hid beneath the bowers of bliss!
Whilst ever fair the flower of temperance blows,
Unehang'd her leaf, and without thorn her rose;
Smiling she darts her glittering branch on high,
And spreads her fragrant blossoms to the sky."
Next, tow'rd the throne she saw a knight* advanee;
Erect he stood, and shook a quivering lance;
A fiery dragon on his helmet shone,
And on his buckler beam'd a golden sun;

* Glory.

O'er his broad bosom blaz'd his jointed mail
With many a gem, and many a shining scale;
He trod the sounding floor with princely mien,
And thus with haughty words address'd the queen:
"Let falling kings beneath my javelin bleed,
And bind my temples with a victor's meed;
Let every realm that feels the solar ray
Shrink at my frown, and own my regal sway:
Let Ind's rich banks declare my deathless fame,
And trembling Ganges dread my potent name."
The queen consented to the warrior's pray'r;
And his bright banners floated in the air;
He bade his darts in steely tempests fly,
Flames burst the clouds, and thunder shake the sky;
Death aim'd his lance, earth trembled at his nod,
And crimson conquest glow'd where'er he trod.
And now the damsel, fix'd in deep amaze,
The' enchanted glass with eager look surveys:
She sees the hero in his dusky tent,
His guards retir'd, his glimmering taper spent;
His spear, vain instrument of dying praise,
On the rich floor, with idle state, he lays;
His gory falchion near his pillow stood,
And stain'd the ground with drops of purple blood;
A busy page his nodding helm unlac'd,
And on the couch his scaly hauberk plac'd.
Now on the bed his weary limbs he throws,
Bath'd in the balmy dew of soft repose:
In dreams he rushes o'er the gloomy field,
He sees new armies fly, new heroes yield:
Warm with the vigorous conflict he appears,
And ev'n in slumber seems to move the spheres.
But lo! the faithless page, with stealing tread,
Advances to the champion's naked head;

With his sharp dagger wounds his bleeding breast,
And steeps his eyelids in eternal rest: [gore)
Then cries, (and waves the steel that drops with
"The tyrant dies; oppression is no more."

Now came an aged sire,* with trembling pace;
Sunk were his eyes, and pale his ghastly face;
A ragged weed of dusky hue he wore,
And on his back a ponderous coffer bore.
The queen with faltering speech he thus address'd:
"O fill with gold thy true adorer's chest!"

"Behold, (said she, and wav'd her pow'rful hand,)
Where yon rich hills in glittering order stand,
There load thy coffer with the golden store;
Then bear it full away, and ask no more."

With eager steps he took his hasty way,
Where the bright coin in heaps unnumber'd lay;
There, hung enamour'd o'er the gleaming spoil,
Scoop'd the gay dross, and bent beneath the toil.
But bitter was his anguish to behold
The coffer widen, and its sides unfold:
And, every time he heap'd the darling ore,
His greedy chest grew larger than before;
Till, spent with pain, and falling o'er his hoard,
With his sharp steel his maddening breast he gor'd:
On the lov'd heap he cast his closing eye,
Contented on a golden couch to die.

A stripling, with the fair adventure pleas'd,
Step'd forward, and the massy coffer seiz'd;
But with surprise he saw the stores decay,
And all the long-sought treasures melt away:
In winding streams the liquid metal roll'd,
And through the palace ran a flood of gold.

* Riches

Next to the shrine advanced a reverend sage,*
Whose beard was hoary with the frost of age;
His few grey locks a sable fillet bound,
And his dark mantle flow'd along the ground:
Grave was his port, yet show'd a bold neglect,
And fill'd the young beholder with respect;
Time's envious hand had plough'd his wrinkled face,
Yet on those wrinkles sat superior grace;
Still full of fire appear'd his vivid eye,
Darted quick beams, and seem'd to pierce the sky.
At length, with gentle voice and look serene,
He wav'd his hand, and thus address'd the queen:
"Twice forty winters tip my beard with snow,
And age's chilling gusts around me blow:
In early youth, by contemplation led,
With high pursuits my flatter'd thoughts were fed;
To nature first my labours were confin'd,
And all her charms were open'd to my mind,
Each flower that glisten'd in the morning dew,
And every shrub that in the forest grew:
From earth to heaven I cast my wondering eyes,
Saw suns unnumber'd sparkle in the skies,
Mark'd the just progress of each rolling sphere,
Describ'd the seasons, and reform'd the year.
At length sublimer studies I began,
And fix'd my level'd telescope on man;
Knew all his powers, and all his passions trac'd,
What virtue rais'd him, and what vice debas'd:
But when I saw his knowledge so confin'd,
So vain his wishes, and so weak his mind,
His soul, a bright obscurity at best,
And rough with tempests his afflicted breast,

* Knowledge.

His life, a flower ere evening sure to fade,
His highest joys, the shadow of a shade;
To thy fair court I took my weary way,
Bewail my folly, and heaven's laws obey,
Confess my feeble mind for prayers unfit,
And to my Maker's will my soul submit:
Great empress of yon orb that rolls below
On me the last best gift of heaven bestow."
He spoke: a sudden cloud his senses stole,
And thickening darkness swam o'er all his soul;
His vital spark her earthly cell forsook,
And into air her fleeting progress took.
Now, from the throng a deafening sound was [heard,
And all at once their various prayers prefer'd;
The goddess, wearied with the noisy crowd,
Thrice wav'd her silver wand, and spoke aloud:
"Our ears no more with vain petitions tire,
But take unheard whate'er you first desire."
She said: each wish'd, and what he wish'd obtain'd;
And wild confusion in the palace reign'd.
But Maia, now grown senseless with delight,
Cast on an emerald ring her roving sight;
And, ere she could survey the rest with care,
Wish'd on her hand the precious gem to wear.
Sudden the palace vanish'd from her sight,
And the gay fabric melted into night;
But, in its place, she view'd with weeping eyes
Huge rocks around her, and sharp cliffs arise:
She sat deserted on the naked shore,
Saw the curl'd waves, and heard the tempest roar;
Whilst on her finger shone the fatal ring,
A weak defence from hunger's pointed sting,
From sad remorse, from comfortless despair,
And all the painful family of care!

Frantic with grief her rosy cheek she tore,
And rent her locks, her darling charge no more:
But when the night his raven wing had spread,
And hung with sable every mountain's head,
Her tender limbs were numb'd with biting cold,
And round her feet the curling billows roll'd;
With trembling arms a rifted crag she grasp'd,
And the rough rock with hard embraces clasp'd.
While thus she stood, and made a piercing moan,
By chance her emerald touch'd the rugged stone;
That moment gleam'd from heaven a golden ray,
And taught the gloom to counterfeit the day:
A winged youth, for mortal eyes too fair,
Shot, like a meteor, through the dusky air;
His heavenly charms o'ercame her dazzled sight,
And drown'd her senses in a flood of light;
His sunny plumes, descending, he display'd;
And, softly, thus address'd the mournful maid:
"Say, thou, who dost yon wondrous ring possess,
What cares disturb thee, or what wants oppress;
To faithful ears disclose thy secret grief,
And hope (so heaven ordains) a quick relief."
The maid replied, "Ah, sacred genius! bear
A hopeless damsel from this land of care;
Waft me to softer climes and lovelier plains,
Where nature smiles, and spring eternal reigns."
She spoke; and swifter, than the glance of thought,
To a fair isle his sleeping charge he brought.
Now morning breath'd: the scented air was mild,
Each meadow blossom'd, and each valley smil'd;
On every shrub the pearly dewdrops hung,
On every branch a feather'd warbler sung;

The cheerful spring her flowery chaplets wove,
And incense-breathing gales perfum'd the grove.
  The damsel rose: and, lost in glad surprise,
Cast round the gay expanse her opening eyes,
That shone with pleasure, like a starry beam,
Or moonlight sparkling on a silver stream.
  She thought some nymph must haunt that lovely scene,
Some woodland goddess, or some fairy queen;
At least she hop'd in some sequester'd vale
To hear the shepherd tell his amorous tale:
Led by these flattering hopes,—from glade to glade,
From lawn to lawn, with hasty steps she stray'd:
But not a nymph by stream or fountain stood,
And not a fairy glided through the wood;
No damsel wanton'd o'er the dewy flow'rs,
No shepherd sung beneath the rosy bow'rs:
On every side she saw vast mountains rise,
That thrust their daring foreheads in the skies;
The rocks of polish'd alabaster seem'd,
And in the sun their lofty summits gleam'd.
She call'd aloud; but not a voice replied,
Save Echo babbling from the mountain's side.
  By this, had night o'ercast the gloomy scene,
And twinkling stars emblaz'd the blue serene:—
Yet on she wander'd—till, with grief oppress'd,
She fell; and falling, smote her snowy breast:
Now, to the heavens her guilty head she rears,
And pours her bursting sorrow into tears;
Then plaintive speaks: "Ah, fond mistaken maid!
How was thy mind by gilded hopes betray'd!
Why didst thou wish for bowers and flowery hills,
For smiling meadows, and for purling rills;

Since on those hills no youth or damsel roves,
No shepherd haunts the solitary groves?
Ye meads that glow with intermingled dyes,
Ye flowering palms that from yon hillocks rise,
Ye quivering brooks that softly murmur by,
Ye panting gales that on the branches die;
Ah! why has Nature through her gay domain
Display'd your beauties, yet display'd in vain?
In vain, ye flowers, you boast your vernal bloom,
And waste in barren air your fresh perfume.
Ah! leave, ye wanton birds, yon lonely spray;
Unheard you warble, and unseen you play:
Yet stay till fate has fix'd my early doom,
And strow with leaves a hapless damsel's tomb.
Some grot or grassy bank shall be my bier,
My maiden hearse unwater'd with a tear." [despair,
Thus while she mourns, o'erwhelmed in deep
She rends her silken robes and golden hair:
Her fatal ring, the cause of all her woes,
On a hard rock with maddening rage she throws;
The gem, rebounding from the stone, displays
Its verdant hue, and sheds refreshing rays:
Sudden descends the Genius of the Ring,
And drops celestial fragrance from his wing;
Then speaks, "Who calls me from the realms of
Ask, and I grant; command, and I obey." [day?
She drank his melting words with ravish'd ears,
And stop'd the gushing current of her tears;
Then kiss'd his skirts, that like a ruby glow'd,
And said, "O bear me to my sire's abode."
Straight, o'er her eyes a shady veil arose,
And all her soul was lull'd in still repose.
By this, with flowers the rosy-finger'd dawn
Had spread each dewy hill and verdurous lawn;—

She wak'd; and saw a new-built tomb, that stood
In the dark bosom of a solemn wood,
While these sad sounds her trembling ears invade,—
"Beneath yon marble sleeps thy father's shade."
She sigh'd, she wept, she struck her pensive breast,
And bade his urn in peaceful slumber rest.
  And now, in silence, o'er the gloomy land,
She saw advance a slowly-winding band;
Their cheeks were veil'd, their robes of mournful hue
Flow'd o'er the lawn, and swept the pearly dew;
O'er the fresh turf they sprinkled sweet perfume,
And strow'd with flowers the venerable tomb.
A graceful matron walk'd before the train,
And tun'd in notes of woe the funeral strain:
When from her face her silken veil she drew,
The watchful maid her aged mother knew.
O'erpower'd with bursting joy, she runs to meet
The mourning dame, and falls before her feet.
  The matron with surprise her daughter rears,
Hangs on her neck, and mingles tears with tears,
Now o'er the tomb their hallow'd rites they pay,
And form with lamps an artificial day:
Ere long the damsel reach'd her native vale,
And told, with joyful heart, her moral tale;
Resign'd to heaven, and lost to all beside,
She liv'd contented, and contented died.

THE ENCHANTED FRUIT;

OR,

THE HINDU WIFE:

AN ANTEDILUVIAN TALE.

Written in the Province of Bahar.

"O LOVELY Age,* by Brahmens fam'd,
Pure Seyte Yug† in Sanscrit nam'd!
Delightful! not for cups of gold,
Or wives a thousand centuries old;
Or men, degenerate now and small,
Then one-and-twenty cubits tall:
Not that plump cows full udders bore,
And bowls with holy curd‡ ran o'er;
Not that, by deities defended,
Fish, Boar, Snake, Lion,§ heaven-descended,
Learn'd Pundits, now grown sticks and clods,
Redde fast the *Nagry of the Gods*,‖
And Laymen, faithful to Narayn,¶
Believ'd in Brahma's mystic strain;**

* A parody on the Ode in Tasso's *Aminta*, beginning *O bella eta dell' oro!*

† The *Golden Age* of the Hindus.

‡ Called Joghrat, the food of *Crishna* in his infancy and youth.

§ The four first *Avatars*, or Incarnation of the Divine Spirit.

‖ The Sanscrit, or Sangscrit, is written in letters so named.

¶ *Narayn*, or *Narayan*, the Spirit of God.

** The *Vayds*, or sacred writings of *Brahma*, called *Rig*, *Sam*, and *Yejar*: doubts have been raised concerning the authority of the fourth, or *At'herven*, *Vayd*.

Not that all subjects spoke plain truth,
While Rajas cherish'd eld and youth,
NO—yet delightful times! because
Nature then reign'd, and Nature's Laws;
When females of the softest kind
Were unaffected, unconfin'd;
And this grand rule from none was hidden;*
WHAT PLEASETH, HATH NO LAW FORBIDDEN."
Thus with a lyre in India strung,
Amiata's poet would have sung;
And thus too, in a modest way,
All virtuous males will sing or say:
But swarthy nymphs of Hindustan
Look deeper than short-sighted man,
And thus, in some poetic chime,
Would speak with reason, as with rhyme:
"O LOVELIER age, by Brahmens fam'd,
Gay Dwapar Yug† in Sanscrit nam'd!
Delightful! though impure with brass
In many a green ill-scented mass;
Though husbands but seven cubits high,
Must in a thousand summers die;
Though, in the lives of dwindled men,
Ten parts were Sin; Religion, ten;
Though cows would rarely fill the pail,
But made the' expected cream-bowl fail;
Though lazy Pundits ill could read
(No care of ours) their Yejar Vied;
Though Rajas look'd a little proud,
And Ranies rather spoke too loud;

* "Se piace, ei lice." *Tasso.*

† The *Brazen Age*, or that in which vice and virtue were in equal proportion.

Though Gods, display'd to mortal view
In mortal forms, were only two;
(Yet CRISHNA,* sweetest youth, was one,
Crishna, whose cheeks outblaz'd the sun)
Delightful, ne'ertheless! because
Not bound by vile unnatural laws,
Which curse this age from Caly† nam'd,
By some base woman-hater fram'd.
Preposterous! that one biped vain
Should drag ten housewives in his train,
And stuff them in a gaudy cage,
Slaves to weak lust, or potent rage!
Not such the Dwapar Yug!—oh then
ONE BUXOM DAME MIGHT WED FIVE MEN."
True history, in solemn terms,
This philosophic lore confirms;
For India once as now cold Tibet,‡
A group unusual might exhibit,
Of several husbands, free from strife,
Link'd fairly to a single wife!
Thus botanists, with eyes acute
To see prolific dust minute,
Taught by their learned northern Brahman§
To class by pistil and by stamen,
Produce from nature's rich dominion
Flowers polyandrian monogynian,
Where embryon blossoms, fruits, and leaves
Twenty prepare, and ONE receives.

* The Apollo of India.

† The *Earthen Age*, or that of Caly or Impurity: this verse alludes to Caley, the Hecate of the Indians.

‡ See the accounts published in the Philosophical Transactions, from the papers of M. Bogle.

§ Linnæus.

But, lest my word should not avail,
Ye Fair, to no unholy tale
Attend. * Five thousand years† ago,
As annals in Benares show,
When Pandu chiefs with Curus fought,‡
And each the throne imperial sought,
Five brothers of the regal line
Blaz'd high with qualities divine.
The first, a prince without his peer,
Just, pious, liberal Yudhishteir;§
Then Erjun, to the base a rod,
An hero favour'd by a god.‖
Bheima, like mountain leopard strong,
Unrival'd in the' embattled throng;
Bold Nacul, fir'd by noble shame
To emulate fraternal fame:
And Sehdeo, flush'd with manly grace,
Bright virtue dawning in his face:
To these a dame, devoid of care,
Blithe Draupady, the debonaire,

* The story is told by the Jesuit Bouchet, in his letter to Huet, Bishop of Avranches.

† A round number is chosen; but the *Caly Yug*, a little before which Crishna disappeared from this world, began 4864 years ago, that is, according to our chronologists, 747 before the Flood; and by the calculation of M. Bailly, but 454 after the foundation of the Indian empire.

‡ This war, which Crishna fomented in favour of the Pandu prince, *Yudhishteir*, supplied Vyas with the subject of his noble epic poem Mahabharat.

§ This word is commonly pronounced with a strong accent on the last letter, but the preceding vowel is short in Sanscrit. The prince is called on the coast *Dherme Raj*, or Chief Magistrate.

‖ The *Geita*, containing instructions to Erjun, was composed by Crishna, who peculiarly distinguished him.

Renown'd for beauty, and for wit,
In wedlock's pleasing chain was knit.*
It fortun'd at an idle hour,
This five-mal'd single-femal'd flow'r
One balmy morn of fruitful May
Through vales and meadows took its way.
A low thatch'd mansion met their eye
In trees umbrageous bosom'd high:
Near it (no sight, young maids! for you)
A temple rose to Madahew.†
A thorny hedge and reedy gate
Enclos'd the garden's homely state:
Plain in its neatness; thither wend
The princes and their lovely friend.
Light-pinion'd gales, to charm the sense,
Their odoriferous breath dispense;
From Belas‡ pearl'd, or pointed, bloom,
And Malty rich, they steal perfume:
There honey-scented Singarhar,
And Juhy, like a rising star,
Strong Chempa, darted by Camdew,
And Mulsery of paler hue,
Cayora,§ which the Ranies wear
In taugles of their silken hair,

* *Yudhishteir* and *Draupady*, called *Drobada* by M. Sonnerat, are deified on the coast, and their feast, of which that writer exhibits an engraving, is named the *Procession of Fire*, because she passed every year from one of her five husbands to another, after a solemn purification by that element. In the Bhasha language her name is written *Dropty*.

† The Indian Jupiter.

‡ The varieties of Bela, and the three flowers next mentioned, are beautiful species of Jasmin.

§ The Indian Spikenard.

Bound Babul-flowers* and Gulachein
Dyed like the shell of Beauty's queen,
Sweet Mindy† press'd for crimson stains,
And sacred Tulsy‡ pride of plains,
With Sewty, small unblushing rose,
Their odours mix, their tints disclose,
And, as a gem'd tiara, bright,
Paint the fresh branches with delight.
One tree above all others tower'd
With shrubs and saplings close embower'd,
For every blooming child of Spring
Paid homage to the verdant King:
Aloft a solitary fruit,
Full sixty cubits from the root,
Kiss'd by the breeze, luxuriant hung,
Soft Chrysolite with em'ralds strung.
" Try we, (said Erjun, indiscreet,)
If yon proud fruit be sharp or sweet;
My shaft its parent stalk shall wound:
Receive it, ere it reach the ground."
Swift as his word an arrow flew;
The dropping prize besprent with dew:
The brothers, in contention gay,
Catch, and on gather'd herbage lay.
That instant scarlet lightnings flash,
And Jemma's waves her borders lash,
Crishna from Swerga's§ height descends,
Observant of his mortal friends:

* The Mimosa, or true Acacia, that produces the Arabian gum.
† Called *Alhhinna* by the Arabs.
‡ Of the kind called Ocymum.
§ The heaven of Indra, or the Empyreum.

Not such as, in his earliest years,
Among his wanton cowherd peers,
In Gocul or Brindáben's* glades,
He sported with the dairy-maids;
Or, having pip'd and danc'd enough,
Clos'd the brisk night with blindman's buff;†
(List, antiquaries! and record
This pastime of the Gopia's Lord)‡
But radiant with ethereal fire:
Nared alone could Bards inspire
In lofty Slokes§ his mien to trace,
And unimaginable grace.
With human voice, in human form,
He mildly spake, and hush'd the storm:
"O mortals, ever prone to ill!
Too rashly Erjun prov'd his skill.
Yon fruit a pious Muny‖ owns,
Assistant of our heavenly thrones.
The golden pulp each month renew'd,
Supplies him with ambrosial food.
Should he the daring archer curse,
Not Mentra¶ deep, nor magic verse,
Your gorgeous palaces could save
From flames, your embers from the wave."**
The princes, whom the' immoderate blaze
Forbids their sightless eyes to raise,

* In the district of Mat'hura, not far from the Agra.

† This is told in the Bhagawat.

‡ *Gopy Nat'h*, a title of Crishna, corresponding with Nymphagetes, an epithet of Neptune.

§ Tetastricks without rhyme.

‖ An inspired writer: twenty are so called.

¶ Incantation.

** This will receive illustration from a passage in the Ramayen: "Even he, who cannot be slain by the ponderous arms.

With doubled hands his aid implore,
And vow submission to his lore.
"One remedy, and simply one,
Or take, (said he) or be undone:
Let each his crimes or faults confess,
The greatest name, omit the less;
Your actions, words, e'en thoughts reveal;
No part must Draupady conceal:
So shall the fruit, as each applies
The faithful charm, ten cubits rise!
Till, if the dame be frank and true,
It join the branch where late it grew.
He smil'd, and shed a transient gleam;
Then vanish'd like a morning dream.
Now, long entranc'd, each waking brother
Star'd with amazement on another,
Their consort's cheek forgot its glow,
And pearly tears began to flow;
When YUDHISHTEIR, high-gifted man,
His plain confession thus began:—
"Inconstant fortune's wreathed smiles,
Duryódhen's rage, Duryódhen's wiles,
Fires rais'd for this devoted head,
E'en poison for my brethren spread;
My wanderings through wild scenes of woe,
And persecuted life you know.
Rude wassailers defil'd my halls,
And riot shook my palace-walls,
My treasures wasted. This and more
With resignation calm I bore;

of Indra, nor by those of Caly, nor by the terrible Cheera (or Discus) of Vishnu, shall be destroyed, if a Brahman execrate him, *as if he were consumed by fire.*"

But when the late descending god
Gave all I wish'd with soothing nod,
When, by his counsel and his aid,
Our banners danc'd, our clarions bray'd,
(Be this my greatest crime confess'd)
Revenge sate ruler in my breast:
I panted for the tug of arms,
For skirmish hot, for fierce alarms;
Then had my shaft Duryódhen rent,
This heart had glow'd with sweet content."
He ceas'd: the living gold upsprung,
And from the bank ten cubits hung.
Embolden'd by this fair success,
Next Erjun hasten'd to confess:
"When I with Aswatthàma fought,
My noose the fell assassin caught;
My spear transfix'd him to the ground;
His giant limbs firm cordage bound;
His holy thread extorted awe
Spar'd by religion and by law;
But, when his murderous hands I view'd
In blameless kindred gore imbued,
Fury my boiling bosom sway'd,
And *Rage* unsheath'd my willing blade:
Then, had not Crishna's arm divine
With gentle touch suspended mine,
This hand a Brahman had destroy'd,
And vultures with his blood been cloy'd."—
The fruit, forgiving Erjun's dart,
Ten cubits rose with eager start.
Flush'd with some tints of honest shame,
Bheima to his confession came:
"'Twas at a feast for battles won
From Dhriteráshtra's guileful son,

High on the board in vases pil'd
All vegetable nature smil'd;
Proud Anaras* his beauties told,
His verdant crown and studs of gold,
To Dallim,† whose soft rubies laugh'd
Bursting with juice, that gods have quaff'd;
Ripe Kellas,‡ here in heaps were seen,
Kellas, the golden and the green,
With Ambas§ priz'd on distant coasts,
Whose birth the fertile Ganga boasts:
(Some gleam like silver, some outshine
Wrought ingots from Besoara's mine:)
Corindas there, too sharp alone,
With honey mix'd, impurpled shone;
Talsans‖ his liquid crystal spread,
Pluck'd from high Tara's tufted head;
Round Jamas,¶ delicate as fair,
Like rose-water perfum'd the air;
Bright salvers high-rais'd Comlas** held
Like topazes, which Amrit†† swell'd;
While some delicious Attas‡‡ bore
And Catels§§ warm, a sugar'd store;
Others with Béla's grains were heap'd,
And mild Papayas honey-steep'd;
Or sweet Ajeírs‖‖ the red and pale,
Sweet to the taste and in the gale.
Here mark'd we purest basons fraught
With sacred cream and fam'd Joghrát;
Nor saw we not rich bowls contain
The Chawla's¶¶ light nutritious grain,

* Ananas. † Pomegranate. ‡ Plantanes.
§ Mangos. ‖ Palmyra-fruit. ¶ Rose-apples.
** Oranges. †† The Hindu nectar. ‡‡ Custard-apples.
§§ Jaik-fruit. ‖‖ Guayavas. ¶¶ Rice.

Some virgin-like in native pride,
And some with strong Haldea* dyed;
Some tasteful to dull palates made
If Merich† lend his fervent aid,
Or Langa‡ shap'd like odorous nails,
Whose scent o'er groves of spice prevails,
Or Adda,§ breathing gentle heat,
Or Joutery‖ both warm and sweet.
Supiary¶ next (in Pána** chew'd,
And Catha†† with strong powers endued,
Mix'd with Elachy's‡‡ glowing seeds,
Which some remoter climate breeds)
Near Jeifel§§ sate like Jeifel fram'd,
Though not for equal fragrance nam'd:
Last, Nárgal,‖‖ whom all ranks esteem,
Pour'd in full cups his dulcet stream:
Long I survey'd the doubtful board
With each high delicacy stor'd;
Then freely gratified my soul,
From many a dish, and many a bowl,
Till health was lavish'd, as my time:
Intemperance was my fatal crime."
Up rose the fruit; and now mid-way
Suspended shone like blazing day.
Nacal then spoke: (a blush o'erspread
His cheeks, and, conscious, droop'd his head:)
"Before Duryóden, ruthless king,
Taught his fierce darts in air to sing,
With bright-arm'd rank, by Crishna sent,
Elate from Indraprest¶¶ I went

* Turmerick. † Indian pepper. ‡ Cloves.
§ Ginger. ‖ Mace. ¶ Areca-nut. ** Betel-leaf.
†† What we call Japan-earth. ‡‡ Cardamums.
§§ Nutmeg. ‖‖ Cocoa-nut. ¶¶ Dehly.

Through Eastern realms: and vanquish'd all
From rough Asmóra to Nipál.
Where every mansion, new and old,
Flam'd with Barbaric gems and gold.
Here shone with pride the regal stores
On ivory roofs, and cedrine floors;
There diadems of price unknown
Blaz'd with each all-attracting stone;
Firm diamonds, like fix'd honour true,
Some pink, and some of yellow hue,
Some black, yet not the less esteem'd;
The rest like tranquil Jemma gleam'd
When in her bed the Gopia lave
Betray'd by the pellucid wave,
Like raging fire the ruby glow'd,
Or soft, but radiant water show'd;
Pure amethysts, in richest ore
Oft found, a purple vesture wore;
Sapphires, like yon ethereal plain;
Emeralds, like piepel* fresh with rain;
Gay topazes, translucent gold;
Pale chrysolites of softer mould:
Fam'd beryls, like the serge marine,
Light azure mix'd with modest green;
Refracted every varying dye,
Bright as yon bow, that girds the sky.
Here opals, which all hues unite,
Display'd their many-tinctur'd light,
With turqoises divinely blue,
(Though doubts arise where first they grew,
Whether chaste elephantine bone
By minerals ting'd, or native stone,)

* A sacred tree like an Aspen.

And pearls unblemish'd, such as deck
Bhavány's* wrist, or Lechmy's† neck,
Each castle ras'd, each city storm'd,
Vast loads of pillag'd wealth I form'd,
Not for my coffers, though they bore,
As you deereed, my lot and more.
Too pleas'd the brilliant heap I stor'd,
Too charming seem'd the guarded hoard:
An odious vice this heart assail'd;
Base Avariee for a time prevail'd."
The' enchanted orb ten eubits flew,
Straight as the shaft which Erjun drew.
Sehdio, with youthful ardour bold,
Thes, penitent, his failings told:
"From clouds, by folly rais'd, these eyes
Experienee clear'd, and made me wise;
For, when the crash of battle roar'd,
When death rain'd blood from spear and sword,
When, in the tempest of alarms,
Horse roll'd on horse, arms clash'd with arms,
Sueh acts I saw by others done,
Sueh perils brav'd, sueh trophies won,
That while my patriot bosom glow'd,
Though some faint skill, some strength I show'd,
And, no dull gazer on the field,
This hero slew, that fore'd to yield,
Yet, meek humility, to thee,
When Erjun fought, low sunk my knee:
But, ere the din of war began,
When blackening cheeks just mark'd the man,
Myfelf invineible I deem'd,
And great, without a rival, seem'd.

* The Indian Venus. † The Indian Ceres.

When'er I sought the sportful plain,
No youth of all the martial train
With arm so strong, or eye so true,
The Checra's* pointed circle threw;
None when the polish'd cane we bent,
So far the light-wing'd arrow sent;
None from the broad elastic reed,
Like me, gave Agnyastra† speed,
Or spread its flames with nicer art
In many an unextinguish'd dart;
Or, when in imitated fight
We sported till departing light,
None saw me to the ring advance
With falchion keen or quivering lance,
Whose force my rooted seat could shake,
Or on my steel impression make:
No charioteer, no racer fleet,
O'ertook my wheels or rapid feet.
Next, when the woody heights we sought,
With maddening elephants I fought:
In vain their high-priz'd tusks they gnash'd;
Their trunked heads my geda‡ mash'd.
No buffalo, with frenzy strong,
Could bear my clattering thunder long:
No pard or tiger, from the wood
Reluctant brought, this arm withstood.
Pride in my heart his mansion fix'd,
And with pure drops black poison mix'd."
  Swift rose the fruit, exalted now
Ten cubits from his natal bough.

* A radiated metalline ring, used as a missile weapon.
† Fire arms, or rockets, early known in India.
‡ A mace, or club.

Fair DRAUPADY, with soft delay,
Then spake: "Heaven's mandate I obey:
Though nought essential to be known
Has heaven to learn, or I to own.
When scarce a damsel, scarce a child,
In early bloom your handmaid smil'd,
Love of the World, her fancy mov'd,
Vain pageantry her heart approv'd:
Her form, she thought, and lovely mien,
All must admire, when all had seen:
A thirst of pleasure and of praise
(With shame I speak) engross'd my days;
Nor were my night-thoughts, I confess,
Free from solicitude for dress;
How best to bind my flowing hair
With art, yet with an artless air;
(My hair, like musk in scent and hue;
Oh! blacker far and sweeter too;)
In what nice braid or glossy curl
To fix a diamond or a pearl,
And where to smooth the love-spread toils
With nard or jasmin's fragrant oils;
How to adjust the golden teic,*
And most adorn my forehead sleek;
What condals† should emblaze my ears,
Like Seita's waves‡ or Seita's tears;§
How elegantly to dispose
Bright circlets from my well form'd nose;

* Properly teica, an ornament of gold, placed above the nose.

† Pendants.

‡ *Seita Cund*, or the *Pool* of *Seita* the wife of Ram, is the name given to the wonderful spring at Mengeir, with boiling water of exquisite clearness and purity.

§ Her tears, when she was made captive by the giant Rawan.

With strings of rubies how to deck,
Or emerald rows, my stately neck,
While some that ebon tower embrac'd,
Some pendent sought my slender waist;
How next my purfled veil to choose
From silken stores of varied hues;
Which would attract the roving view,
Pink, violet, purple, orange, blue;
The loveliest mantle to select,
O, unembellish'd or bedeck'd;
And how my twisted scarf to place
With most inimitable grace;
(Too thin its warp, too fine its woof,
For eyes of males not beauty proof;)
What skirts the mantle best would suit,
Ornate with stars or tissued fruit,
The flower-embroider'd or the plain
With silver or with golden vain;
The chury* bright, which gaily shows
Fair objects, aptly to compose;
How each smooth arm and each soft wrist
By richest cosecs† might be kiss'd;
While some, my taper ankles round,
With sunny radiance ting'd the ground.
O waste of many a precious hour!
O *Vanity*, how vast thy pow'r!
  Cubits twice four the' ambrosial flew,
Still from its branch disjoin'd by two.
  Each husband now, with wild surprise,
His compeers and his consort eyes;
When Yudishteir: "Thy female breast
Some faults, perfidious, hath suppress'd.

* A small mirror worn in a ring. † Bracelets.

Oh! give the close-lock'd secret room,
Unfold its bud, expand its bloom;
Lest, sinking with our crumbled halls,
We see red flames devour their walls."
Abash'd, yet with a decent pride,
Firm Draupady the fact denied;
Till, through an orchard alley green,
The limit of that sacred scene,
She saw the dreaded Muny go
With steps majestically slow;
Then said: (a stifled sigh she stole,
And show'd the conflict of her soul
By broken speech and fluttering heart:)
"One trifle more I must impart:
A Brahman learn'd, of pure intent
And look demure, one morn you sent,
With me, from Sanscrit old, to read
Each high Puran,* each holy Vied.
His thread, which Brehmá's lineage show'd,
O'er his left shoulder graceful flow'd;
Of Crishna and his nymphs he read,
How with nine Maids the dance he led;
How they ador'd, and he repaid
Their homage in the sylvan shade.
While this gay tale my spirits cheer'd,
So keen the Pendit's eyes appear'd,
So sweet his voice—a blameless fire
This bosom could not but inspire.
Bright as a god he seem'd to stand:
The reverend volume left, his hand
With mine he press'd"—With deep despair
Brothers on brothers wildly stare:

* A Mythological and Historical Poem.

From Erjun flew a wrathful glance;
Tow'rd them they saw their dread advance;
Then, trembling, breathless, pale with fear,
"Hear! (said the Matron) calmly hear!
By Tulsy's leaf the truth I speak—
The Brahman ONLY KISS'D MY CHEEK."
  Straight its full height the wonder rose,
Glad with its native branch to close.
  Now to the walk approach'd the Sage,
Exulting in his verdant age:
His hands, that touch'd his front, express'd
Due reverence to each princely guest,
Whom to his rural board he led,
In simple delicacy spread,
With curds their palates to regale,
And cream-cups from the Gopia's pail.
  Could you, ye Fair! like this black wife,
Restore us to primeval life,
And bid that apple, pluck'd for Eve
By him, who might all wives deceive,
Hang from its parent-bough once more,
Divine and perfect, as before,
Would you confess your little faults?
(Great ones were never in your thoughts)
Would you the secret wish unfold,
Or in your heart's full casket hold?
Would you disclose your inmost mind,
And speak plain truth, to bless mankind?
  "What! (said the guardian of our realm,
With waving crest and fiery helm)
"What! are the Fair, whose heavenly smiles
Rain glory through my cherish'd Isles,
Are they less virtuous or less true
Than Indian dames of sooty hue?

No, by these arms. The cold surmise
And doubt injurious vainly rise.
Yet dares a bard, who better knows,
This point distrustfully propose;
Vain fabler now! though oft before
His harp has cheer'd my sounding shore."
With brow austere the martial maid
Spoke, and majestic trod the glade:
To that fell cave her course she held,
Where *Scandal*, bane of mortals, dwell'd.
Outstretch'd on filth the pest she found,
Black fetid venom streaming round:
A gloomy light just serv'd to show
The darkness of the den below.
BRITANNIA with resistless might
Soon drag'd him from his darling night:
The snakes that o'er his body curl'd,
And flung his poison through the world,
Confounded with the flash of day,
Hiss'd horribly a hellish lay.
His eyes with flames and blood suffus'd,
Long to the' ethereal beam unus'd,
Fierce in their gory sockets roll'd;
And desperation made him bold:
Pleas'd with the thought of human woes,
On scaly dragon feet he rose.
Thus, when Asurs with impious rage
Durst horrid war with Dévtás wage,
And darted many a burning mass
E'en on the brow of gem'd Cailás,
High o'er the rest, on serpents rear'd,
The grisly king of Deits appear'd.
The nymph beheld the fiend advance,
And couch'd the far-extending lance:

Dire drops he threw; the' infernal tide
Her helm and silver hauberk dyed:
Her moonlight shield before her hung;
The monster struck, the monster stung:
Her spear with many a griding wound
Fast nail'd him to the groaning ground.
The wretch, from juster vengeance free,
Immortal born by heaven's decree,
With chains of adamant secur'd,
Deep in cold gloom she left immur'd.
  Now reign at will, victorious fair!
In British or in Indian air;
Still with each envying flower adorn
Your tresses radiant as the morn;
Still let each Asiatic dye
Rich tints for your gay robes supply;
Still through the dance's labyrinth float,
And swell the sweetly-lengthen'd note;
Still, on proud steeds or glittering cars,
Rise on the course like beamy stars;
And when charm'd circles round you close,
Of rhyming bards and smiling beaux,
Whilst all with eager looks contend
Their wit or worth to recommend,
Still let your mild, yet piercing eyes,
Impartially adjudge the prize.

FABULA PERSICA.

Rigante molles imbre campos Persidis,
E nube in æquor lapsa pluviæ guttula est;
Quæ, cùm reluctans eloqui sineret pudor,
"Quid hoc loci? inquit, quid rei misella sum?
Quò me repente, ah! quò redactam sentio?"
Cùm se verecundanti animulâ sperneret,
Illam recepit gemmeo concha in sinu;
Tandemque tenuis aquula facta est unio;
Nunc in coronâ læta Regis emicat,
Sibi non placere quanta sit virtus, docens.

SONGS AND BALLADS.

A

PERSIAN SONG OF HAFIZ.

SWEET maid, if thou wouldst charm my sight,
And bid these arms thy neck unfold;
That rosy cheek, that lily hand,
Would give thy poet more delight
Than all Bocara's vaunted gold,
Than all the gems of Samarcand.

Boy, let yon liquid ruby flow,
And bid thy pensive heart be glad,
What e'er the frowning zealots say:—
Tell them their Eden cannot show
A stream so clear as Rocnabad,
A bower so sweet as Mosellay.

IMITATIONS.

GAZEL.

Egher an Turki Shirazi
Bedest ared dili mara,
Be khali hinduish bakhshem
Samareand u Bokharara.

Bedeh sakı, mei baki,
Ke der jennet nekhahi yaft
Kunari abi Rocnabad,
Ve gulgeshti Mosellara.

O! when these fair, perfidious maids,
Whose eyes our secret haunts infest,
Their dear destructive charms display;—
Each glance my tender breast invades,
And robs my wounded soul of rest;
As Tartars seize their destin'd prey.

In vain with love our bosoms glow:
Can all our tears, can all our sighs,
New lustre to these charms impart?
Can cheeks, where living roses blow,
Where nature spreads her richest dyes,
Require the borrow'd gloss of art?

Speak not of fate:—ah! change the theme,
And talk of odours, talk of wine,
Talk of the flowers that round us bloom:—
'Tis all a cloud, 'tis all a dream:
To love and joy thy thoughts confine,
Nor hope to pierce the sacred gloom.

IMITATIONS.

Fugan kein Inliani shokh
I shiringari shehrashoh
Chunan berdendi sabr az dil
Ke Turcan khani yagmara.

Ze eshki na temami ma
Jamali yari mustagnist;
Be ab u reng u khal u khatt
Che hajet ruyi zibara.

Hadis az mutreb u mei gu,
Va razi dehri kemter ju,
Ke kes nekshud u nekshaied
Be hikmet ein moammara.

Beauty has such resistless power,
  That ev'n the chaste Egyptian dame
    Sigh'd for the blooming Hebrew boy;
For her how fatal was the hour,
  When to the banks of Nilus came
    A youth so lovely and so coy!

But ah, sweet maid! my counsel hear,—
  (Youth should attend when those advise
    Whom long experience renders sage)
While music charms the ravish'd ear;
  While sparkling cups delight our eyes,
    Be gay; and scorn the frowns of age.

What cruel answer have I heard!
  And yet, by heaven, I love thee still:
    Can aught be cruel from thy lip?
Yet say, how fell that bitter word
  From lips which streams of sweetness fill,
    Which nought but drops of honey sip?

IMITATIONS.

Men az an husni ruzafzun
  Ke Yusuf dashti danestem
Ke esbk az perdei ismet
  Berun ared Zuleikhara.

Nasihet goshi kun jana,
  Ke az jan dostiter darend
Juvanani saadetmend
  I pendi peeri danara.

Bedem gufti, va khursendam,
  Afac alla, neku gufti,
Jawabi telkhi mizeibed
  Debi lali sheker khara.

Go boldly forth, my simple lay,
Whose accents flow with artless ease,
Like orient pearls at random strung:
Thy notes are sweet, the damsels say;
But O! far sweeter, if they please,
The nymph for whom these notes are sung.

IMITATIONS.

Gazel gufti vedurr sufti,
Bea vakhosh bukhan Hafiz,
Ke ber nazmi to afshaned
Felek ikdi suriara.

A SONG,

FROM THE PERSIAN.

Paraphrased in the Measure of the Original.

SWEET as the rose that scents the gale,
Bright as the lily of the vale,
Yet with a heart like summer hail,
Marring each beauty thou bearest.

Beauty like thine, all nature thrills;
And when the moon her circle fills,
Pale she beholds those rounder hills,
Which on the breast thou wearest.

Where could these peerless flowerets blow?
Whence are the thorns that near them grow?
Wound me, but smile, O lovely foe,
Smile on the heart thou tearest.

Sighing, I view that cypress waist,
Doom'd to afflict me till embrac'd;
Sighing, I view that eye too chaste,
Like the new blossom smiling.

Spreading thy toils with hands divine,
Softly thou wavest like a pine,
Darting thy shafts at hearts like mine,
Senses and soul beguiling.

See at thy feet no vulgar slave,
Frantic, with love's enchanting wave,
Thee, ere he seek the gloomy grave,
Thee, his bless'd idol styling.

PLASSEY-PLAIN,*

A BALLAD,

ADDRESSED TO LADY JONES.

Aug. 3, 1784.

'Tis not of Jâfer, nor of Clive,
On Plassey's glorious field I sing;
'Tis of the best good girl alive,
Which most will deem a prettier thing.

The Sun, in gaudy palanquin,
Curtain'd with purple, fring'd with gold,
Firing no more heaven's vault serene,
Retir'd to sup with Ganges old,

* It can scarcely be necessary to recal to the recollection of the reader, the victory gained by Lord Clive over Seraj'uddoula, Subahdar or Viceroy of Bengal, on Plassey-Plain.

When Anna, to her bard long dear,
(Who lov'd not Anna on the banks
Of Elwy swift, or Testa clear?)
Trip'd through the palm grove's verdant ranks.

Where thou, blood-thirsty Subahdar,
Wast wont thy kindred beasts to chase,
Till Britain's vengeful hounds of war
Chas'd thee to that well-destin'd place.

She knew what monsters rang'd the brake,
Stain'd like thyself with human gore,
The hooded and the necklac'd snake,
The tiger huge, and tusked boar.

To worth and innocence approv'd,
E'en monsters of the brake are friends:
Thus o'er the plain at ease she mov'd:—
Who fears offence that ne'er offends?

Wild parroquets first silence broke,
Eager of dangers near to prate;
But they in English never spoke,
And she began her moors* of late.

Next patient dromedaries stalk'd,
And wish'd her speech to understand;
But Arabic was all they talk'd:—
Oh, had her Arab been at hand!

A serpent dire, of size minute,
With necklace brown, and freckled side,
Then hasten'd from her path to shoot,
And o'er the narrow causey glide.

* A common expression for the Hindustanee, or vernacular language of India.

Three elephants, to warn her, call,
  But they no western tongue could speak;
Though once, at philobiblian stall,
  Fame says, a brother jabber'd Greek.

Superfluous was their friendly zeal;
  For what has conscious truth to fear?
Fierce boars her powerful influence feel,
  Mad buffaloes, or furious deer.

E'en tigers, never aw'd before,
  And panting for so rare a food,
She dauntless heard around her roar,
  While they the jackals vile pursued.

No wonder since, on Elfin Land,
  Prais'd in sweet verse by bards adept,
A lion vast was known to stand,
  Fair virtue's guard, while UNA slept.

Yet oh! had ONE her perils known,
  (Though all the lions in all space
Made her security their own)
  He ne'er had found a resting place.

SELECT POEMS

OF

THOMAS BLACKLOCK, D. D.

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

THE LIFE

OF

THOMAS BLACKLOCK, D. D.

THIS very extraordinary poet was born in the year 1721, at Annan in the county of Dumfries, in Scotland. His parents were natives of Cumberland, of the lower order, but industrious and well-informed. Before he was six months old he lost his sight by the small-pox, and therefore, as to all purposes of memory or imagination, may be said never to have enjoyed that blessing. His father and friends endeavoured to lessen the calamity by reading to him those books which might convey instruction suitable to infancy, and as he advanced, they proceeded to others which he appeared to relish and remember, particularly the works of Spenser, Milton, Prior, Pope, and Addison. And such was the kindness which his helpless situation and gentle temper excited, that he was seldom without some companion who carried on this singular course of education, until he had even acquired some knowledge of the Latin tongue. It is probable that he remembered much of all that was read to him, but his mind began very early to make a choice. He first discovered a predilection for English poetry, and then, at the age of twelve, endeavoured to imitate it in various attempts.

In this manner his life appears to have passed for the first nineteen years of it, at the end of which he had the misfortune to lose his father, who was killed by the accidental fall of a malt-kiln. For about a year after this, he continued to live at home, and began to be noticed as a young man of genius and acquirements such as were not expected in one in his situation. His poems, which had increased in number as he grew up, were now handed about in manuscript, with the confidence that they were worthy of the attention of the discerning, and some of them having been shown to Dr. Stevenson, an eminent physician of Edinburgh, he formed the benevolent design of removing the author to that city, where his genius might be improved by a regular education. He accordingly went to Edinburgh in the year 1741, and continued his studies in the university, under his kind patron, till the year 1745, and in 1746 a volume of his poems, in octavo, was published, but with what effect we are not told. The rebellion, however, which then raged in Scotland, disturbed arts and learning, and our author returned to Dumfries, where he found an asylum in the house of a Mr. M'Murdo, who had married his sister, and who, by company and conversation, endeavoured to amuse his solitude, and keep up his stock of learning. At the close of the rebellion, he returned to Edinburgh, and pursued his studies for six years longer.

He then obtained the acquaintance of Hume, the celebrated historian, who interested himself with great zeal in his behalf; and, among other services, promoted the publication of the quarto edition of his poems in 1756, but previously to this a second edition of the octavo had been published at Edinburgh in 1754. In this last mentioned year, he became known to the Rev. Joseph Spence, poetry professor of Oxford, who introduced him to the

English public, by An Account of the Life, Character and Poems of Mr. Blacklock, Student of Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. In this pamphlet Mr. Spence detailed the extraordinary circumstances of his education and genius, with equal taste and humanity, and a subscription was immediately opened at Dodsley's shop, for a quarto edition, to be published at a guinea the large, and half a guinea the small paper.

Having completed his education at the University, he began a course of study, with a view to give lectures on oratory to young gentlemen intended for the bar or the pulpit; but, by Hume's advice, he desisted from a project which the latter thought unlikely to succeed, and determined to study divinity, which promised to gratify and enlarge the pious feelings and sentiments that had grown up with him. Accordingly, after the usual probationary course, he was licensed a preacher of the gospel, agreeably to the rules of the church of Scotland, in the year 1759. In this character he attained considerable reputation, and was fond of composing sermons, of which he has left some volumes in manuscript, as also a treatise of morals, both of which his friends once intended for the press. Two occasional sermons are said to have been published in his life-time.

His occupations and disposition at this period of his life, are thus related by the Rev. Mr. Jameson, of Newcastle, who knew him intimately.

"His manner of life," says that gentleman, "was so uniform, that the history of it during one day, or one week, is the history of it during the seven years that our personal intercourse lasted. Reading, music, walking, conversing, and disputing on various topics, in theology, ethics, &c. employed almost every hour of our time. It was pleasant to hear him engaged in a dispute, for no man could keep his temper better than he always did on such

occasions. I have known him frequently very warmly engaged for hours together, but never could observe one angry word to fall from him. Whatever his antagonist might say, he always kept his temper. 'Semper paratus et refellere sine pertinaciâ, et refelli sine iracundiâ.' He was, however, extremely sensible to what he thought ill-usage, and equally so whether it regarded him or his friends. But his resentment was always confined to a few satirical verses, which were generally burnt soon after.

"The late Mr. Spence (the editor of the quarto edition of his poems) frequently urged him to write a tragedy; and assured him that he had interest enough with Mr. Garrick to get it acted. Various subjects were proposed to him, of several of which he approved, yet he never could be prevailed on to begin any thing of that kind. It may seem remarkable, but as far as I know, it was invariably the case, that he never could think or write on any subject proposed to him by another.

"I have frequently admired with what readiness and rapidity he could sometimes make verses. I have known him dictate from thirty to forty verses, and by no means bad ones, as fast as I could write them; but the moment he was at a loss for a rhyme or a verse to his liking, he stopt altogether, and could very seldom be induced to finish what he had begun with so much ardour."

To this his elegant biographer Mackenzie, adds, "All those who ever acted as his amanuenses, agree in this rapidity and ardour of composition which Mr. Jameson ascribes to him in the account copied above. He never could dictate till he stood up; and as his blindness made walking about without assistance inconvenient or dangerous to him, he fell insensibly into a vibratory sort of motion of his body, which increased as he warmed with his subject, and was pleased with the conceptions of

his mind. This motion at last became habitual to him, and though he could sometimes restrain it when in company, or in any public appearance, such as preaching, he felt a certain uneasiness from the effort, and always returned to it when he could indulge it without impropriety."

In 1762, be married Miss Sarah Johnston, daughter of Mr. Joseph Johnston, surgeon, in Dumfries; a connexion which formed the great solace of his future life. About the same time he was ordained minister of the town and parish of Kircudbright, in consequence of a presentation from the crown, obtained for him by the Earl of Selkirk; but the parishioners having objected to the appointment, after a legal dispute of nearly two years, his friends advised him to resign his right, and accept of a moderate annuity in its stead. If their principal objection was his want of sight, it was certainly not unreasonable. He would probably, in the course of a few years, have found it very inconvenient, if not painful, to execute all the duties of the pastoral office.

With the slender provision allowed by this parish, he returned to Edinburgh in 1764, and adopted the plan of receiving a limited number of young gentlemen into his house, not only as boarders, but as pupils whose studies he might occasionally assist. And this plan succeeded so well that he continued it till the year 1787, when age and infirmity obliged him to retire from active life.

In 1767, the degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him by the University and Mareschal College of Aberdeen, doubtless at the suggestion of his friend and correspondent, Dr. Beattie, to whom he had, in the preceding year, sent a present of his works, accompanied by some verses. Dr. Beattie returned a poetical epistle, which is now prefixed to Blacklock's poems, and ever after maintained a correspondence with him. He con-

sulted him also upon all his subsequent works, particularly his celebrated Essay on Truth.

In the same year he published Paraclesis, or Consolations deduced from Natural and Revealed Religion, in two Dissertations: the first supposed to have been composed by Cicero; now rendered into English: the last originally written by Dr. Blacklock. The plan of the original dissertation is to prove the superiority of the consolations to be derived from the Christian revelation; but it is painful to find by his preface, that his motive for writing it, was to alleviate the pressure of repeated disappointments, to sooth his anguish for the loss of departed friends, to elude the rage of implacable and unprovoked enemies; in a word, to support his own mind, "which, for a number of years, besides its literary difficulties and its natural disadvantages, had maintained an incessant conflict with fortune." Of what nature his disappointments were, or who could be implacable enemies to such a man, we are not told. His biographer, indeed, informs us, that he "he had from nature a constitution delicate and nervous, and his mind, as is almost always the case, was in a great degree subject to the indisposition of his body, He frequently complained of a lowness and depression of spirits, which neither the attention of his friends, nor the unceasing care of a most affectionate wife, were able to remove.

In 1768, he published a translation from the French of the Rev. James Armared, minister of the Walloon Church in Hanau, of two discourses on the Spirit and Evidence of Christianity, with a long dedication from his own pen, calculated for the perusal of the clergy of Scotland. In this, as in all his prose writings, his style is elegant, nervous, and animated, and his sentiments such as indicate the purest zeal for the interests of religion. His last publication, in 1774, was the Graham, an

Heroic Ballad, in four cantos: intended to promote harmony between the inhabitants of Scotland and England. As a poem, however, it added little to his reputation, and has been excluded from the collection formed by Mr. Mackenzie.

In 1791, he was seized with a feverish disorder, which at first seemed slight, and never rose to a very violent kind; but his feeble frame was unable to support it, and he died after about a week's illness, July 7, 1791, in the seventieth year of his age. A monument was afterwards erected to his memory, with an elegant Latin inscription from the pen of Dr. Beattie.

Such are the few events of Dr. Blacklock's life. His character, and the character of his writings, are more interesting, and will probably ever continue to be the subject of contemplation with all who study the human mind, or revere the dispensations of Providence. His perseverance in acquiring so extensive a fund of learning, amidst those privations which seem to bar all access to improvement, is an extraordinary feature in his character; and notwithstanding the kind zeal of the friends, who endeavoured to make up for his want of sight by reading to him, many of his attainments must ever remain inexplicable.

With respect to his personal character, his biographer, and indeed all who knew him, have expatiated on the gentleness of his manners, the benignity of his disposition, and that warm interest in the happiness of others which led him so constantly to promote it in the young people who were committed to his charge. In their society he appeared entirely to forget the loss of his sight, and the melancholy which, at other times, it might produce. "He entered," says his biographer, "with the cheerful playfulness of a young man, into all the sprightly narrative, the sportive fancy, the humorous jest that rose around him. It was a sight

highly gratifying to philanthropy, to see how much a mind endowed with knowledge, kindled by genius, and above all lighted up by innocence and piety, like Blacklock's, could overcome the weight of calamity, and enjoy the content, the happiness, and the gaiety of others. Several of those inmates of Dr. Blacklock's house retained, in future life, all the warmth of that impression which his friendship at this early period had made upon them; and in various quarters of the world, he had friends and correspondents from whom no length of time or distance of place had ever estranged him.

"Music, which to the feeling and the pensive, in whatever situation, is a source of extreme delight, but which to the blind must be creative, as it were, of idea and of sentiment, he enjoyed highly, and was himself a tolerable performer on several instruments, particularly on the flute. He generally carried in his pocket a small flageolet, on which he played his favourite tunes; and was not displeased when asked in company to play or to sing them;—a natural feeling for a blind man, who thus adds a scene to the drama of his society."

With regard to his poetry, there seems no occasion to involve ourselves in the perplexities which Mr. Spence first created, and then injudiciously as well as ineffectually endeavoured to explain. The character of his poetry is that of sentiment and reason: his versification is in general elegant and harmonious, and his thoughts sometimes flow with a rapidity that betokens real genius. But it is impossible to ascribe powers of description to one who had seen nothing to describe; nor of invention to one who had no materials upon which he could operate. Where we find any passages that approach to the description of visible objects, we must surely attribute them to memory. As he had the best English poets frequently read to him, he attained a free command of the language of poetry,

both in simple and compound words, and we know that all poets consider these as common property. It is not therefore wonderful that he speaks so often of mountains, valleys, rivers, nor that he appropriates to visible objects their peculiar characteristics, all which he must have heard repeated until they became fixed in his memory: but as no man pursues long what affords little more than the exercise of conjecture, we are still perplexed to discover what pleasure Mr. Blacklock could take, first in a species of reading which could give him no ideas, and then in a species of writing in which he could copy only the expressions of others. There are few of his poems in which some passage does not occur which tempts us to ask, what idea could he affix to this? When he speaks of "insect crowds that 'scape the nicest eye," how could he that had no eyes, judge of crowds or insects? "Starry skies" he might have borrowed, but what train of thought led him to say of night,

> Clouds peep on clouds, and, as they rise,
> Condense to solid gloom the skies.

"Pale fear," "pale terror," "white robed innocence," "iron sway," "livid phantoms," "rosy bowl," "angel form," and many others, he had often heard, but the following images, if borrowed in parts, are certainly combined with the hand of a master.

> As swift descending show'rs of rain,
> Deform with mud the clearest streams;
> As rising mists Heav'n's azure stain,
> Ting'd with Aurora's blush in vain:
> As fades the flow'rs in mid-day beams,
> On life thus tender sorrows prey,
> And wrap in gloom is promis'd day.
> Thro' tears behold a sister's eyes
> Emit a faded ray.
> Say, could no song of melting woe,
> Revoke the keen determin'd blow,

That clos'd his sparkling eye?
Thus roses oft, by early doom,
Robb'd of their blush and sweet perfume,
Grow pale, recline, and die.

What idea had our author of these appearances, and what kind or degree of pleasure they afforded him, it is impossible to discover. He has himself written a very long article on Blindness, in the Encyclopedia Britannica, but it affords no light to the present subject, containing chiefly reflections on the disadvantages of blindness, and the best means of alleviating them. His poems, however, especially where attempts are made at description, indicate powers which seem to have wanted the aid of sight only, to bring them into the highest rank. We know that poetical genius is almost wholly independent of learning, and seems often planted in a soil where nothing else will flourish; but Blacklock's is altogether an extraordinary case: we have not even terms by which we can intelligibly discuss his merits, and we may conclude with Denina in his *Discorso della Literatura*, that "Blacklock will appear to posterity a fable, as to us he is a prodigy. It will be thought a fiction, a paradox, that a man blind from his infancy, besides having made himself so much a master of various foreign languages, should be a great poet in his own; and without having hardly ever seen the light, should be so remarkably happy in description."

SELECT POEMS.

HYMN TO DIVINE LOVE.

(IN IMITATION OF SPENSER.)

No more of lower flames, whose pleasing rage
With sighs and soft complaints I weakly fed;
At whose unworthy shrine, my budding age
And willing muse their first devotion paid.
Fly, nurse of madness, to eternal shade:
  Far from my soul abjur'd and banish'd fly,
  And yield to nobler fires, that lift the soul more
    high.

O love! coëval with thy parent God,
To thee I kneel, thy present aid implore;
At whose celestial voice and powerful nod
Old discord fled, and chaos ceas'd to roar;
Light smil'd, and order rose, unseen before,
  But in the plan of the eternal mind,
  When God design'd the work, and lov'd the work
    design'd.

Thou fill'dst the waste of ocean, earth and air,
With multitudes that swim, or walk, or fly:
From rolling worlds descends thy generous care,
To insect crowds that 'scape the nicest eye:
For each a sphere was circumscrib'd by thee,

To bless, and to be bless'd, their noblest end:
To which, with speedy course, they all unerring
tend.

Conscious of thee, with nobler pow'rs endu'd,
Next man, thy darling, into being rose.
Immortal, form'd for high beatitude,
Which neither end nor interruption knows,
Till evil, couch'd in fraud, began his woes:
Then to thy aid was boundless wisdom join'd,
And for apostate man redemption thus design'd.

By thee, his glories veil'd in mortal shroud,
God's darling offspring left his seat on high;
And heaven, and earth, amaz'd and trembling view'd
Their wounded Sovereign groan, and bleed, and die.
By thee, in triumph to his native sky,
On angels' wings, the victor God aspir'd,
Relenting justice smil'd, and frowning wrath
retir'd.

To thee, munific, ever-flaming love!
One endless hymn united nature sings:
To thee the bright inhabitants above
Tune the glad voice, and sweep the warbling strings.
From pole to pole, on ever-waving wings,
Winds waft thy praise, by rolling planets tun'd;
Aid then, O Love! my voice to emulate the sound.

It comes! It comes! I feel internal day;
Transfusive warmth through all my bosom glows;
My soul expanding gives the torrent way;
Through all my veins it kindles as it flows.
Thus, ravish'd from the scene of night and woes,

Oh! snatch me, bear me to thy happy reign;
There teach my tongue thy praise in more exalted
strain.

TO BENEVOLENCE.

Hail! source of transport ever new;
Whilst thy kind dictates I pursue,
I taste a joy sincere;
Too vast for little minds to know,
Who on themselves alone bestow
Their wishes and their care.

Daughter of God! delight of man!
From thee felicity began;
Which still thy hand sustains:
By thee sweet Peace her empire spread,
Fair Science rais'd her laurel'd head,
And Discord gnash'd in chains.

Far as the pointed sunbeam flies,
Through peopled earth and starry skies,
All nature owns thy nod:
We see thy energy prevail
Through being's ever-rising scale,
From nothing ev'n to God.

Envy, that tortures her own heart
With plagues and ever-burning smart,
Thy charms divine expel:
Aghast she shuts her livid eyes,
And, wing'd with tenfold fury, flies
To native night and hell.

By thee inspir'd, the generous breast,
In blessing others only bless'd,
  With goodness large and free,
Delights the widow's tears to stay,
To teach the blind their smoothest way,
  And aid the feeble knee.

O come! and o'er my bosom reign,
Expand my heart, inflame each vein,
  Through every action shine;
Each low, each selfish wish control,
With all thy essence warm my soul,
  And make me wholly thine.

Nor let fair Virtue's mortal bane,
The soul-contracting thirst of gain,
  My faintest wishes sway;
By her possess'd, ere hearts refine,
In hell's dark depth shall mercy shine,
  And kindle endless day.

If from thy sacred paths I turn,
Nor feel their griefs, while others mourn,
  Nor with their pleasures glow:
Banish'd from God, from bliss, from thee,
My own tormentor let me be,
  And groan in hopeless woe!

PSALM CXXXIX. IMITATED.

Me, O my God! thy piercing eye,
  In motion, or at rest, surveys;
If to the lonely couch I fly,
  Or travel through frequented ways;

Where'er I move, thy boundless reign,
Thy mighty presence, circles all the scene.

Where shall my thoughts from thee retire,
  Whose view pervades my inmost heart!
The latent, kindling, young desire,
  The word, ere from my lips it part,
To thee their various forms display,
And shine reveal'd in thy unclouded day.

Behind me if I turn my eyes,
  Or forward bend my wandering sight,
Whatever objects round me rise
  Through the wide fields of air and light;
With thee impress'd, each various frame
The forming, moving, present God proclaim.

Father of all, omniscient mind,
  Thy wisdom who can comprehend?
Its highest point what eye can find,
  Or to its lowest depths descend?
That wisdom, which, ere things began,
Saw full express'd the' all-comprehending plan!

What cavern deep, what hill sublime,
  Beyond thy reach, shall I pursue?
What dark recess, what distant clime,
  Shall hide me from thy distant view?
Where from thy spirit shall I fly,
Diffusive, vital, felt through earth and sky!

If up to heaven's ethereal height,
  Thy prospect to elude, I rise;
In splendour there, severely bright,
  Thy presence shall my sight surprise:

There, beaming from their source divine,
In full meridian, light and beauty shine.

Beneath the pendant globe if laid,
  If plung'd in hell's abyss profound,
I call on night's impervious shade
  To spread essential blackness round;
Conspicuous to thy wide survey,
Ev'n hell's grim horrors kindle into day.

Thee, mighty God! my wondering soul,
  Thee, all her conscious powers adore;
Whose being circumscribes the whole,
  Whose eyes its utmost bounds explore:
Alike illum'd by native light,
Amid the sun's full blaze, or gloom of night.

If through the fields of ether borne,
  The living winds my flight sustain;
If on the rosy wings of morn,
  I seek the distant western main;
There, O my God! thou still art found,
Thy power upholds me, and thy arms surround.

Thy essence fills this breathing frame,
  It glows in every conscious part;
Lights up my soul with livelier flame,
  And feeds with life my beating heart!
Unfelt, along my veins it glides,
  And through their mazes rolls the purple tides.

While in the silent womb enclos'd,
  A growing embryo yet I lay,
Thy hand my various parts dispos'd,
  Thy breath infus'd life's genial ray;

Till, finish'd by thy wondrous plan,
I rose the dread, majestic form of man.

To thee, from whom my being came,
  Whose smile is all the heaven I know,
Replete with all my wondrous theme,
  To thee my votive strains shall flow :
Great Archetype ! who first design'd,
Expressive of thy glory, humankind.

Who can the stars of heaven explore,
  The flowers that deck the verdant plain,
The' unnumber'd sands that form the shore,
  The drops that swell the spacious main ?
Let him thy wonders publish round,
Till earth and heaven's eternal throne resound.

As subterraneous flames, confin'd,
  From earth's dark womb impetuous rise,
The conflagration, fan'd by wind,
  Wraps realms, and blazes to the skies :
In lightning's flash, and thunder's roar,
Thus vice shall feel the tempest of thy pow'r.

Fly then, as far as pole from pole,
  Ye sons of slaughter, quick retire ;
At whose approach my kindling soul
  Awakes to unextinguish'd ire :
Fly ; nor provoke the thunder's aim,
You, who in scorn pronounce the' Almighty's name.

The wretch who dares thy power defy,
  And on thy vengeance loudly call,
On him not pity's melting eye,
  Nor partial favour, e'er shall fall.

Still shall thy foes be mine, still share
Unpitied torture, and unmix'd despair.

Behold, O God! behold me stand,
  And to thy strict regard disclose
Whate'er was acted by my hand,
  Whate'er my inmost thoughts propose;
If Vice indulg'd their candour stain,
Be all my portion bitterness and pain.

But, O! if nature, weak and frail,
  To strong temptations oft give way;
If doubt, or passion, oft prevail
  O'er wandering reason's feeble ray;
Let not thy frowns my fault reprove,
But guide thy creature with a father's love!

THE WISH SATISFIED.

AN IRREGULAR ODE.

Too long, my soul! thou'rt toss'd below,
  From hope to hope, from fear to fear:
How great, how lasting every woe!
  Each joy how short, how insincere!

Turn around thy searching eyes
Through all the bright varieties;
  And, with exactest care,
Select from all the shining crowd,
Some lasting joy, some sovereign good,
  And fix thy wishes there.

With toil amass a mighty store
Of glowing stones, or yellow ore;

Plant the fields with golden grain,
Crowd with lowing herds the plain,
Bid the marble domes ascend,
Bid the pleasant view extend,
Streams, and groves, and woods appear,
And spring and autumn fill the year:
Sure, these are joys, full, permanent, sincere;
Sure, now each boundless wish can ask no more.

On roses now reclin'd,
  I languish into rest;
No vacuum in my mind,
  No craving wish unbless'd:
But ah! in vain,
Some absent joy still gives me pain,
  By toys elated, or by toys depress'd.

What melting joy can sooth my grief?
What balmy pleasure yield my soul relief?
'Tis found; the bliss already warms,
Sunk in love's persuasive arms,
  Enjoying and enjoy'd:
To taste variety of charms
  Be every happy hour employ'd.

As the speedy moments roll,
  Let some new joy conspire;
Hebe, fill the rosy bowl;
  Orpheus tune the lyre;
To new-born rapture wake the soul,
  And kindle young desire:
While, a beauteous choir around,
Tuneful virgins join the sound,
Panting bosoms, speaking eyes,
Yielding smiles, and trembling sighs:

Through melting error let their voices rove,
And trace the' inchanting maze of harmony and
love.

Still, still insatiate of delight,
My wishes open, as my joys increase:
What now shall stop their restless flight,
And yield them kind redress?
For something still unknown I sigh,
Beyond what strikes the touch, the ear, or eye:
Whence shall I seek, or how pursue
The phantom that eludes my view,
And cheats my fond embrace.

Thus, while her wanton toils fond pleasure spread,
By sense and passion blindly led,
I chas'd the Syren through the flowery maze,
And courted death ten thousand ways:
Kind Heaven beheld, with pitying eyes,
My restless toil, my fruitless sighs;
And from the realms of endless day,
A bright immortal wing'd his way;
Swift as a sun-beam down he flew,
And stood disclos'd, effulgent to my view.

"Fond man, (he cried) thy fruitless search forbear;
Nor vainly hope, within this narrow sphere,
A certain happiness to find,
Unbounded as thy wish, eternal as thy mind:
In God, in perfect good alone,
The anxious soul can find repose:
Nor to a bliss beneath his throne,
One hour of full enjoyment owes;

He, only he, can fill each wide desire,
  Who to each wish its being gave;
Not all the charms which mortal wishes fire,
Not all which angels in the skies admire,
  But God's paternal smile, can bid it cease to crave.
Him then pursue, without delay;
He is thy prize, and virtue is thy way."
Then to the winds, his radiant plumes he spread,
And from my wondering eyes, more swift than lightning fled.

ODE TO HAPPINESS.

The morning dawns, the evening shades,
  Fair nature's various face disguise;
No scene to rest my heart persuades,
  No moment frees from tears my eyes:
Whate'er once charm'd the laughing hour,
Now boasts no more its pleasing pow'r;
Each former object of delight,
Beyong redemption, wings its flight!
And, where it smil'd, the darling of my sight,
  Prospects of woe and horrid phantoms rise.

O Happiness! immortal fair,
  Where does thy subtile essence dwell?
Dost thou relax the hermit's care,
  Companion in the lonely cell?
Or, dost thou on the sunny plain
Inspire the reed, and cheer the swain?
Or, scornful of each low retreat,
On fortune's favour dost thou wait;
And in the gilded chambers of the great,
  Protract the revel, and the pleasure swell!

Ah me! the hermit's cell explore;
  Thy absence he, like me, complains;
While murmuring streams along the shore
  Echo the lovesick shepherd's strains:
Nor, where the gilded domes aspire,
Deign'st thou, O goddess! to retire:
Though there the loves and graces play,
Though wine and music court thy stay:
Thou fly'st, alas! and who can trace thy way,
  Or say what place thy heavenly form contains?

If to mankind I turn my view,
  Flatter'd with hopes of social joy;
Rapine and blood* mankind pursue,
  As God had form'd them to destroy.
Discord, at whose tremendous view
Hell quakes with horror ever new,
No more by endless night depress'd,
Pours all her venom through each breast;
And, while deep groans and carnage are increas'd,
  Smiles grim, the rising mischief to enjoy.

Hence, hence, indignant turn thine eyes,
  To my dejected soul I said;
See, to the shade Euanthe flies,
  Go, find Euanthe in the shade:
Her angel-form thy sight shall charm,
Thy heart her angel-goodness warm;
There shall no wants thy steps pursue,
No wakeful care contract thy brow;
Music each sound, and beauty every view,
  Shall every sense with full delight invade.

* This Ode was written in the year 1745.

Exulting in the charming thought,
  Thither with hasty steps I press;
And while the' enchanting maid I sought,
  Thank'd Heaven for all my past distress:
Increasing hopes my journey cheer'd,
And now in reach the bliss appear'd;
"Grant this sole boon, O fate! (I cried)
Be all thy other gifts denied,
In this shall all my wishes be supplied;
  And sure a love like mine deserves no less."

In vain, alas! in vain my prayer;
  Fate mix'd the accents with the wind;
The' illusive form dissolv'd in air,
  And left my soul to grief resign'd:
As far from all my hopes she flies,
As deepest seas from loftiest skies:
Yet, still, on fancy deep impress'd,
The sad, the dear ideas rest;
Yet still the recent sorrows heave my breast,
  Hang black o'er life, and prey upon my mind.

Ah! goddess, scarce to mortals known,
  Who with thy shadow madly stray,
At length from Heaven, thy sacred throne,
  Dart through my soul one cheerful ray:
Ah! with some sacred lenient art,
Allay the anguish of my heart;
Ah! teach me patient to sustain
Life's various stores of grief and pain:
Or, if I thus prefer my prayer in vain,
  Soon let me find thee in eternal day.

PHILANTHES;

A MONODA.

*Inscribed to Miss D——y H——y.**

"Quis desiderio sit pudor, aut modus
Tam chari capitis? Præcipe lugubres
Cantus Melpomene, cui liquidam pater
Vocem cum cithara dedit." HOR.

A SWAIN, whose soul the tuneful Nine inflame,
As to his western goal the sun declin'd,
Sung to the listening shades no common theme;
While the hoarse breathings of the hollow wind,
And deep resounding surge, in concert join'd.
Deep was the surge, and deep the plaintive song,
While all the solemn scene in mute attention [hung.
Nor thou, fair victim of so just a woe!
Though still the pangs of nature swell thy heart,
Disdain the faithful muse; whose numbers flow
Sacred, alas! to sympathetic smart:
For in thy griefs the muses claim a part;
'Tis all they can, in social tears to mourn,
And deck with cypress wreaths thy dear paternal urn.

The swain began, while conscious echoes round
Protract to sadder length his doleful lay:

* Occasioned by a series of interesting events which happened at Dumfries on Friday, June 12, 1752, particularly that of her father's death.

"Roll on, ye streams, in cadence more profound;
Ye humid vapours, veil the face of day;
O'er all the mournful plain
Let night and sorrow reign:
For Pan indignant from his fields retires,
Once haunts of gay delight;
Now every sense they fright,
Resound with shrieks of woe, and blaze with funeral fires.

What though the radiant sun and clement sky
Alternate warmth and showers dispense below;
Though spring presages to the careful eye,
That autumn copious with her fruits shall glow?
For us in vain her choicest blessings flow;
To ease the bleeding heart, alas! in vain
Rich swells the purple grape, or waves the golden grain.

What summer-breeze, on swiftest pinions borne,
From fate's relentless hand its prey can save?
What sun in death's dark regions wake the morn,
Or warm the cold recesses of the grave? [heave
Ah, wretched man! whose breast scarce learns to
With kindling life; when, ere thy bud is blown,
Eternal winter breathes, and all its sweets are gone.

Thou all-enlivening flame, intensely bright!
Whose sacred beams illume each wandering sphere,
That through high heaven reflects thy trembling light,
Conducting round this globe the varied year;
As thou pursu'st thy way,
Let this revolving day,

Deep-ting'd with conscious gloom, roll slow along:
In sable pomp array'd,
Let night diffuse her shade,
Nor sport the cheerless hind, nor chaunt the vocal throng.

Scarce, from the ardour of the mid-day gleam,
Had languid nature in the cool respir'd;
Scarce, by the margin of the silver stream,
Faint sung the birds in verdant shades retir'd;
Scarce, o'er the thirsty field with sun-shine fir'd,
Had evening gales the sportive wing essay'd,
When sounds of hopeless woe the silent scene invade.

Sophronia, long for every virtue dear
That grac'd the wife, the mother, or the friend,
Depriv'd of life, now press'd the mournful bier,
In sad procession to the tomb sustain'd.
Ah me! in vain to heaven and earth complain'd
With tender cries her numerous orphan train;
The tears of wedded love profuse were shed in vain.

For her, was grief on every face impress'd;
For her, each bosom heav'd with tender sighs:
A husband late with all her virtues bless'd,
And weeping race in sad ideas rise:
For her, depress'd and pale,
Your charms, ye Graces, veil,
Whom to adorn was once your chief delight:
Ye virtues, all deplore
Your image, now no more,
And Hymen quench thy torch in tears and endless night.

Nor yet these dismal prospects disappear,
When o'er the weeping plain new horrors rise,
And louder accents pierce each frighted ear,
Accents of grief, embitter'd by surprise!
Frantic with woe, at once the tumult flies,
  To snatch Adonis wash'd along the stream,
  And all the' extended bank re-echoes to his name.

Rang'd on the brink the weeping matrons stand,
The lovely wreck of fortune to survey,
While o'er the flood he wav'd his beauteous hand,
Or in convulsive anguish struggling lay.
By slow degrees they view'd his force decay,
  In fruitless efforts to regain the shore:
  They view'd and mourn'd his fate: O Heaven!
      they could no more.

Ye Naiads, guardians of the fatal flood,
Was beauty, sweetness, youth, no more your care?
For beauty, sweetness, youth, your pity woo'd,
Powerful to charm, if fate could learn to spare.
      Stretch'd on cold earth he lies:
      While, in his closing eyes,
No more the heaven-illumin'd lustre shines;
      His cheek, once nature's pride,
      With blooming roses dy'd,
To unrelenting fate its opening blush resigns.

Dear hapless youth! what felt thy mother's heart,
When in her view thy lifeless form was laid?
Such anguish when the soul and body part.
Such agonizing pangs the frame invade,
Was there no hand (she cried) my child to aid?

Could Heav'n and earth unmov'd his fall survey,
Nor from the' insatiate waves redeem their lovely prey?

Did I for this my tenderest cares employ,
To nourish and improve thy early bloom?
Are all my rising hopes, my promis'd joy,
Extinct in death's inexorable gloom?
No more shall life those faded charms relume,
Dear ripening sweetness! sunk no more to rise!
Thee nature mourns, like me, with fond maternal eyes.

Fortune and life, your gifts how insecure!
How fair you promise! but how ill perform!
Like tender fruit, they perish premature,
Scorch'd by the beam, or whelm'd beneath the storm.
For thee a fate more kind
Thy mother's hopes assign'd,
Than thus to sink in early youth deplor'd:
But late thou fled'st my sight,
Thy parent's dear delight!
And art thou to my arms, ah! art thou thus restor'd?

Severe these ills; yet heavier still impend,
That wound with livelier grief the smarting soul:
As, ere the long-collected storm descend,
Red lightnings flash, and thunder shakes the pole;
Portentous, solemn, loud its murmurs roll:
While from the subject field the trembling hind
Views instant ruin threat the labours of mankind.

For scarce the bitter sigh and deepening groan
In fainter cadence died away in air,

When, lo! by fate a deadlier shaft was thrown,
Which open'd ev'ry source of deep despair:
As yet our souls those recent sorrows share,
Swift from the' adjacent field Menalcas flies,
While grief impels his steps, and tears bedew
his eyes.

Weep on, (he cried) let tears no measure know;
Hence from those fields let pleasure wing her way:
Ye shades, be hallow'd from this hour to woe:
No more with summer's pride, ye meads, be gay.
Ah! why, with sweetness crown'd,
Should summer smile around?
Philanthes now is number'd with the dead:
Young health, all drown'd in tears,
A livid paleness wears;
Dim are her radiant eyes, and all her roses fade.

Him bright Hygeia, in life's early dawn,
Through nature's fav'rite walks with transport led,
Through woods umbrageous, or the op'ning lawn,
Or where fresh fountains lave the flow'ry mead:
There summer's treasures to his view display'd,
What herbs and flowers salubrious juice bestow,
Along the lowly vale, or mountain's arduous brow.

The paralytic nerve his art confess'd,
Quick-panting asthma, and consumption pale:
Corrosive pain he soften'd into rest,
And bade the fever's rage no more prevail.
Unhappy art! decreed at last to fail,
Why linger'd then thy salutary pow'r,
Nor from a life so dear repell'd the destin'd hou ?

Your griefs, O love and friendship, how severe!
When high to heaven his soul pursued her flight;
Your moving plaints still vibrate on my ear,
Still the sad vision swims before my sight.
O'er all the mournful scene,
Inconsolable pain,
In every various form, appear'd express'd,
The tear-distilling eye,
The long, deep, broken sigh,
Dissolv'd each tender soul, and heav'd in every breast.

Such were their woes, and oh! how just, how due!
What tears could equal such immense distress?
Time, cure of lighter ills, must ours renew,
And years the sense of what we lose increase.
From whom shall now the wretched hope redress?
Religion, where a nobler subject find,
So favour'd of the skies, so dear to human kind?

Fair friendship, smiling on his natal hour,
The babe selected in her sacred train;
She bade him round diffusive blessings show'r,
And in his bosom fix'd her favourite fane,
In glory thence how long, yet how serene,
Her vital influence spreads its cheering rays!
Worth felt the genial beam, and ripen'd in the blaze.

As lucid streams refresh the smiling plain,
Opening the flowers that on their borders grow;
As grateful to the herb, descending rain,
That shrunk and wither'd in the solar glow:
So, when his voice was heard,
Affliction disappear'd;

Pleasure with ravish'd ears imbib'd the sound;
Grief with its sweetness sooth'd,
Each cloudy feature smooth'd,
And ever-waking care forgot the' eternal wound.

Such elegance of taste, such graceful ease,
Infus'd by Heaven, through all his manners shone;
In him it seem'd to join whate'er could please,
And plan the full perfection from its own:
He other fields and other swains had known,
Gentle as those of old by Phœbus* taught,
When polish'd with his lute, like him they spoke and thought.

Thus form'd alike to bless, and to be bless'd,
Such heavenly graces kindred graces found;
Her gentle turn the same, the same her taste,
With equal worth and equal candour crown'd:
Long may she search creation's ample round,
The joys of such a friendship to explore;
But, once in him expir'd, to joy she lives no more.

As nature to her works supremely kind,
His tender soul with all the parent glow'd,
On all his race, his goodness unconfin'd,
One full exhaustless stream of fondness flow'd;
Pleas'd as each genius rose,
New prospects to disclose,

* He was said to polish the swains, when, in revenge for forging the bolt which killed his son, he slew the Cyclops, and was doomed to keep the flocks of Admetus.

To form the mind, and raise its generous aim;
His thoughts, with virtue warm'd,
At once inspir'd and charm'd;
His looks, his words, his smiles, transfus'd the sacred flame.

Say ye, whose minds for long revolving years
The joys of sweet society have known,
Whose mutual fondness every hour endears,
Whose pains, whose pleasures, and whose souls are one;
O! say, for you can judge, and you alone,
What anguish pierc'd his widow'd consort's heart,
When from her dearer self for ever doom'd to part.

His children to the scene of death repair,
While more than filial sorrow bathes their eyes;
He smiles indulgent, his paternal care,
In sadly-pleasing recollection rise:
But young Dorinda, with distinguish'd sighs,
Effusing all her soul in soft regret,
Seems, while she mourns his loss, to share a father's fate.

Whether the day its wonted course renew'd,
Or midnight vigils wrapt the world in shade,
Her tender task assiduous she pursued,
To sooth his anguish, or his wants to aid;
To soften every pain,
The meaning look explain,
And scan the forming wish ere yet express'd:
The dying father smil'd,
With fondness on his child,
And, when his tongue was mute, his eyes her goodness bless'd.

At length, fair mourner, cease thy rising woe:
Its object still surviving seeks the skies,
Where brighter suns in happier climates glow,
And ampler scenes with heightening charms surprise;
There perfect life thy much-lov'd sire enjoys,
The life of gods, exempt from grief and pain,
Where, in immortal breasts, immortal transports reign.

Ye mourning swains, your loud complaints forbear;
Still he, the genius of our green retreat,
Shall with benignant care our labours cheer,
And banish far each shock of adverse fate;
Mild suns and gentle showers on spring shall wait,
His hand with every fruit shall autumn store:
In Heaven your patron reigns, ye shepherds weep no more!

Henceforth his power shall with your Lares* join,
To bid your cots with peace and pleasure smile;
To bid disease and languor cease to pine,
And fair abundance crown each rural toil:
While birds their lays resume,
And spring her annual bloom,
Let verdant wreaths his sacred tomb adorn;
To him, each rising day,
Devout libations pay:
In Heaven your patron reigns; no more, ye shepherds, mourn.

* Domestic gods.

THE WISH.

AN ELEGY.

"Felices ter, et amplius,
Quos irrupta tenet copula, nec malis
Divulsus querimoniis
Suprema citius solvet amor die." HOR.

Let others travel, with incessant pain,
The wealth of earth and ocean to secure;
Then, with fond hopes, caress the precious bane;
In grandeur abject, and in affluence poor.

But, soon, too soon, in fancy's timid eyes,
Wild waves shall roll, and conflagrations spread;
While bright in arms, and of gigantic size,
The fear-form'd robber haunts the thorny bed.

Let me, in dreadless poverty retir'd,
The real joys of life unenvied, share;
Favour'd by love, and by the muse inspir'd,
I'll yield to wealth its jealousy and care.

On rising ground, the prospect to command,
Unting'd with smoke, where vernal breezes blow,
In rural neatness let my cottage stand;
Here wave a wood, and there a river flow.

Oft from the neighbouring hills and pastures round,
Let sheep with tender bleat salute my ear;
Nor fox insidious haunt the guiltless ground,
Nor man pursue the trade of murder near:

Far hence, kind Heaven! expel the savage train,
  Inur'd to blood, and eager to destroy;
Who pointed steel with recent slaughter stain,
  And place in groans and death their cruel joy.

Ye powers of social life and tender song!
  To you devoted shall my fields remain;
Here undisturb'd the peaceful day prolong,
  Nor own a smart but love's delightful pain.

For you, my trees shall wave their leafy shade;
  For you, my gardens tinge the lenient air;
For you, be autumn's blushing gifts display'd,
  And all that nature yields of sweet or fair.

But Oh! if plaints, which love and grief inspire,
  In heavenly breasts could e'er compassion find;
Grant me, ah! grant my heart's supreme desire,
  And teach my dear Urania to be kind.

For her, black sadness clouds my brightest day;
  For her, in tears the midnight vigils roll;
For her, cold horrors melt my powers away,
  And chill the living vigour of my soul.

Beneath her scorn each youthful ardour dies,
  Its joys, its wishes, and its hopes expire;
In vain the fields of science tempt my eyes;
  In vain for me the muses string the lyre.

O! let her oft my humble dwelling grace,
  Humble no more, if there she deign to shine;
For Heaven, unlimited by time or place,
  Still waits on godlike worth and charms divine.

Amid the cooling fragrance of the morn,
  How swect with her through lonely fields to stray!
Her charms the loveliest landscape shall adorn,
  And add new glories to the rising day.

With her all nature shines in heighten'd bloom;
  The silver stream in sweeter music flows;
Odours more rich the fanning gales perfume;
  And deeper tinctures paint the spreading rose.

With her the shades of night their horrors lose,
  Its deepest silence charms if she be by;
Her voice the music of the dawn renews,
  Its lambent radiance sparkles in her eye.

How sweet with her, in wisdom's calm recess,
  To brighten soft desire with wit refin'd;
Kind nature's laws with sacred Ashley trace,
  And view the fairest features of the mind!

Or borne on Milton's flight, as Heaven sublime,
  View its full blaze in open prospect glow;
Bless the first pair in Eden's happy clime,
  Or drop the human tear for endless woe.

And, when in virtue and in peace grown old,
  No arts the languid lamp of life restore;
Her let me grasp with hands convuls'd and cold,
  Till every nerve relax'd can hold no more:

Long, long on her my dying eyes suspend,
  Till the last beam shall vibrate on my sight;
Then soar where only greater joys attend,
  And bear her image to eternal light.

Fond man, ah! whither would thy fancy rove?
  'Tis thine to languish in unpitied smart;
'Tis thine, alas! eternal scorn to prove,
  Nor feel one gleam of comfort warm thy heart.

But if my fair this cruel law impose,
  Pleas'd, to her will I all my soul resign;
To walk beneath the burden of my woes,
  Or sink in death, nor at my fate repine.

Yet when, with woes unmingled and sincere,
  To earth's cold womb in silence I descend;
Let her, to grace my obsequies, appear,
  And with the weeping throng her sorrows blend.

Ah! no; be all her hours with pleasure crown'd,
  And all her soul from every anguish free:
Should my sad fate that gentle bosom wound,
  The joys of Heaven would be no joys to me.

ELEGY,

TO THE MEMORY OF CONSTANTIA.*

"His saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani
Munere."——— VIRGIL.

By the pale glimmer of the conscious moon,
When slumber, on the humid eyes of woe,
Sheds its kind lenitive; what mournful voice
So sadly sweet, on my attentive ear,

* An accomplished, but unfortunate young lady, of the city of Edinburgh, having (without the consent of her father) married a gentleman, who carried her to the West Indies; she was there cruelly forsaken by him, and lost her life by a mistaken medicine.

Its moving plaint effuses: like the song
Of Philomel, when through the vocal air,
Impell'd by deep inconsolable grief,
She breathes her soft, her melancholy strain;
And nature with religious silence hears?
'Tis she; my wandering senses recognise
The well-known charm, and all my listening soul
Is expectation. O! 'tis that dear voice,
Whose gentle accents charm'd my happier days;
Ere sharp affliction's iron hand had prest
Her vernal youth, and sunk her with the blow.
  Tell me, thou heavenly excellence! whose form
Still rises to my view, whose melting song
For ever echoes on my trembling ear,
Delightful ev'n in misery; O say!
What bright distinguish'd mansion in the sky
Receives thy suffering virtue from the storm,
That on thy tender blossom pour'd its rage?
Early, alas! too early didst thou feel
Its most tempestuous fury. From the calm,
The soft serenity of life, how led
An unsuspecting victim! every blast
Pierc'd to thy inmost soul, amid the waste
Of cruel fortune left to seek thy way
Unshelter'd and alone; while to thy groans
No generous ear reclin'd, no friendly roof,
With hospitable umbrage, entertain'd
Thy drooping sweetness, uninur'd to pain.
That liberal hand, which, to the tortur'd sense
Of anguish, comfort's healing balm applied,
To Heaven and earth extended, vainly now
Implores the consolation once it gave,
Nor suppliant meets redress. That eye benign,
The seat of mercy, which to each distress,

Ev'n by thy foe sustain'd, the gentle tear
A willing tribute paid, now fruitless weeps,
Nor gains that pity it so oft bestow'd.
  Thou loveliest sacrifice that ever fell
To perfidy and unrelenting hate!
How, in the hour of confidence and hope,
When love and expectation to thy heart
Spoke peace, and plac'd felicity in view;
How fled the bright illusion, and at once
Forsook thee, plung'd in exquisite despair?
Thy friends, the insects of a summer-gale
That sport and flutter in the mid-day beam
Of gay prosperity, or from the flowers,
That in her sunshine bloom, with ardour suck
Sweetness unearn'd; thy temporary friends,
Or blind with headlong fury, or abus'd
By every gross imposture, or supine,
Lull'd by the songs of ease and pleasure, saw
Thy bitter destiny with cool regard.
Thy wrongs ev'n nature's voice proclaim'd in vain;
Deaf to her tender importuning call,
And all the father in his soul extinct,
Thy parent sat; while on thy guiltless head
Each various torment, that embitters life,
Exhausted all their force; and, to ensure
Their execrable conquest, black and fell,
Ev'n as her native region, slander join'd;
And o'er thy virtue, spotless as the wish
Of infant souls, inexorable breath'd
Her pestilential vapour. Hence, fair truth,
Persuasive as the tongue of seraphs, urg'd
Unheard the cause of innocence; the blush
Of fickle friendship hence forgot to glow.
  Meanwhile from these retreats with hapless speed,

By every hope and every wish impell'd,
Thy steps explor'd protection. Whence explor'd?
Ah me! from whom, and to what cursed arms
Wert thou betray'd: unfeeling as the rock
Which splits the vessel; while its helpless crew,
With shrieks of horror, deprecate their fate?
O earth! O righteous Heaven! could'st thou behold,
While yet thy patient hand the thunder grasp'd,
Nor hurl'd the flaming vengeance; could'st thou see
The violated vow, the marriage rite
Profan'd, and all the sacred ties, which bind
Or God or man, abandon'd to the scorn
Of vice, by long impunity confirm'd?
But thou, perfidious! tremble.—If on high
The hand of justice with impartial scale
Each word, each action poises, and exacts
Severe atonement from the' offending heart;
Oh! what hast thou to dread? what endless pangs,
What deep damnation must thy soul endure?
On earth 'twas thine to perpetrate a crime,
From whose grim visage guilt of shameless brow,
Ev'n in its wild career, might shrink appall'd;
'Tis thine to fear hereafter, if not feel,
Plagues that in hell no precedent can boast.
Ev'n in the silent, safe domestic hour,
Ev'n in the scene of tenderness and peace,
Remorse, more fierce than all the fiends below,
In fancy's ears, shall with a thousand tongues
Thunder despair and ruin: all her snakes
Shall rear their speckled crests aloft in air,
With ceaseless horrid hiss; shall brandish quick
Their forky tongues, or roll their kindling eyes
With sanguine, fiery glare. Ev'n while each sense
Glows with the rapture of tumultuous joy,

The tears of injur'd beauty, the complaints
Of truth immaculate, by thee expos'd
To wrongs unnumber'd, shall disturb thy bliss;
Shall freeze thy blood with fear, and to thy sight
Anticipate the' impending wrath of Heaven.
In sleep, kind pause of being! when the nerve
Of toil unbends, when, from the heart of care,
Retires the sated vulture, when disease
And disappointment quaff Lethean draughts
Of sweet oblivion; from his charge unbless'd,
Shall speed thy better angel: to thy dreams
The' infernal gulf shall open, and disclose
Its latent horrors. O'er the burning lake
Of blue sulphureous gleam, the piercing shriek,
The scourge incessant, and the clanking chain,
Shall scare thee ev'n to frenzy. On thy mind
Its fiercest flames shall prey; while from its depth
Some gnashing fury beckons thy approach,
And, thirsty of perdition, waits to plunge
Thy naked soul ten thousand fathoms down,
Amidst the boiling surges. Such their fate,
Whose hearts, indocile to the sacred lore
Of wisdom, truth, and virtue, banish far
The cry of soft compassion; nor can taste
Beatitude supreme in giving joy!
Thy race, the product of a lawless flame,
Ev'n while thy fond imagination plans
Their future grandeur, in thy mock'd embrace
Shall prematurely perish; or survive
To feel their father's infamy, and curse
The tainted origin from which they sprung.
For, Oh! thy soul no soft compunction knew,
When that fair form, where all the graces liv'd,
Perfection's brightest triumph, from thy breast,

The sport of milder winds and seas, was thrown,
To glow or shiver in the keen extremes
Of every various climate: when that cheek,
Ting'd with the blush of heaven's unfading rose,
Grew pale with pining anguish; when that voice,
By angels tun'd to harmony and love,
Trembled with agony; and, in thine ear,
Utter'd the last extremity of woe.

From foreign bounty she obtain'd that aid
Which friendship, love, humanity, at home
Denied her blasted worth. From foreign hands
Her glowing lips receiv'd the cooling draught,
To sooth the fever's rage. From foreign eyes
The tear, by nature, love, and friendship due,
Flow'd copious o'er the wreck, whose charms, in [death,
Still blooming, at the hand of ruin smil'd.
Destin'd, alas! in foreign climes to leave
Her pale remains unhonour'd; while the hearse
Of wealthy guilt, emblazon'd, boasts the pride
Of painted heraldry, and sculptur'd stone
Protects or flatters its detested fame.
Vain trappings of mortality! When these
Shall crumble, like the worthless dust they hide;
Then thou, dear spirit! in immortal joy,
Crown'd with intrinsic honours, shalt appear;
And God himself, to listening worlds, proclaim
Thy injur'd tenderness, thy faith unstain'd,
Thy mildness long insulted, and thy worth
Severely tried, and found at last sincere.

But where, Oh! where shall art or nature find,
For smarting sorrow's ever recent wound,
Some bless'd restorative; whose powerful charm
May sooth thy friend's regret, within his breast
Suspend the sigh spontaneous, bid the tear,

By sad reflection prompted, cease to fall!
These, still as moments, days, and years revolve,
A consecrated offering, shall attend
Thy dear idea uneffac'd by time:
Till the pale night of destiny obscure
Life's wasting taper; till each torpid sense
Feel death's chill hand, and grief complain no more.

A SOLILOQUY:

OCCASIONED BY THE AUTHOR'S ESCAPE FROM FALLING INTO A DEEP WELL,

Where he must have been irrecoverably lost, if a favourite Lap-dog had not; by the sound of its feet upon the board with which the Well was covered, warned him of his danger.

"Quid quisque viret, nunquam homini satis
Cautum est in horas."——— HORAT.

WHERE am I!—O Eternal Power of Heaven!
Relieve me; or, amid the silent gloom,
Can danger's cry approach no generous ear,
Prompt to redress the' unhappy? O my heart!
What shall I do, or whither shall I turn?
Will no kind hand, benevolent as Heav'n,
Save me, involv'd in peril and in night!
Erect with horror stands my bristling hair;
My tongue forgets its motion: strength forsakes
My trembling limbs; my voice, impell'd in vain,
No passage finds; cold, cold as death, my blood,

Keen as the breath of winter, chills each vein.
For on the verge, the awful verge of fate
Scarce fix'd I stand; and one progressive step
Had plung'd me down, unfathomably deep,
To gulfs impervious to the cheerful sun
And fragrant breeze; to that abhor'd abode,
Where silence and oblivion, sisters drear!
With cruel death confederate empire hold,
In desolation and primeval gloom. [horror,
Ha! what unmans me thus? what, more than
Relaxes every nerve, untunes my frame,
And chills my inmost soul?—Be still, my heart!
Nor fluttering thus, in vain attempt to burst
The barrier firm, by which thou art confin'd.
Resume your functions, limbs! restrain those knees
From smiting thus each other Rouse, my soul!
Assert thy native dignity, and dare
To brave this king of terrors; to confront
His cloudy brow, and unrelenting frown,
With steady scorn, in conscious triumph hold.
Reason, that beam of uncreated day,
That ray of Deity, by God's own breath
Infus'd and kindled, reason will dispel
Those fancied terrors: reason will instruct thee,
That death is Heaven's kind interposing hand,
To snatch thee timely from impending woe;
From aggregated misery, whose pangs
Can find no other period but the grave.
For Oh!—while others gaze on nature's face,
The verdant vale, the mountains, woods, and
Or, with delight ineffable, survey [streams:
The sun, bright image of his parent God;
The seasons, in majestic order, round
This varied globe revolving; young-ey'd spring.

Profuse of life and joy; summer, adorn'd
Withkeen effulgence,brightening heaven and earth;
Autumn, replete with nature's various boon,
To bless the toiling hind; and winter, grand
With rapid storms, convulsing nature's frame:
Whilst others view heaven's all-involving arch,
Bright with unnumber'd worlds; and lost in joy,
Fair order and utility behold;
Or, unfatigued, the' amazing chain pursue,
Which, in one vast all-comprehending whole,
Unites the' immense stupendous works of God,
Conjoining part with part, and through the frame
Diffusing sacred harmony and joy:
To me those fair vicissitudes are lost,
And grace and beauty blotted from my view.*
The verdant vale, the mountains,woods, and streams,
One horrid blank appear; the young-ey'd spring,
Effulgent summer, autumn deck'd in wealth
To bless the toiling hind, and winter grand
With rapid storms, revolve in vain for me:
Nor the bright sun, nor all-embracing arch
Of heaven, shall e'er these wretched orbs behold.
O beauty, harmony! ye sister train
Of graces; you, who, in the' admiring eye
Of God your charms display'd, ere yet, transcrib'd
On nature's form, your heavenly features shone:
Why are you snatch'd for ever from my sight,
Whilst, in your stead, a boundless waste expanse
Of undistinguish'd horror covers all?
Wide o'er my prospect rueful darkness breathes
Her inauspicious vapour; in whose shade,
Fear, grief, and anguish, natives of her reign,

* The author had the misfortune to lose his sight by the small-pox, when he was only six months old.

In social sadness, gloomy vigils keep:
With them I walk, with them still doom'd to share
Eternal blackness, without hopes of dawn.
Hence oft the hand of ignorance and scorn,
To barbarous mirth abandon'd, points me out
With idiot grin: the supercilious eye
Oft, from the noise and glare of prosperous life,
On my obscurity diverts its gaze,
Exulting; and, with wanton pride elate,
Felicitates its own superior lot:
Inhuman triumph! hence the piercing taunt
Of titled insolence inflicted deep.
Hence the warm blush that paints ingenuous shame,
By conscious want inspir'd; the' unpitied pang
Of love and friendship slighted. Hence the tear
Of impotent compassion, when the voice
Of pain, by others felt, quick smites my heart,
And rouses all its tenderness in vain.
All these, and more, on this devoted head,
Have with collected bitterness been pour'd.
Nor end my sorrows here. The sacred fane
Of knowledge, scarce accessible to me,
With heart-consuming anguish I behold;
Knowledge, for which my soul insatiate burns
With ardent thirst. Nor can these useless hands,
Untutor'd in each life-sustaining art,
Nourish this wretched being, and supply
Frail nature's wants, that short cessation know.
Where* now, ah! where is that supporting arm
Which to my weak, unequal infant steps,
Its kind assistance lent? Ah! where that love,

* The character here drawn is that of the author's father, whose unforeseen fate had just before happened: he was killed by the fall of a malt-kiln.

That strong assiduous tenderness, which watch'd
My wishes yet scarce form'd; and, to my view,
Unimportun'd, like all-indulging Heav'n,
Their objects brought? Ah! where that gentle voice
Which, with instruction, soft as summer dews
Or fleecy snows, descending on my soul,
Distinguish'd every hour with new delight?
Ah! where that virtue, which amid the storms,
The mingled horrors of tumultuous life,
Untainted, unsubdued, the shock sustain'd?
So firm the oak which, in eternal night,
As deep its root extends, as high to heaven
Its top majestic rises: such the smile
Of some benignant angel, from the throne
Of God despatch'd, ambassador of peace;
Who on his look impress'd his message bears,
And, pleas'd, from earth averts impending ill.
Alas! no wife thy parting kisses shar'd:
From thy expiring lips no child receiv'd
Thy last, dear blessing, and thy last advice.
Friend, father, benefactor, all at once,
In thee forsook me, an unguarded prey
For every storm, whose lawless fury roars
Beneath the azure concave of the sky,
To toss, and on my head exhaust its rage.
Dejecting prospect! soon the hapless hour
May come; perhaps this moment it impends,
Which drives me forth to penury and cold,
Naked, and beat by all the storms of heaven,
Friendless and guideless to explore my way;
Till on cold earth this poor unshelter'd head
Reclining, vainly from the ruthless blast
Respite I beg, and in the shock expire.
Me miserable! wherefore, O my soul!
Was, on such hard conditions, life desir'd?

One step, one friendly step, without thy guilt,
Had plac'd me safe in thy profound recess,
Where, undisturb'd, eternal quiet reigns,
And sweet forgetfulness of grief and care.
Why, then, my coward soul! didst thou recoil?
Why shun the final exit of thy woe?
Why shiver at approaching dissolution?
  Say, why, by nature's unresisted force,
Is every being, where volition reigns
And active choice, impell'd to shun their fate,
And dread destruction as the worst of ills;
Say, why they shrink, why fly, why fight, why risk
Precarious life, to lengthen out its date,
Which, lengthen'd, is at best protracted pain?
Say, by what mystic charms can life allure
Unnumber'd beings, who, beneath me far
Plac'd in the' extensive scale of nature, want
Those blessings Heaven accumulates on me?
Blessings superior; though the blaze of day
Pours on their sight its soul-refreshing stream,
To me extinct in everlasting shades:
Yet heaven-taught music, at whose powerful voice
Corrosive care and anguish, charm'd to peace,
Forsake the heart, and yield it all to joy,
Ne'er soothes their pangs. To their insensate view
Knowledge in vain her fairest treasure spreads.
To them the noblest gift of bounteous Heav'n,
Sweet conversation, whose enlivening force
Elates, distends, and, with unfading strength,
Inspires the soul, remains for ever lost.
The sacred sympathy of social hearts;
Benevolence, supreme delight of heaven;
The' extensive wish, which in one wide embrace
All beings circles, when the swelling soul
Partakes the joys of God; ne'er warms their breasts.

As yet my soul ne'er felt the' oppressive weight
Of indigence unaided; swift redress,
Beyond the daring flight of hope, approach'd,
And every wish of nature amply bless'd,
Though, o'er the future series of my fate,
Ill omens seem to brood, and stars malign
To blend their baleful fire: oft, while the sun
Darts boundless glory through the' expanse of heaven,
A gloom of congregated vapours rise,
Than night more dreadful in her blackest shroud,
And o'er the face of things incumbent hang,
Portending tempest; till the source of day
Again asserts the empire of the sky,
And, o'er the blotted scene of nature, throws
A keener splendour. So, perhaps that care,
Through all creation felt, but most by man,
Which hears with kind regard the tender sigh
Of modest want, may dissipate my fears,
And bid my hours a happier flight assume.
Perhaps, enlivening hope! perhaps my soul
May drink at wisdom's fountain, and allay
Her unextinguish'd ardour in the stream:
Wisdom, the constant magnet, where each wish,
Set by the hand of nature, ever points,
Restless and faithful, as the' attractive force
By which all bodies to the centre tend.

What then! because the' indulgent sire of all
Has, in the plan of things, prescrib'd my sphere;
Because consummate Wisdom thought not fit,
In affluence and pomp, to bid me shine;
Shall I regret my destiny, and curse
That state, by Heaven's paternal care, design'd
To train me up for scenes, with which compar'd,
These ages, measur'd by the orbs of heaven,

In blank annihilation fade away?
For scenes, where, finish'd by the' Almighty art,
Beauty and order open to the sight
In vivid glory; where the faintest rays
Out-flash the splendour of our mid-day sun?
Say, shall the Source of all, who first assign'd
To each constituent of this wonderous frame
Its proper powers, its place and action due,
With due degrees of weakness, whence results
Concord ineffable; shall he reverse
Or disconcert the universal scheme,
The general good, to flatter selfish pride
And blind desire?—Before the' Almighty voice
From non-existence call'd me into life,
What claim had I to being? what to shine
In this high rank of creatures, form'd to climb
The steep ascent of virtue, unrelax'd,
Till infinite perfection crown their toil?
Who, conscious of their origin divine,
Eternal order, beauty, truth, and good,
Perceive, like their great Parent, and admire.
  Hush! then, my heart, with pious cares suppress
This timid pride, and impotence of soul:
Learn now, why all those multitudes which crowd
This spacious theatre, and gaze on heaven,
Invincibly averse to meet their fate,
Avoid each danger; know this sacred truth;
All-perfect Wisdom, on each living soul,
Engrav'd this mandate, "to preserve their frame,
And hold entire the general orb of being."
Then, with becoming reverence let each pow'r,
In deep attention, hear the voice of God;
That awful voice, which, speaking to the soul,
Commands its resignation to his law!

For this, has heav'n to virtue's glorious stage
Call'd me, and plac'd the garland in my view,
The wreath of conquest; basely to desert
The part assign'd me, and with dastard fear,
From present pain, the cause of future bliss,
To shrink into the bosom of the grave?
How then is gratitude's vast debt repaid?
Where all the tender offices of love
Due to fraternal man, in which the heart
Each blessing it communicates enjoys?
How then shall I obey the first great law
Of nature's Legislator, deep impress'd
With double sanction, restless fear of death,
And fondness still to breathe this vital air?
Nor is the' injunction hard; who would not sink
A while in tears and sorrow, then emerge
With tenfold lustre, triumph o'er his pain,
And with unfading glory shine in heav'n?
Come then, my little guardian genius! cloth'd
In that familiar form, my Phylax, come!
Let me caress thee, hug thee to my heart,
Which beats with joy of life preserv'd by thee.
Had not thy interposing fondness stay'd
My blind precipitation, now, ev'n now,
My soul, by nature's sharpest pangs expel'd,
Had left this frame; had pass'd the dreadful bound,
Which life from death divides, divides this scene
From vast eternity, whose deep'ning shades,
Impervious to the sharpest mortal sight,
Elude our keenest search—But still I err.
Howe'er thy grateful undesigning heart,
In ills foreseen, with promptitude might aid;
Yet this, beyond thy utmost reach of thought,
Not ev'n remotely distant couldst thou view.
Secure thy steps the fragile board could press,

Nor feel the least alarm, where I had sunk;
Nor couldst thou judge the awful depth below,
Which, from its watry bottom, to receive
My fall, tremendous yawn'd. Thy utmost skill,
Thy deepest penetration here had stopt
Short of its aim; and in the strong embrace
Of ruin struggling, left me to expire.
No—Heaven's high Sovereign, provident of all,
Thy passive organs moving, taught thee first
To check my heedless course, and hence I live.
  Eternal Providence! whose equal sway
Weighs each event, whose ever-wakeful care,
Connecting high with low, minute with great,
Attunes the wondrous whole, and bids each part
In one unbroken harmony conspire:
Hail! sacred Source of happiness and life!
Substantial Good, bright intellectual Sun!
To whom my soul, by sympathy innate,
Unwearied tends; and finds in thee alone,
Security, enjoyment, and repose.
By thee, O God! by thy paternal arm,
Through every period of my infant state,
Sustain'd I live to yield thee praises due.
O! could my lays, with heavenly raptures warm,
High as thy throne, re-echo to the songs
Of angels; thence, O! could my prayer obtain
One beam of inspiration, to inflame
And animate my numbers; Heaven's full choir,
In loftier strains, the' inspiring God might sing;
Yet not more ardent, more sincere than mine.
But though my voice, beneath the seraph's note,
Must check its feeble accents, low depress'd
By dull mortality: to thee, great Soul
Of heaven and earth! to thee my hallow'd strain
Of gratitude and praise shall still ascend.

EPITAPH ON HIS FATHER.

HERE drop, benevolence, thy sacred tear,
A friend of humankind reposes here;
A man content himself and God to know;
A heart, with every virtue form'd to glow:
Beneath each pressure uniformly great;
In life untainted; unsurpris'd by fate.
Such, though obscur'd by various ills, he shone;
Consol'd his neighbour's woes, and bore his own:
Heaven saw, and snatch'd from fortune's rage its prey,
To share the triumphs of eternal day.

TO MRS. ANNE BLACKLOCK,

THE AUTHOR'S MOTHER.

With a Copy of the Scotch Edition of his Poems.

O THOU! who gav'st me first this world to' explore,
Whose frame for me a mother's anguish bore;
For me, whose heart its vital current drain'd,
Whose bosom nurs'd me, and whose arms sustain'd:
What though thy son, dependent, weak and blind,
Deplore his wishes check'd, his hopes confin'd?
Though want, impending, cloud each cheerless day,
And death with life seem struggling for their prey?
Let this console, if not reward thy pain,
Unhappy he may live, but not in vain.

THE AUTHOR'S PICTURE.

While in my matchless graces wrapt I stand,
And touch each feature with a trembling hand;
Deign, lovely self! with art and nature's pride,
To mix the colours, and the pencil guide.
  Self is the grand pursuit of half mankind:
How vast a crowd by self, like me, are blind!
By self the fop in magic colours shown,
Though scorn'd by every eye, delights his own:
When age and wrinkles seize the conquering maid,
Self, not the glass, reflects the flattering shade.
Then, wonder-working self! begin the lay;
Thy charms to others as to me display.
  Straight is my person, but of little size;
Lean are my cheeks, and hollow are my eyes:
My youthful down is, like my talents, rare;
Politely distant stands each single hair.
My voice too rough to charm a lady's ear;
So smooth a child may listen without fear;
Not form'd in cadence soft and warbling lays,
To sooth the fair through pleasure's wanton ways.
My form so fine, so regular, so new,
My port so manly, and so fresh my hue;
Oft as I meet the crowd, they laughing say,
"See, see *Memento Mori* cross the way."
The ravish'd Proserpine at last, we know,
Grew fondly jealous of her sable beau;
But, thanks to nature! none from me need fly,
One heart the devil could wound—so cannot I.
  Yet though my person fearless may be seen,
There is some danger in my graceful mien:

For as some vessel, toss'd by wind and tide,
Bounds o'er the waves, and rocks from side to side;
In just vibration thus I always move:
This who can view, and not be forc'd to love?
  Hail! charming self! by whose propitious aid
My form in all its glory stands display'd:
Be present still; with inspiration kind,
Let the same faithful colours paint the mind.
  Like all mankind, with vanity I'm bless'd,
Conscious of wit I never yet possess'd.
To strong desires my heart an easy prey,
Oft feels their force, but never owns their sway.
This hour, perhaps, as death I hate my foe;
The next I wonder why I should do so.
Though poor, the rich I view with careless eye;
Scorn a vain oath, and hate a serious lie.
I ne'er for satire torture common sense;
Nor show my wit at God's nor man's expense.
Harmless I live, unknowing and unknown;
Wish well to all, and yet do good to none.
Unmerited contempt I hate to bear;
Yet on my faults, like others, am severe.
Dishonest flames my bosom never fire;
The bad I pity, and the good admire:
Fond of the muse, to her devote my days,
And scribble—not for pudding, but for praise.
  These careless lines if any virgin hears,
Perhaps, in pity to my joyless years,
She may consent a generous flame to own;
And I no longer sigh the nights alone.
But, should the fair, affected, vain or nice,
Scream with the fears inspir'd by frogs or mice;
Cry, "save us, Heaven! a spectre, not a man!"
Her hartshorn snatch, or interpose her fan:

If I my tender overture repeat;
O! may my vows her kind reception meet!
May she new graces on my form bestow,
And with tall honours dignify my brow!

EPIGRAM.

TO A GENTLEMAN, WHO ASKED MY SENTIMENTS OF HIM.

Dear Fabius! me if well you know,
You ne'er will take me for your foe;
If right yourself you comprehend,
You ne'er will take me for your friend.

ON PUNCH.

Hence! restless care and low design,
Hence! foreign compliments and wine;
Let generous Britons, brave and free,
Still boast their punch and honesty.
Life is a bumper fill'd by fate,
And we the guests who share the treat;
Where strong, insipid, sharp, and sweet,
Each other duly tempering meet.
Awhile with joy the scene is crown'd;
Awhile the catch and toast go round:
And when the full carouse is o'er,
Death puffs the lights and shuts the door.
Say then, physicians of each kind,
Who cure the body or the mind;
What harm in drinking can there be,
Since punch and life so well agree?

EPITAPH

ON A FAVOURITE LAP-DOG.

I NEVER bark'd when out of season;
I never bit without a reason;
I ne'er insulted weaker brother;
Nor wrong'd by force nor fraud another.
Though brutes are plac'd a rank below;
Happy for man could he say so!

TO A LADY,

WITH HAMMOND'S ELEGIES.

O, FORM'D at once to feel and to inspire
The noblest passions of the human breast,
Attend the accent of love's favourite lyre,
And let thy soul its moving force attest.

Expressive passion, in each sound convey'd,
Shall all its joy disclose, and all its smart;
Reason to modest tenderness persuade,
Smooth every thought, and tranquillize the heart.

False is that wisdom, impotent and vain,
Which scorns the sphere by Heaven to men as-[sign'd,
Which treats love's purest fires with mock disdain,
And, human, soars above the humankind.

Silent the muse of elegy remain'd,
Her plaints untaught by nature to renew,
Whilst sportive art delusive sorrows feign'd,
With how much ease distinguish'd from the true!

Ev'n polish'd Waller mourns the constant scorn,
  Of Saccharissa, and his fate, in vain:
With love his fancy, not his heart is torn;
  We praise his wit, but cannot share his pain.

Such force has nature, so supremely fair,
  With charms maternal her productions shine;
The vivid grace and unaffected air
  Proclaim them all her own and all divine.

Should youthful merit in such strains implore,
  Let beauty still vouchsafe a gentle tear.
What can the soul, with passion thrill'd, do more?
  The song must prove the sentiment sincere.

Cold cunning ne'er with animated strain,
  To other breasts can warmth unfelt impart:
We see her labour with industrious pain,
  And mock the turgid impotence of art.

ODE TO AMYNTA.

By folly led from snare to snare,
Of bitter grief, suspense and care,
  A voluntary prey:
With every flattering good resign'd,
Once more myself and peace to find,
  From thee I force my way.

Yet with reluctant step and slow,
From all that's dear while thus I go,
  Some pity let me claim!
Less smart the' expiring martyr feels,
While racks distend, or torturing wheels
  Tear his devoted frame.

Nor think, like infants prone to change,
From sordid views or weak revenge
  My resolutions flow:
'Tis God's, 'tis nature's great behest,
On every living soul impress'd,
  To seek relief from woe;

Nor yet explore with curious bent,
What, known, would but thy soul torment,
  And all its hopes betray:
When painful truths invade the mind,
Ev'n wisdom wishes to be blind,
  And hates the' officious ray.

Ye powers! who, cordial and serene,
Protect the dear domestic scene,
  To your retreats I fly;
At length, by yours, and reason's aid,
I may to rest this heart persuade,
  And wipe the tearful eye.

There nature, o'er the heart supreme,
Shall every tender wish reclaim,
  Where'er they fondly stray;
There friendship's arms my fall sustain,
When, languid with excess of pain,
  My fainting nerves give way.

With cadence soft the flowing stream,
The fawning breeze, the lambent gleam,
  Shall join their various power,
To bid each passion's rising tide
In philosophic ease subside,
  And sooth my pensive hour.

EXTEMPORE VERSES,

SPOKEN AT THE DESIRE OF A GENTLEMAN.

Thou, genius of connubial love, attend;
Let silent wonder all thy power suspend;
Whilst to thy glory I devote my lays,
And pour forth all my grateful heart in praise.
  In lifeless strains let vulgar satire tell,
That marriage oft is mix'd with Heaven and Hell,
That conjugal delight is sour'd with spleen,
And peace and war compose the varied scene;
My muse a truth sublimer can assert,
And sing the triumphs of a mutual heart.
Thrice happy they, who, through life's varied tide,
With equal peace and gentler motion glide;
Whom, though the wave of fortune sinks or swells,
One reason governs, and one wish impels;
Whose emulation is to love the best;
Who feels no bliss, but in each other bless'd;
Who know no pleasure but the joys they give,
Nor cease to love, but when they cease to live:
If fate these blessings in one lot combine,
Then let the' eternal page record them mine.

*TO THE REV. DR. OGILVIE.**

"I decus, i, nostrum, melioribus utere fatis." VIRGIL.

Dear to the muses and their tuneful train,
Whom, long pursued, I scarce at last regain;
Why should'st thou wonder, if, when life declines,
His antiquated lyre thy friend resigns.
Haply, when youth elate with native force,
Or emulation fires the generous horse,
He bounds, he springs, each nerve elastic strains,
And if not victor some distinction gains;
But should the careless master of the steed
Cherish no more his mettle or his speed,
Indignantly he shuns all future strife,
And wastes in indolent regret his life.
Such were his efforts, such his cold reward,
Whom once thy partial tongue pronounc'd a bard;
Excursive, on the gentle gales of spring,
He rov'd whilst favour imp'd his timid wing:
Exhausted genius now no more inspires,
But mourns abortive hopes and faded fires;
The short-liv'd wreath, which once his temples grac'd,
Fades at the sickly breath of squeamish taste;
Whilst darker days his fainting flames immure
In cheerless gloom and winter premature.
But thou, my friend, whom higher omens lead,
Bold to achieve, and mighty to succeed,

* The author of "Providence," and several other poems.

For whom fresh laurels, in eternal bloom,
Impregnate Heaven and earth with rich perfume;
Pursue thy destin'd course, assert thy fame;
Ev'n Providence shall vindicate thy claim:
Ev'n nature's wreck, resounding through thy lays,
Shall in its final crash proclaim thy praise.

TO A FRIEND,

OF WHOSE HEALTH AND SUCCESS THE AUTHOR HAD HEARD, AFTER A LONG ABSENCE.

Thou dearest of friends to my heart ever known,
Whose enjoyments and sufferings have still been
my own,
Since early we met in susceptible youth,
When glowing for virtue, and toiling for truth;
To God one petition, with steady regard,
With ardour incessant, my spirit prefer'd—
Thy life to protract, and thy blessings augment!
Now my wish is obtain'd, and my bosom content.
You ask, by what means I my livelihood gain,
And how my long conflict with fortune maintain?
The question is kind, yet I cannot tell why,
'Tis hard for a spirit like mine to reply.
If a friend with a friend must be free and sincere,
My vesture is simple, and sober my cheer;
But though few my resources, and vacant my purse,
One comfort is left me, things cannot be worse.
'Tis vain to repine, as philosophers say,
So I take what is offer'd, and live as I may;
To my wants, still returning, adapt my supplies,
And find in my hope what my fortune denies.

To the powerful and great had I keenly applied,
Had I toil'd for their pleasures, or flatter'd their pride; [flam'd,
In splendour and wealth I perhaps might have
For learning, for virtue, for every thing fam'd.
The gamester, the' informer, the quack, and the smuggler,
The bully, the player, the mimic, the juggler,
The dispenser of libels, the teller of fortunes,
And others of equal respect and importance,
Find high reputation and ample subsistence,
Whilst craving necessity stands at a distance.

But who could determine, in soundness of brain,
By priesthood, or poetry, life to sustain?
Our Maker to serve, or our souls to improve,
Are tasks self-rewarded, and labours of love.
Such with hunger and thirst are deservedly paid,
'Tis glorious to starve by so noble a trade:
'Tis guilt and ambition for priests to pretend
Their fame to advance, and their fortune amend;
Their fame and their fortune, by pious mankind,
Are such trifles esteem'd as no mortal should mind.
Nor less by the world is the heaven-gifted bard
In his visions abandon'd, to find his reward.
Can sensations of wretchedness ever invade
The breast which Apollo his temple has made?
On the top of Parnassus his hermitage lies;
And who can repine, when so near to the skies?
For him sweet ambrosia spontaneously grows;
For him Aganippe spontaneously flows.
Though the beverage be cool, and ethereal the diet,
Fine souls, thus regal'd, should be happy and quiet.
But I who substantial nutrition require,
Would rather the Muses should feed than inspire:

And whilst lofty Pindus my fancy explores,
To earth the wild fugitive hunger restores.
  Yet lest what I mean be obscurely express'd,
No call is unanswer'd, no wish unredress'd:
But other resources supplied what was wanting,
Less barren employments than preaching or chanting.
For thee, whom I glory to claim as my friend,
May stars more propitious thy labours attend;
On earth be thy prospect still smiling and bright,
And thy portion hereafter immortal delight!

ODE TO AURORA,

ON MELISSA'S BIRTH-DAY.

Of time and nature eldest born,
Emerge, thou rosy-finger'd morn,
Emerge, in purest dress array'd,
And chase from Heaven night's envious shade,
That I once more may, pleas'd, survey,
And hail Melissa's natal day.

Of time and nature eldest born,
Emerge, thou rosy-finger'd morn:
In order at the eastern gate
The hours to draw thy chariot wait;
Whilst zephyr, on his balmy wings,
Mild nature's fragrant tribute brings,
With odours sweet to strew thy way,
And grace the bland revolving day.

But as thou lead'st the radiant sphere,
That gilds its birth, and marks the year;

And as his stronger glories rise,
Diffus'd around the' expanded skies,
Till, cloth'd with beams serenely bright,
All Heaven's vast concave flames with light;
So when, through life's protracted day,
Melissa still pursues her way,
Her virtues with thy splendour vie,
Increasing to the mental eye:
Though less conspicuous, not less dear,
Long may they Bion's prospect cheer;
So shall his heart no more repine,
Bless'd with her rays, though robb'd of thine.

TO MELISSA.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1790.

Dear, welcome sharer of my breast,
Of friends the kindest and the best,
What numbers shall the muse employ,
To speak my gratitude and joy:
Twice ten times has the circling year,
And oftener, finish'd its career,
Since first in Hymen's sacred bands,
With mingled hearts, we join'd our hands.
  Auspicious hour! from whence I date
The brightest colours of my fate;
From whence felicity alone
To my dejected heart was known.
For then, my days from woe to screen,
Thy watchful tenderness was seen;
Not did its kind attentions miss
To heighten and improve my bliss.

Oft have I felt its pleasing power
Delude the solitary hour;
Oft has it charm'd the cruel smart,
When pain and anguish rack'd my heart.
Thus may our days which yet remain
Be free from bitterness and pain!
So limpid streams still purer grow,
For ever brightening as they flow.
When death must come, for come it will,
And I Heaven's purposes fulfil;
When heart with heart, and soul with soul,
Blending, I reach life's utmost goal;
When nature's debt this frame shall pay,
And earth receive my mortal clay;
Not unconcern'd shalt thou behold
My ashes mingling with the mold;
But drop a tear, and heave a sigh,
Yet hope to meet me in the sky;
When, life's continual sufferings o'er,
We joyful meet, to part no more.

SELECT POEMS

OF

DR. COTTON:

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

THE LIFE

OF

DR. COTTON.

OF Dr. Cotton's early history no account has been given. From a passage in one of his letters it may be concluded, with some degree of probability, that he was born in the year 1707, but in what county of England, or of what family, is not known. He studied physic under the celebrated Boerhaave, at Leyden, and, it is supposed, he took his degree at that university, which was then the first medical school in Europe, and the resort of all who wished to derive honour from the place of their education.

On his return, he endeavoured to establish himself as a general practitioner, but circumstances leading him more particularly to the study of the various species of lunacy, he was induced to become the successor of a Dr. Crawley, who kept a house for the reception of lunatics, at Dunstable, in Bedfordshire; and having engaged the housekeeper, and prevailed on the patients' friends to consent to their removal, he opened a house for their reception at St. Albans.

Here he continued for some years, adding to his knowledge of the nature of mental disorders, and acquiring considerable fame by the success and humanity of his mode of treatment. When his patients began to increase, he found it necessary to

have a larger house, where he formed a more regular establishment, and dignified it by the name of The College. His private residence was in St. Peter's street, in the town of St. Albans, and was long known as the only house in that town defended from the effects of lightning by a conductor.

The cares of his college, and the education of his numerous family, occupied nearly the whole of his long life. His poems and prose pieces, were probably the amusement of such hours as he could snatch from the duties of his profession. He carried on also an extensive correspondence with some of the literary characters of the day, by whom, as well as by all who knew him, he was beloved for his amiable and engaging manners. Among others, he corresponded with Dr. Doddridge, and appears to have read much, and thought much on subjects which are usually considered as belonging to the province of divines.

The dates of some of his poetical pieces show, that he was an early suitor to the muses. His Visions in Verse were first published in 1751, again in 1764, and frequently since. He contributed likewise a few pieces to Dodsley's collection. A complete collection of his productions, both in prose and verse, was published in 1791, in 2 vols. 12mo. by one of his sons, but without any memoir of the author.

From his letters it appears, that about the year 1780, his health was greatly impaired. He was much emaciated, and his limbs so weak, as to be insufficient to support his weight. The languors, likewise, which he suffered, were so frequent and severe, as to threaten an entire stop to the circulation, and were sometimes accompanied with that most distressing of all sensations, an anxiety *circa præcordiæ*. His memory too, began to fail, and many subjects which required a little thought were

a burden hardly supportable. He died August 2, 1788, and we are told his age was so far unknown that the person who entered his burial in the parish register, wrote after his name "eighty-eight at least." From the letter, however, alluded to in the beginning of this memoir, we may attain rather more certainty in this matter. That letter was written on the death of his daughter Katherine, in 1780, when he says "he had passed almost three winters beyond the usual boundary appropriated to human life, and had thus transcended the longevity of a *septuagenarian.*" This, therefore, will fix his age at eighty-one or eighty-two.

If we have few particulars of the life of Dr. Cotton, we have many testimonies to the excellence of his character. We find from Mr. Hayley's Life of Cowper, that he had, at one time, among his patients, that amiable and interesting poet, who speaks of Dr. Cotton's services, in a manner which forms a noble tribute to his memory. The letter in which this passage occurs, is dated July 4, 1765.

"I reckon it one instance of the Providence that has attended me throughout this whole event, that, instead of being delivered into the hands of one of the London physicians, who were so much nearer, that I wonder I was not, I was carried to Dr. Cotton. I was not only treated by him with the greatest tenderness while I was ill, and with the utmost diligence, but when my reason was restored to me, and I had so much need of a religious friend to converse with, to whom I could open my mind upon the subject without reserve, I could hardly have found a fitter person for the purpose. My eagerness and anxiety to settle my opinions on that long neglected point, made it necessary, that while my mind was yet weak, and my spirits uncertain, I should have some assistance. The doctor was as ready to administer relief to me in this article likewise, and as well qualified to do

it as in that which was more immediately his province. How many physicians would have thought this an irregular appetite, and a symptom of remaining madness! But if it were so, my friend was as mad as myself, and it is well for me that he was so."

Mr. Hayley says, that Dr. Cotton was "a scholar and a poet, who added to many accomplishments, a peculiar sweetness of manners, in very advanced life," when Mr. Hayley had the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with him. In a subsequent part of his Life of Cowper, the latter, alluding to an inquiry respecting Dr. Cotton's works, pays the following compliment to his abilities—"I did not know that he had written any thing newer than his Visions: I have no doubt that it is so far worthy of him as to be pious and sensible, and I believe no man living is better qualified to write on such subjects, as his title seems to announce. Some years have passed since I heard from him, and considering his great age, it is probable that I shall hear from him no more, but I shall always respect him. He is truly a philosopher, according to my judgment of the character, every tittle of his knowledge on natural subjects being connected, in his mind, with the firm belief of an omnipotent agent."

To these testimonies, which can be corroborated by a perusal of his writings, little need be added. His writings are uniformly in favour of piety and benevolence, and his correspondence, from which many extracts are given in the late edition of his works, justifies the high respect in which he was held by his numerous friends. His prose pieces consist of reflections on some parts of Scripture, which he has entitled Sermons, and various Essays on Health, Husbandry, Zeal, Marriage, and other miscellaneous topics. Some of these Essays were probably written for the periodical journals, and others for the amusement of private friends.

His abilities, as a poet, demand no parade of criticism. He appears to have written with ease, and had a happy turn for conveying his reflections in familiar verse, but we find very little that is original, fanciful, or vigorous. He scarcely ever attempts imagery or description, and no where rises beyond a certain level diction adapted to the class of readers whom he was most anxious to please. Yet his Visions have been popular, and deserve to continue so. Every sensible and virtuous mind acquiesces in the truth and propriety of his moral reflections, and will love the poems for the sake of the writer.

VISIONS IN VERSE.

AN

EPISTLE TO THE READER.

Authors, you know, of greatest fame,
Through modesty suppress their name;
And would you wish me to reveal
What these superior wits conceal?
Forego the search, my curious friend,
And husband time to better end.
All my ambition is, I own,
To profit and to please unknown;
Like streams supplied from springs below,
Which scatter blessings as they flow.
  Were you diseas'd, or press'd with pain,
Straight you'd apply to Warwick-Lane:*
The thoughtful doctor feels your pulse,
(No matter whether Mead or Hulse)
Writes—Arabic to you and me,—
Then signs his hand, and takes his fee.
Now, should the sage omit his name,
Would not the cure remain the same?
Not but physicians sign their bill,
Or when they cure, or when they kill.

* College of Physicians.

'Tis often known the mental race
Their fond ambitious sires disgrace.
Dar'd I avow a parent's claim,
Critics might sneer, and friends might blame.
This dangerous secret let me hide,
I'll tell you every thing beside.
Not that it boots the world a tittle,
Whether the Author's big or little;
Or whether fair, or black, or brown:
No writer's hue concerns the town.
I pass the silent rural hour,
No slave to wealth, no tool to pow'r.
My mansion's warm and very neat;
You'd say, a pretty snug retreat.
My rooms no costly paintings grace,
The humbler print supplies their place.
Behind the house my garden lies,
And opens to the southern skies:
The distant hills gay prospects yield,
And plenty smiles in every field.
The faithful mastiff is my guard,
The feather'd tribes adorn my yard:
Alive my joy, my treat when dead,
And their soft plumes improve my bed.
My cow rewards me all she can;
(Brutes leave ingratitude to man!)
She, daily thankful to her lord,
Crowns with nectareous sweets my board.
Am I diseas'd?—the cure is known;
Her sweeter juices mend my own.
I love my house, and seldom roam;
Few visits please me more than home.
I pity that unhappy elf
Who loves all company but self,

By idle passions borne away
To opera, masquerade, or play;
Fond of those hives where Folly reigns,
And Britain's peers receive her chains;
Where the pert virgin slights a name,
And scorns to redden into shame.
But know, my fair, (to whom belong
The poet and his artless song)
When female cheeks refuse to glow,
Farewell to virtue here below.
Our sex is lost to every rule,
Our sole distinction, knave or fool.
'Tis to your innocence we run;
Save us, ye fair, or we're undone:
Maintain your modesty and station,
So women shall preserve the nation.
  Mothers, 'tis said, in days of old,
Esteem'd their girls more choice than gold:
Too well a daughter's worth they knew,
To make her cheap by public view:
(Few, who their diamonds' value weigh,
Expose those diamonds every day)
Then, if Sir Plume drew near, and smil'd,
The parent trembled for her child:
The first advance alarm'd her breast;
And Fancy pictur'd all the rest.
But now no mother fears a foe,
No daughter shudders at a beau.
  Pleasure is all the reigning theme,
Our noon-day thought, our midnight-dream.
In Folly's chase our youths engage,
And shameless crowds of tottering age.
The die, the dance, the' intemperate bowl,
With various charms engross the soul.

Are gold, fame, health, the terms of vice?
The frantic tribes shall pay the price.
But though to ruin post they run,
They'll think it hard to be undone.
  Do not arraign my want of taste,
Or sight to ken where joys are plac'd:
They widely err, who think me blind,
And I disclaim a stoic's mind.
Like yours are my sensations quite;
I only strive to feel aright.
My joys, like streams, glide gently by,
Though small their channel, never dry;
Keep a still, even, fruitful wave,
And bless the neighbouring meads they lave.
  My fortune (for I'll mention all,
And more than you dare tell) is small;
Yet every friend partakes my store,
And Want goes smiling from my door.
Will forty shillings warm the breast
Of worth or industry distress'd?
This sum I cheerfully impart;
'Tis forescore pleasures to my heart:
And you may make, by means like these,
Five talents ten, whene'er you please.
'Tis true, my little purse grows light;
But then I sleep so sweet at night!
This grand specific will prevail,
When all the doctor's opiates fail.
  You ask, what party I pursue?
Perhaps you mean, "Whose fool are you?"
The names of party I detest,
Badges of slavery at best!
I've too much grace to play the knave,
And too much pride to turn a slave.

I love my country from my soul,
And grieve when knaves or fools control.
I'm pleas'd, when vice and folly smart,
Or at the gibbet or the cart:
Yet always pity, where I can,
Abhor the guilt, but mourn the man.
Now the religion of your poet—
Does not this little preface show it?
My Visions if you scan with care,
'Tis ten to one you'll find it there.
And if my actions suit my song,
You can't in conscience think me wrong.

I.

SLANDER.

INSCRIBED TO MISS ****.

My lovely girl, I write for you;
And pray believe my Visions true:
They'll form your mind to every grace;
They'll add new beauties to your face:
And when old age impairs your prime,
You'll triumph o'er the spoils of time.
Childhood and youth engage my pen,
'Tis labour lost to talk to men.
Youth may, perhaps, reform, when wrong;
Age will not listen to my song.
He who at fifty is a fool,
Is far too stubborn grown for school.
What is that vice which still prevails,
When almost every passion fails;
Which with our very dawn begun,
Nor ends, but with our setting sun;

Which, like a noxious weed, can spoil
The fairest flowers, and choke the soil?
'Tis Slander,—and, with shame I own,
The vice of human kind alone.
  Be Slander then my leading dream,
Though you're a stranger to the theme:
Thy softer breast, and honest heart,
Scorn the defamatory art;
Thy soul asserts her native skies,
Nor asks Detraction's wings to rise;
In foreign spoils let others shine,
Intrinsic excellence is thine.
The bird, in peacock's plumes who shone,
Could plead no merit of her own:
The silly theft betray'd her pride,
And spoke her poverty beside.
  The' insidious slandering thief is worse
Than the poor rogue who steals your purse.
Say, he purloins your glittering store;
Who takes your gold, takes "trash"—no more:
Perhaps he pilfers—to be fed—
Ah! guiltless wretch, who steals for bread!
But the dark villain, who shall aim
To blast, my fair! thy spotless name,
He'd steal a precious gem away,
Steal what both Indies can't repay!
Here the strong pleas of want are vain,
Or the more impious pleas of gain:
No sinking family to save!
No gold to glut the' insatiate knave!
  Improve the hint of Shakspeare's tongue,
'Twas thus immortal Shakspeare* sung:

* Othello.

And trust the bard's unerring rule,
For Nature was that poet's school.
As I was nodding in my chair,
I saw a rueful wild appear:
No verdure met my aching sight,
But hemlock, and cold aconite;
Two very poisonous plants, 'tis true,
But not so bad as vice to you.
The dreary prospect spread around!
Deep snow had whiten'd all the ground!
A black and barren mountain nigh,
Expos'd to every friendless sky!
Here foul-mouth'd Slander lay reclin'd,
Her snaky tresses hiss'd behind:
"A bloated toad-stool rais'd her head,
The plumes of ravens were her bed;"*
She fed upon the viper's brood,
And slak'd her impious thirst with blood.
The rising sun and western ray
Were witness to her distant sway.
The tyrant claim'd a mightier host
Than the proud Persian e'er could boast.
No conquest grac'd Darius' son;†
By his own numbers half undone!
Success attended Slander's pow'r,
She reap'd fresh laurels every hour.
Her troops a deeper scarlet wore
Than ever armies knew before.

* Garth's Dispensary.

† Xerxes, king of Persia, and son of Darius. He invaded Greece with an army consisting of more than a million of men (some say more than two millions), who, together with their cattle, perished, in great measure, through the inability of the countries to supply such a vast host with provision.

No plea diverts the fury's rage,
The fury spares nor sex nor age.
E'en merit, with destructive charms,
Provokes the vengeance of her arms.
Whene'er the tyrant sounds to war,
Her canker'd trump is heard afar.
Pride, with a heart unknown to yield,
Commands in chief, and guides the field.
He stalks with vast gigantic stride,
And scatters fear and ruin wide.
So the impetuous torrents sweep
At once whole nations to the deep.
Revenge, that base Hesperian,* known
A chief support of Slander's throne,
Amidst the bloody crowd is seen,
And treachery brooding in his mien;
The monster often chang'd his gait,
But march'd resolv'd and fix'd as fate.
Thus the fell kite, whom hunger stings,
Now slowly moves his outstretch'd wings;
Now swift as lightning bears away,
And darts upon his trembling prey.
Envy commands a secret band,
With sword and poison in her hand:
Around her haggard eye-balls roll;
A thousand fiends possess her soul.
The artful, unsuspected sprite
With fatal aim attacks by night.
Her troops advance with silent tread,
And stab the hero in his bed;

* Hesperia includes Italy as well as Spain, and the inhabitants of both are remarkable for their revengeful disposition.

Or shoot the wing'd malignant lie,
And female honours pine and die.
So prowling wolves, when darkness reigns,
Intent on murder scour the plains;
Approach the folds, where lambs repose,
Whose guileless breast suspect no foes;
The savage gluts his fierce desires,
And bleating innocence expires.
Slander smil'd horribly, to view
How wide her daily conquests grew:
Around the crowded levees wait,
Like oriental slaves of state:
Of either sex whole armies press'd,
But chiefly of the fair and best.
  Is it a breach of friendship's law
To say what female friends I saw?
Slander assumes the idol's part,
And claims the tribute of the heart.
The best, in some unguarded hour,
Have bow'd the knee, and own'd her pow'r.
Then let the poet not reveal
What candour wishes to conceal.
  If I beheld some faulty fair,
Much worse delinquents crowded there:
Prelates in sacred lawn I saw,
Grave physic, and loquacious law;
Courtiers, like summer-flies, abound;
And hungry poets swarm around.
But now my partial story ends,
And makes my females full amends.
  If Albion's isle such dreams fulfils,
'Tis Albion's isle which cures these ills;
Fertile of every worth and grace,
Which warm the heart, and flush the face.

Fancy disclos'd a smiling train
Of British nymphs, that tripp'd the plain:
Good-nature first, a sylvan queen,
Attir'd in robes of cheerful green:
A fair and smiling virgin she!
With every charm that shines in thee.
Prudence assum'd the chief command,
And bore a mirror in her hand;
Grey was the matron's head by age,
Her mind by long experience sage;
Of every distant ill afraid,
And anxious for the simpering maid.
The Graces danc'd before the fair;
And white-rob'd Innocence was there.
The trees with golden fruits were crown'd,
And rising flowers adorn'd the ground;
The sun display'd each brighter ray,
And shone in all the pride of day.
When Slander sicken'd at the sight,
And skulk'd away to shun the light.

II.

PLEASURE.

Hear, ye fair mothers of our isle!
Nor scorn your poet's homely style.
What though my thoughts be quaint or new,
I'll warrant that my doctrine's true:
Or if my sentiments be old,
Remember, truth is sterling gold.
You judge it of important weight,
To keep your rising offspring straight:

For this such anxious moments feel,
And ask the friendly aids of steel:
For this import the distant cane,
Or slay the monarch of the main.
And shall the soul be warp'd aside
By passion, prejudice, and pride?
Deformity of heart I call
The worst deformity of all.
Your cares to body are confin'd,
Few fear obliquity of mind.
Why not adorn the better part?
This is a nobler theme for art.
For what is form, or what is face,
But the soul's index or its case?
  Now take a simile at hand,
Compare the mental soil to land.
Shall fields be till'd with annual care,
And minds lie fallow every year?
O! since the crop depends on you,
Give them the culture which is due:
Hoe every weed, and dress the soil,
So harvest shall repay your toil.
  If human minds resemble trees,
(As every moralist agrees)
Prune all the stragglers of your vine,
Then shall the purple clusters shine.
The gard'ner knows, that fruitful life
Demands his salutary knife:
For every wild luxuriant shoot,
Or robs the bloom, or starves the fruit.
  A satirist* in Roman times,
When Rome, like Britain, groan'd with crimes,

* Persius.

Asserts it for a sacred truth,
That pleasures are the bane of youth:
That sorrows such pursuits attend,
Or such pursuits in sorrows end:
That all the wild adventurer gains
Are perils, penitence, and pains.
  Approve, ye fair, the Roman page,
And bid your sons revere the sage;
In study spend their midnight oil,
And string their nerves by manly toil.
Thus shall they grow like Temple wise,
Thus future Lockes and Newtons rise;
Or hardy chiefs to wield the lance,
And save us from the chains of France.
Yes, bid your sons betimes forego
Those treacherous paths where Pleasures grow
Where the young mind is Folly's slave,
Where every virtue finds a grave.
  Let each bright character be nam'd,
For wisdom or for valour fam'd:
Are the dear youths to science prone?
Tell how the' immortal Bacon shone!
Who, leaving meaner joys to kings,
Soar'd high on contemplation's wings;
Rang'd the fair fields of nature o'er,
Where never mortal trod before:
Bacon! whose vast capacious plan
Bespoke him angel more than man!
  Does love of martial fame inspire?
Cherish, ye fair, the generous fire;
Teach them to spurn inglorious rest,
And rouse the hero in their breast:
Paint Cressy's vanquish'd field anew,
Their souls shall kindle at the view;

Resolv'd to conquer or to fall,
When Liberty and Britain call.
Thus shall they rule the crimson plain,
Or hurl their thunders through the main;
Gain with their blood, nor grudge the cost,
What their degenérate sires have lost:
The laurel thus shall grace their brow,
As Churchill's once, or Warren's now.
One summer evening as I stray'd
Along the silent moonlight glade,
With these reflections in my breast;
Beneath an oak I sunk to rest;
A gentle slumber intervenes,
And fancy dress'd instructive scenes.
Methought a spacious road I spied,
And stately trees adorn'd its side;
Frequented by a giddy crowd
Of thoughtless mortals, vain and loud;
Who tripp'd with jocund heel along,
And bade me join their smiling throng.
I straight obey'd—Persuasion hung
Like honey on the speaker's tongue.
A cloudless sun improv'd the day,
And pinks and roses strew'd our way.
Now as our journey we pursue,
A beauteous fabric rose to view,
A stately dome, and sweetly grac'd
With every ornament of taste.
This structure was a female's claim,
And Pleasure was the monarch's name.
The hall we enter'd uncontrol'd,
And saw the queen enthron'd on gold;
Arabian sweets perfum'd the ground,
And laughing Cupids flutter'd round;

A flowing vest adorn'd the fair,
And flowery chaplets wreath'd her hair
Fraud taught the queen a thousand wiles,
A thousand soft insidious smiles;
Love taught her lisping tongue to speak,
And form'd the dimple in her cheek;
The lily and the damask rose,
The tincture of her face compose;
Nor did the god of Wit disdain
To mingle with the shining train.
  Her votaries flock from various parts,
And chiefly youth resign'd their hearts;
The old in sparing numbers press'd,
But awkward devotees at best.
  "Now let us range at large, (we cried)
Through all the garden's boasted pride."
Here jasmines spread the silver flow'r,
To deck the wall, or weave the bow'r;
The woodbines mix in amorous play,
And breathe their fragrant lives away.
Here rising myrtles form a shade,
There roses blush, and scent the glade.
The orange, with a vernal face,
Wears every rich autumnal grace:
While the young blossoms here unfold,
There shines the fruit, like pendent gold.
Citrons their balmy sweets exhale,
And triumph in the distant gale.
Now fountains, murmuring to the song,
Roll their translucent streams along.
Through all the aromatic groves,
The faithful turtles coo their loves.
The lark ascending pours his notes,
And linnets swell their rapturous throats.

Pleasure, imperial fair! how gay
Thy empire, and how wide thy sway!
Enchanting queen! how soft thy reign!
How man, fond man! implores thy chain!
Yet thine each meretricious art,
That weakens, and corrupts the heart.
The childish toys and wanton page
Which sink and prostitute the stage!
The masquerade, that just offence
To virtue, and reproach to sense!
The midnight dance, the mantling bowl,
And all that dissipate the soul;
All that to ruin man combine,
Yes, specious harlot, all are thine!
Whence sprung the' accured lust of play,
Which beggars thousands in a day?
Speak, sorceress, speak! (for thou canst tell)
Who call'd the treacherous card from hell?
Now man profanes his reasoning pow'rs,
Profanes sweet friendship's sacred hours;
Abandon'd to inglorious ends,
And faithless to himself and friends;
A dupe to every artful knave,
To every abject wish a slave:
But who against himself combines,
Abets his enemy's designs.
When Rapine meditates a blow,
He shares the guilt who aids the foe.
Is man a thief who steals my pelf?
How great his theft, who robs himself?
Is man, who gulls his friend, a cheat?
How heinous then is self-deceit!
Is murder justly deem'd a crime?
How black his guilt, who murders time!

Should custom plead, as custom will,
Grand precedents to palliate ill;
Shall modes and forms avail with me,
When Reason disavows the plea?
Who games, is felon of his wealth,
His time, his liberty, his health.
Virtue forsakes his sordid mind,
And Honour scorns to stay behind.
From man when these bright cherubs part,
Ah! what's the poor deserted heart?
A savage wild that shocks the sight,
Or chaos, and impervious night!
Each generous principle destroy'd,
And demons crowd the frightful void!
  Shall Siam's elephant supply
The baneful desolating die?
Against the honest sylvan's will,
You taught his ivory tusk to kill.
Heaven, fond its favours to dispense,
Gave him that weapon for defence.
That weapon, for his guard design'd,
You render fatal to mankind.
He plann'd no death for thoughtless youth;
You gave the venom to his tooth.
Blush, tyrant, blush; for oh! 'tis true
That no fell serpent bites like you.
  The guests were order'd to depart,
Reluctance sat on every heart:
A porter show'd a different door,
Not the fair portal known before!
The gates, methought, were open'd wide,
The crowds descended in a tide.
But oh! ye heavens, what vast surprise
Struck the adventurer's frighted eyes!

A barren heath before us lay,
And gathering clouds obscur'd the day;
The darkness rose in smoky spires;
The lightnings flash'd their livid fires:
Loud peals of thunder rent the air,
While Vengeance chill'd our hearts with fear.
  Five ruthless tyrants sway'd the plain,
And triumph'd o'er the mangled slain.
Here sat Distaste, with sickly mien,
And more than half-devour'd with spleen:
There stood Remorse, with thought oppress'd,
And vipers feeding on his breast:
Then Want, dejected, pale, and thin,
With bones just starting through his skin;
A ghastly fiend!—and close behind
Disease, his aching head reclin'd!
His everlasting thirst confess'd
The fires which rag'd within his breast:
Death clos'd the train! the hideous form
Smil'd unrelenting in the storm:
When straight a doleful shriek was heard;
I woke—The vision disappear'd.
  Let not the unexperienc'd boy
Deny that Pleasures will destroy;
Or say that dreams are vain and mild,
Like fairy-tales, to please a child.
Important hints the wise may reap
From sallies of the soul in sleep.
And, since there's meaning in my dream,
The moral merits your esteem.

III.

HEALTH.

ATTEND my Visions, thoughtless youths!
Ere long you'll think them weighty truths:
Prudent it were to think so now;
Ere age has silver'd o'er your brow:
For he, who at his early years
Has sown in vice, shall reap in tears.
If folly has possess'd his prime,
Disease shall gather strength in time;
Poison shall rage in every vein,—
Nor penitence dilute the stain:
And when each hour shall urge his fate,
Thought, like the doctor, comes too late.
  The subject of my song is Health,
A good superior far to wealth.
Can the young mind distrust its worth?
Consult the monarchs of the earth:
Imperial czars and sultans own
No gem so bright, that decks their throne:
Each for this pearl his crown would quit,
And turn a rustic, or a cit.
  Mark, though the blessing's lost with ease,
'Tis not recover'd when you please.
Say not that gruels shall avail,
For salutary gruels fail.
Soy not, Apollo's sons succeed,
Apollo's son is Egypt's* reed.
How fruitless the physician's skill,
How vain the penitential pill,

* In allusion to 2 Kings xviii. 21.

The marble monuments proclaim,
The humbler turf confirms the same!
Prevention is the better cure,
So says the proverb, and 'tis sure.
  Would you extend your narrow span,
And make the most of life you can;
Would you, when med'cines cannot save,
Descend with ease into the grave;
Calmly retire, like evening light,
And cheerful bid the world good-night?
Let temperance constantly preside,
Our best physician, friend and guide!
Would you to wisdom make pretence,
Proud to be thought a man of sense?
Let Temperance (always friend to fame)
With steady hand direct your aim;
Or, like an archer in the dark,
Your random shaft will miss the mark:
For they who slight her golden rules,
In wisdom's volume stand for fools.
  But morals, unadorn'd by art,
Are seldom known to reach the heart.
I'll therefore strive to raise my theme
With all the scenery of dream.
  Soft were my slumbers, sweet my rest,
Such as the infant's on the breast;
When Fancy, ever on the wing,
And fruitful as the genial spring,
Presented, in a blaze of light,
A new creation to my sight.
  A rural landscape I descried,
Dress'd in the robes of summer pride;
The herds adorn'd the sloping hills,
That glitter'd with their tinkling rills;

Below the fleecy mothers stray'd,
And round their sportive lambkins play'd.
  Nigh to a murmuring brook I saw
An humble cottage thatch'd with straw;
Behind, a garden that supplied
All things for use, and none for pride:
Beauty prevail'd through every part,
But more of nature than of art.
  Hail, thou sweet, calm, unenvied seat!
I said, and bless'd the fair retreat:
Here would I pass my remnant days,
Unknown to censure, or to praise;
Forget the world, and be forgot,
As Pope describes his vestal's lot.
  While thus I mus'd, a beauteous maid
Stept from a thicket's neighbouring shade;
Not Hampton's gallery can boast,
Nor Hudson paint so fair a toast:
She claim'd the cottage for her own;
To Health a cottage is a throne.
  The annals say (to prove her worth)
The Graces solemniz'd her birth.
Garlands of various flowers they wrought,
The orchard's blushing pride they brought:
Hence in her face the lily speaks,
And hence the rose which paints her cheeks;
The cherry gave her lips to glow,
Her eyes were debtors to the sloe;
And, to complete the lovely fair,
'Tis said, the chesnut stain'd her hair.
  The virgin was averse to courts,
But often seen in rural sports:
When in her rosy vest the morn
Walks o'er the dew-bespangled lawn.

The nymph is first to form the race,
Or wind the horn, and lead the chase.
  Sudden I heard a shouting train;
Glad acclamations fill'd the plain:
Unbounded joy improv'd the scene,
For health was loud proclaim'd a queen.
  Two smiling cherubs grac'd her throne,
(To modern courts, I fear, unknown;)
One was the nymph, that loves the light,
Fair Innocence, array'd in white;
With sister Peace in close embrace,
And Heaven all opening in her face.
  The reign was long, the empire great,
And Virtue, minister of state.
In other kingdoms, every hour,
You hear of vice prefer'd to pow'r:
Vice was a perfect stranger here;
No knaves engross'd the royal ear;
No fools obtain'd this monarch's grace;
Virtue dispos'd of every place.
  What sickly appetites are ours,
Still varying with the varying hours!
And though from good to bad we range,
"No matter, (says the fool) 'tis change."
  Her subjects now express'd apace
Dissatisfaction in their face:
Some view the state with envy's eye,
Some were displeas'd, they knew not why:
When Faction, ever bold and vain,
With rigour tax'd their monarch's reign.
Thus, should an angel from above,
Fraught with benevolence and love,
Descend to earth, and here impart
Important truths to mend the heart;

Would not the' instructive guest dispense
With passion, appetite, and sense:
We should his heavenly lore despise,
And send him to his former skies.
  A dangerous hostile power arose
To Health, whose household were her foes:
A harlot's loose attire she wore,
And Luxury the name she bore.
This princess of unbounded sway,
(Whom Asia's softer sons obey)
Made war against the queen of Health,
Assisted by the troops of Wealth.
  The queen was first to take the field,
Arm'd with her helmet and her shield;
Temper'd with such superior art,
That both were proof to every dart.
Two warlike chiefs approach'd the green,
Both, wondrous favourites with the queen;
Both were of Amazonian race:
Both high in merit, and in place.
Here Resolution march'd, whose soul
No fear could shake, no power control:
The heroine wore a Roman vest,
A lion's heart inform'd her breast.
There Prudence shone, whose bosom wrought
With all the various plans of thought;
'Twas her's to bid the troops engage,
And teach the battle where to rage.
  And now the siren's armies press,
Their van was headed by Excess:
The mighty wings, that form'd the side,
Commanded by that giant Pride:
While Sickness, and her sisters Pain
And Poverty, the centre gain:

Repentance, with a brow severe,
And Death, were station'd in the rear.
  Health rang'd her troops with matchless art,
And acted the defensive part:
Her army posted on a hill,
Plainly bespoke superior skill.
Hence were discover'd through the plain
The motions of the hostile train:
While Prudence, to prevent surprise,
Oft sallied with her trusty spies;
Explor'd each ambuscade below,
And reconnoitred well the foe,
  Afar when Luxury descried
Inferior force by art supplied,
The siren spake—"Let fraud prevail,
Since all my numerous hosts must fail;
Henceforth hostilities shall cease,
I'll send to Health and offer peace."
Straight she despatch'd, with powers complete,
Pleasure, her minister, to treat.
This wicked strumpet top'd her part,
And sow'd sedition in the heart!
Through every troop the poison ran,
All were infected—to a man.
The wary generals were won
By Pleasure's wiles, and both undone.
  Jove held the troops in high disgrace,
And bade diseases blast their race;
Look'd on the queen with melting eyes,
And snatch'd his darling to the skies:
Who still regards those wiser few,
That dare her dictates to pursue.

For where her stricter law prevails,
Though Passion prompts, or Vice assails;
Long shall the cloudless skies behold,
And their calm sun-set beam with gold.

IV.

CONTENT.

Man is deceiv'd by outward show—
'Tis a plain homespun truth, I know,
The fraud prevails at every age,
So says the school-boy and the sage:
Yet still we hug the dear deceit,
And still exclaim against the cheat.
But whence this inconsistent part?
Say, moralists, who know the heart?
If you'll this labyrinth pursue,
I'll go before, and find the clue.
  I dreamt ('twas on a birth-day night)
A sumptuous palace rose to sight;
The builder had, through every part,
Observ'd the chastest rules of art;
Raphael and Titian had display'd
All the full force of light and shade:
Around the liveried servants wait;
An aged porter kept the gate.
  As I was traversing the hall,
Where Brussels' looms adorn'd the wall,
(Whose tap'stry shows, without my aid,
A nun is no such useless maid)

A graceful person came in view
(His form, it seems, is known to few;
His dress was unadorn'd with lace,
But charms! a thousand in his face.
"This, sir, your property?" I cried)—
Master and mansion coincide:
Where all, indeed, is truly great,
And proves, that bliss may dwell with state,
Pray, sir, indulge a stranger's claim,
And grant the favour of your name."
"Content! (the lovely form replied)
But think not here that I reside:
Here lives a courtier, base and sly;
An open, honest rustic, I.
Our taste and manners disagree,
His levee boasts no charms for me:
For titles, and the smiles of kings,
To me are cheap unheeded things.
('Tis virtue can alone impart
The patent of a ducal heart:
Unless this herald speaks him great,
What shall avail the glare of state?)
Those secret charms are my delight,
Which shine remote from public sight:
Passions subdued, desires at rest—
And hence his chaplain shares my breast.
"There was a time (his grace can tell)
I knew the duke exceeding well;
Knew every secret of his heart;
In truth we never were apart:
But when the court became his end,
He turn'd his back upon his friend.
One day I call'd upon his grace,
Just as the duke had got a place:

I thought (but thought amiss, 'tis clear)
I should be welcome to the peer,
Yes, welcome to a man in pow'r;
And so I was—for half an hour.
But he grew weary of his guest,
And soon discarded me his breast;
Upbraided me with want of merit,
But most for poverty of spirit.
"You relish not the great man's lot?
Come, hasten to my humbler cot.
Think me not partial to the great,
I'm a sworn foe to pride and state;
No monarchs share my kind embrace,
There's scarce a monarch knows my face:
Content shuns courts, and oft'ner dwells
With modest worth in rural cells;
There's no complaint, though brown the bread,
Or the rude turf sustain the head;
Though hard the couch, and coarse the meat,
Still the brown loaf and sleep are sweet.
"Far from the city I reside,
And a thatch'd cottage all my pride.
True to my heart, I seldom roam,
Because I find my joys at home:
For foreign visits then begin,
When the man feels a void within.
But though from towns and crowds I fly,
No humorist, nor cynic, I.
Amidst sequester'd shades I prize
The friendships of the good and wise.
Bid Virtue and her sons attend,
Virtue will tell thee I'm her friend:
Tell thee, I'm faithful, constant, kind,
And meek and lowly, and resign'd;

Will say, there's no distinction known
Betwixt her household and my own."

Author. If these the friendships you pursue,
Your friends, I fear, are very few.
So little company, you say,
Yet fond of home from day to day?
How do you shun detraction's rod?
I doubt your neighbours think you odd!

Content. I commune with myself at night,
And ask my heart if all be right:
If, "right," replies my faithful breast;
I smile, and close my eyes to rest.

Author. You seem regardless of the town:
Pray, sir, how stand you with the gown?

Content. The clergy say they love me well,
Whether they do, they best can tell:
They paint me modest, friendly, wise,
And always praise me to the skies;
But if conviction's at the heart,
Why not a correspondent part?
For shall the learned tongue prevail,
If actions preach a different tale?
Who'll seek my door or grace my walls,
When neither dean nor prelate calls?

With those my friendships most obtain,
Who prize their duty more than gain;
Soft flow the hours whene'er we meet,
And conscious virtue is our treat;
Our harmless breasts no envy know,
And hence we fear no secret foe;
Our walks Ambition ne'er attends,
And hence we ask no powerful friends;
We wish the best to church and state,
But leave the steerage to the great;

Careless, who rises, or who falls,
And never dream of vacant stalls;
Much less by pride or interest drawn,
Sigh for the mitre and the lawn.
  Observe the secrets of my art,
I'll fundamental truths impart:
If you'll my kind advice pursue,
I'll quit my hut, and dwell with you.
  The passions are a numerous crowd,
Imperious, positive, and loud:
Curb these licentious sons of strife;
Hence chiefly rise the storms of life:
If they grow mutinous and rave,
They are thy masters, thou their slave.
  Regard the world with cautious eye,
Nor raise your expectations high:
See that the balanc'd scales be such,
You neither fear nor hope too much.
For disappointment's not the thing,
'Tis pride and passion point the sting.
Life is a sea where storms must rise,
'Tis Folly talks of cloudless skies:
He who contracts his swelling sail,
Eludes the fury of the gale.
  Be still, nor anxious thoughts employ,
Distrust embitters present joy:
On God for all events depend;
You cannot want when God's your friend.
Weigh well your part, and do your best;
Leave to your Maker all the rest.
The hand which form'd thee in the womb,
Guides from the cradle to the tomb.
Can the fond mother slight her boy;
Can she forget her prattling joy?

Say then, shall sovereign Love desert
The humble and the honest heart?
Heaven may not grant thee all thy mind;
Yet say not thou that Heaven's unkind.
God is alike both good and wise,
In what he grants, and what denies:
Perhaps, what goodness gives to-day,
To-morrow goodness takes away.
  You say, that troubles intervene,
That sorrows darken half the scene.
True—and this consequence you see,
The world was ne'er design'd for thee:
You're like a passenger below,
That stays perhaps a night or so;
But still his native country lies
Beyond the boundaries of the skies.
  Of Heav'n ask virtue, wisdom, health;
But never let thy prayer be—wealth!
If food be thine, (though little gold)
And raiment to repel the cold;
Such as may nature's wants suffice,
Not what from pride and folly rise;
If soft the motions of thy soul,
And a calm conscience crowns the whole;
Add but a friend to all this store,
You can't in reason wish for more:
And if kind Heaven this comfort brings,
'Tis more than Heaven bestows on kings!"
  He spake—the airy spectre flies,
And straight the sweet illusion dies.
The vision, at the early dawn,
Consign'd me to the thoughtful morn:
To all the cares of waking clay,
And inconsistent dreams of day.

V.

HAPPINESS.

Ye ductile youths, whose rising sun
Hath many circles still to run;
Who wisely wish the pilot's chart,
To steer through life the' unsteady heart;
And all the thoughtful voyage past,
To gain a happy port at last:
Attend a seer's instructive song,
For moral truths to dreams belong.
  I saw this wondrous vision soon,
Long ere my sun had reach'd its noon;
Just when the rising beard began
To grace my chin, and call me man.
  One night when balmy slumbers shed
Their peaceful poppies o'er my head,
My fancy led me to explore
A thousand scenes unknown before.
I saw a plain extended wide,
And crowds pour'd in from every side;
All seem'd to start a different game,
Yet all declar'd their views the same:
The chase was happiness I found,
But all, alas! enchanted ground.
  Indeed I judg'd it wondrous strange,
To see the giddy numbers range
Through roads, which promis'd nought, at best,
But sorrow to the human breast.

Methought, if bliss was all their view,
Why did they different paths pursue?
The waking world has long agreed,
That Bagshot's not the road to Tweed:
And he who Berwick seeks through Staines,
Shall have his labour for his pains.
As Parnell* says, my bosom wrought
With travail of uncertain thought:
And, as an angel help'd the dean,
My angel chose to intervene;
The dress of each was much the same,
And Virtue was my seraph's name,
When thus the angel silence broke,
(Her voice was music as she spoke:)
"Attend, O man! nor leave my side,
And safety shall thy footsteps guide;
Such truths I'll teach, such secrets show,
As none but favour'd mortals know."
She said—and straight we march'd along
To join Ambition's active throng:
Crowds urg'd on crowds with eager pace,
And happy he who led the race.
Axes and daggers lay unseen
In ambuscade along the green;
While vapours shed delusive light,
And bubbles mock'd the distant sight.
We saw a shining mountain rise,
Whose towering summit reach'd the skies:
The slopes were steep, and form'd of glass,
Painful and hazardous to pass:
Courtiers and statesmen led the way,
The faithless paths their steps betray;

* The Hermit.

This moment seen aloft to soar,
The next to fall and rise no more.
'Twas here Ambition kept her court,
A phantom of gigantic port;
The favourite that sustain'd her throne
Was Falsehood, by her vizor known;
Next stood Mistrust, with frequent sigh,
Disorder'd look, and squinting eye;
While meagre Envy claim'd a place,
And Jealousy with jaundic'd face.
"But where is Happiness?" I cried—
My guardian turn'd, and thus replied:
"Mortal, by folly still beguil'd,
Thou hast not yet outstrip'd the child;
Thou, who hast twenty winters seen,
(I hardly think thee past fifteen)
To ask if Happiness can dwell
With every dirty imp of hell!
Go to the school-boy, he shall preach
What twenty winters cannot teach;
He'll tell thee, from his weekly theme,
That thy pursuit is all a dream;
That Bliss ambitious views disowns,
And, self-dependent, laughs at thrones;
Prefers the shades, and lowly seats,
Whither fair Innocence retreats:
So the coy lily of the vale
Shuns eminence, and loves the dale."
I blush'd; and now we cross'd the plain,
To find the money-getting train;
Those silent, snug, commercial bands,
With busy looks and dirty hands.
Amid these thoughtful crowds, the old
Plac'd all their happiness in gold.

And surely, if there's bliss below,
These hoary heads the secret know.
We journey'd with the plodding crew,
When soon a temple rose to view:
A gothic pile, with moss o'ergrown;
Strong were the walls, and built with stone.
Without a thousand mastiffs wait:
A thousand bolts secure the gate.
We sought admission long in vain;
For here all favours sell for gain:
The greedy porter yields to gold,
His fee receiv'd, the gates unfold.
Assembled nations here we found,
And view'd the cringing herds around,
Who daily sacrifice to Wealth
Their honour, conscience, peace, and health.
I saw no charms that could engage;
The god appear'd like sordid age,
With hooked nose, and famish'd jaws,
But serpents' eyes, and harpies' claws:
Behind stood Fear, that restless sprite
Which haunts the watches of the night;
And viper Care, that stings so deep,
Whose deadly venom murders sleep.
We hasten now to Pleasure's bow'rs;
Where the gay tribes sat crown'd with flow'rs:
Here Beauty every charm display'd,
And Love inflam'd the yielding maid:
Delicious Wine our taste employs,
His crimson bowl exalts our joys:
I felt its generous pow'r, and thought
The pearl was found that long I sought.
Determin'd here to fix my home,
I bless'd the change, nor wish'd to roam:

The seraph disapprov'd my stay,
Spread her fair plumes, and wing'd away.
  Alas! whene'er we talk of bliss,
How prone is man to judge amiss!
See, a long train of ills conspires
To scourge our uncontrol'd desires.
Like summer swarms Diseases crowd,
Each bears a crutch, or each a shroud:
Fever! that thirsty fury, came,
With inextinguishable flame;
Consumption, sworn ally of Death!
Crept slowly on with panting breath;
Gout roar'd, and show'd his throbbing feet;
And Dropsy took the drunkard's seat;
Stone brought his torturing racks; and near
Sat Palsy shaking in her chair!
  A mangled youth, beneath a shade,
A melancholy scene display'd:
His noseless face, and loathsome stains,
Proclaim'd the poison in his veins;
He rais'd his eyes, he smote his breast,
He wept aloud, and thus address'd:
  "Forbear the harlot's false embrace,
Though Lewdness wear an angel's face.
Be wise, by my experience taught;
I die, alas! for want of thought."
  As he who travels Libya's plains,
Where the fierce lion lawless reigns,
Is seiz'd with fear and wild dismay,
When the grim foe obstructs his way:
My soul was pierc'd with equal fright,
My tottering limbs oppos'd my flight;
I call'd on Virtue, but in vain,
Her absence quicken'd every pain:

At length the slighted angel heard,
The dear refulgent form appear'd.
"Presumptuous youth!" she said, and frown'd;
(My heartstrings flutter'd at the sound)
"Who turns to me reluctant ears,
Shall shed repeated floods of tears.
These rivers shall for ever last,
There's no retracting what is past:
Nor think avenging ills to shun;
Play a false card, and you're undone.
"Of Pleasure's gilded baits beware,
Nor tempt the syren's fatal snare:
Forego this curs'd, detested place,
Abhor the strumpet and her race:
Had you those softer paths pursued,
Perdition, stripling, had ensued:
Yes, fly—you stand upon its brink;
To-morrow is too late to think.
"Indeed unwelcome truths I tell,
But mark my sacred lesson well:
With me whoever lives at strife,
Loses his better friend for life:
With me who lives in friendship's ties,
Finds all that's sought for by the wise.
Folly exclaims, and well she may,
Because I take her mask away;
If once I bring her to the sun,
The painted harlot is undone.
But prize, my child, oh! prize my rules,
And leave deception to her fools.
"Ambition deals in tinsel toys,
Her traffic gewgaws, fleeting joys!
An arrant juggler in disguise,
Who holds false optics to your eyes.

But ah! how quick the shadows pass;
Though the bright visions through her glass
Charm at a distance; yet, when near,
The baseless fabrics disappear.
"Nor Riches boast intrinsic worth,
Their charms, at best, superior earth:
These oft the heav'n-born mind enslave,
And make an honest man a knave.
'Wealth cures my wants,' the Miser cries;
Be not deceiv'd—the Miser lies:
One want he has, with all his store,
That worst of wants! the want of more.
"Take Pleasure, Wealth, and Pomp away,
And where is Happiness? you say.
"'Tis here—and may be yours—for, know
I'm all that's Happiness below.
"To Vice I leave tumultuous joys,
Mine is the still and softer voice,
That whispers peace, when storms invade,
And music through the midnight shade.
"Come, then, be mine in every part,
Nor give me less than all your heart;
When troubles discompose your breast,
I'll enter there a cheerful guest:
My converse shall your cares beguile,
The little world within shall smile;
And then it scarce imports a jot,
Whether the great world frowns or not.
"And when the closing scenes prevail,
When wealth, state, pleasure, all shall fail;
All that a foolish world admires,
Or passion craves, or pride inspires;
At that important hour of need,
Virtue shall prove a friend indeed!

My hands shall smooth thy dying bed,
My arms sustain thy drooping head:
And when the painful struggle's o'er,
And that vain thing, the World, no more:
I'll bear my favourite son away,
To rapture and eternal day!"

VI.

FRIENDSHIP.

FRIENDSHIP! thou soft, propitious pow'r!
Sweet regent of the social hour!
Sublime thy joys, nor understood
But by the virtuous and the good!
Cabal and Riot take thy name,
But 'tis a false affected claim.
In heaven if Love and Friendship dwell,
Can they associate e'er with hell?
  Thou art the same through change of times,
Through frozen zones, and burning climes:
From the equator to the pole,
The same kind angel through the whole.
And, since thy choice is always free,
I bless thee for thy smiles on me.
  When sorrows swell the tempest high,
Thou, a kind port, art always nigh;
For aching hearts a sovereign cure,
Not soft nepenthe* half so sure!

*Nepenthe is an herb, which, being infused in wine, dispels grief. It is unknown to the moderns: but some believe it a kind of opium, and others take it for a species of bugloss. Plin. 21. 21f. and 25. 2.

And when returning comforts rise,
Thou the bright sun that gilds our skies.
  While these ideas warm'd my breast,
My weary eyelids stole to rest:
When Fancy re-assum'd the theme,
And furnish'd this instructive dream.
  I sail'd upon a stormy sea,
(Thousands embark'd alike with me)
My skiff was small, and weak beside,
Not built, me thought, to stem the tide.
The winds along the surges sweep,
The wrecks lie scatter'd through the deep;
Aloud the foaming billows roar,
Unfriendly rocks forbid the shore.
  While all our various course pursue,
A spacious isle salutes our view.
Two queens, with tempers differing wide,
This new-discover'd world divide:
A river parts their proper claim,
And Truth its celebrated name.
  One side a beauteous tract of ground
Presents, with living verdure crown'd.
The seasons temperate, soft and mild,
And a kind sun that always smil'd.
  Few storms molest the natives here;
Gold is the only ill they fear.
This happy clime, and grateful soil,
With plenty crowns the labourer's toil.
  Here Friendship's happy kingdom grew,
Her realms were small, her subjects few.
A thousand charms the palace grace,
A rock of adamant its base.
Though thunders roll, and lightnings fly,
This structure braves the' inclement sky.

Ev'n Time, which other piles devours,
And mocks the pride of human pow'rs,
Partial to Friendship's pile alone,
Cements the joints, and binds the stone;
Ripens the beauties of the place;
And calls to life each latent grace.
  Around the throne, in order stand
Four Amazons, a trusty band;
Friends ever faithful to advise,
Or to defend when dangers rise.
Here Fortitude in coat of mail!
There Justice lifts her golden scale!
Two hardy chiefs! who persevere,
With form erect and brow severe;
Who smile at perils, pains and death,
And triumph with their latest breath.
  Temperance, that comely matron's near,
Guardian of all the Virtues here;
Adorn'd with every blooming grace,
Without one wrinkle in her face.
  But Prudence most attracts the sight,
And shines pre-eminently bright.
To view her various thoughts that rise,
She holds a mirror to her eyes;
The mirror faithful to its charge,
Reflects the virgin's soul in large.
  A Virtue with a softer air,
Was handmaid to the regal fair.
This nymph, indulgent, constant, kind,
Derives from heaven her spotless mind;
When actions wear a dubious face,
Puts the best meaning on the case;
She spreads her arms and bares her breast,
Takes in the naked and distress'd;

Prefers the hungry orphan's cries,
And from her queen obtains supplies.
The maid who acts this lovely part,
Grasp'd in hand a bleeding heart.
Fair Charity! be thou my guest,
And be thy constant couch my breast.
  But virtues of inferior name
Crowd round the throne with equal claim;
In loyalty by none surpass'd,
They hold allegiance to the last.
Not ancient records e'er can show
That one deserted to the foe.
  The river's other side display'd
Alternate plots of flowers and shade,
Where poppies shone with various hue,
Where yielding willows plenteous grew;
And humble* plants, by travellers thought
With slow but certain poison fraught.
Beyond these scenes the eye descried
A powerful realm extended wide,
Whose boundaries from north-east begun,
And stretch'd to meet the south-west sun.
Here Flattery boasts despotic sway,
And basks in all the warmth of day.
  Long practised in Deception's school,
The tyrant knew the arts to rule;
Elated with the' imperial robe,
She plans the conquest of the globe:
And aided by her servile trains,
Leads kings, and sons of kings, in chains.

* The Humble plant bends down before the touch (as the Sensitive plant shrinks from the touch) and is said by some to be the slow poison of the Indians.

Her darling minister is Pride,
(Who ne'er was known to change his side)
A friend to all her interests just,
And active to discharge his trust;
Caress'd alike by high and low,
The idol of the belle and beau:
In every shape he shows his skill,
And forms her subjects to her will;
Enters their houses and their hearts,
And gains his point before he parts.
Sure never minister was known
So zealous for his sovereign's throne!
  Three sisters, similar in mien,
Were maids of honour to the queen:
Who further favours shar'd beside,
As daughters of her statesman—Pride.
The first, Conceit, with towering crest,
Who look'd with scorn upon the rest;
Fond of herself, nor less, I deem,
Than dutchess in her own esteem.
  Next Affectation, fair and young,
With half-form'd accents on her tongue,
Whose antic shapes, and various face,
Distorted every native grace.
  Then Vanity, a wanton maid,
Flaunting in Brussels and brocade;
Fantastic, frolicsome, and wild,
With all the trinkets of a child.
  The people, loyal to the queen,
Wore their attachment in their mien:
With cheerful heart they homage paid,
And happiest he who most obey'd.
While they, who sought their own applause,
Promoted most their sovereign's cause.

The minds of all were fraught with guile,
Their manners dissolute and vile;
And every tribe, like pagans, run
To kneel before the rising sun.
  But now some clamorous sounds arise,
And all the pleasing vision flies.
  Once more I clos'd my eyes to sleep,
And gain'd the' imaginary deep;
Fancy presided at the helm,
And steer'd me back to Friendship's realm.
But oh! with horror I relate
The revolutions of her state.
The Trojan chief could hardly more
His Asiatic towers deplore.
  For Flattery view'd those fairer plains
With longing eyes, where Friendship reigns;
With envy heard her neighbour's fame,
And often sigh'd to gain the same.
At length, by pride and interest fir'd,
To Friendship's kingdom she aspir'd.
  And now commencing open foe,
She plans in thought some mighty blow;
Draws out her forces on the green,
And marches to invade the queen.
  The river Truth the hosts withstood,
And roll'd her formidable flood:
Her current strong, and deep, and clear,
No fords were found, no ferries near:
But as the troops approach'd the waves,
Their fears suggest a thousand graves;
They all retir'd with haste extreme,
And shudder'd at the dangerous stream.
  Hypocrisy the gulf explores;
She forms a bridge, and joins the shores:

Thus often art or fraud prevails,
When military prowess fails.
The troops an easy passage find,
And Victory follows close behind.
  Friendship with ardour charg'd her foes,
And now the fight promiscuous grows;
But Flattery threw a poison'd dart,
And pierc'd the Empress to the heart.
The Virtues all around were seen
To fall in heaps about the queen.
The tyrant strip'd the mangled fair,
She wore her spoils, assum'd her air;
And mounting next the sufferer's throne,
Claim'd the queen's titles as her own.
  "Ah! injur'd maid," aloud I cried,
"Ah! injur'd maid," the rocks replied:
But judge my griefs, and share them too,
For the sad tale pertains to you;
Judge, reader, how severe the wound,
When Friendship's foes were mine, I found;
When the sad scene of pride and guile
Was Britain's poor degenerate isle.
  The Amazons, who prop'd the state,
Haply surviv'd the general fate.
Justice to Powis-House is fled,
And Yorke sustains her radiant head.
The virtue Fortitude appears
In open day at Ligonier's;
Illustrious heroine of the sky,
Who leads to vanquish or to die!
'Twas she our veterans' breasts inspir'd
When Belgia's faithless sons retir'd:
For Tournay's treacherous towers can tell
Britannia's children greatly fell.

No partial virtue of the plain!
She rous'd the lions of the main:
Hence Vernon's* little fleet succeeds,
And hence the generous Cornwall† bleeds,
Hence Granville‡ glorious!—for she smil'd
On the young hero from a child.
Though in high life such virtues dwell,
They'll suit plebeian breasts as well.
Say, that the mighty and the great
Blaze like meridian suns of state;
Effulgent excellence display,
Like Halifax, in floods of day;
Our lesser orbs may pour their light,
Like the mild crescent of the night:
Though pale our beams, and small our sphere,
Still may we shine serene and clear.
Give to the judge the scarlet gown,
To martial souls the civic crown:
What then? is merit theirs alone?
Have we no worth to call our own?
Shall we not vindicate our part,
In the firm breast, and upright heart?
Reader, these virtues may be thine,
Though in superior light they shine.
I can't discharge great Harkwicke's trust—
True—but my soul may still be just.
And though I can't the state defend,
I'll draw the sword to serve my friend.
Two golden Virtues are behind,
Of equal import to the mind;

* At Porto Bello.
† Against the combined fleets of France and Spain.
‡ Died in a later engagement with the French fleet.

Prudence, to point out Wisdom's way,
Or to reclaim us when we stray;
Temperance, to guard the youthful heart,
When Vice and Folly throw the dart;
Each Virtue, let the world agree,
Daily resides with you and me.
And when our souls in friendship join,
We'll deem the social bond divine;
Through every scene maintain our trust,
Nor e'er be timid or unjust.
That breast where Honour builds his throne,
That breast which Virtue calls her own,
Nor interest warps, nor fear appals,
When danger frowns, or lucre calls.
No! the true friend collected stands,
Fearless his heart, and pure his hands;
Let interest plead, let storms arise,
He dares be honest, though he dies.

VII.

MARRIAGE.

INSCRIBED TO MISS * * * *.

Fairest, this vision is thy due,
I form'd the' instructive plan for you.
Slight not the rules of thoughtful age,
Your welfare actuates every page;
But ponder well my sacred theme,
And tremble while you read my dream.
Those awful words, "Till death do part,"
May well alarm the youthful heart:

No after-thought when once a wife;
The die is cast, and cast for life;
Yet thousands venture every day,
As some base passion leads the way.
Pert Silvia talks of wedlock scenes,
Though hardly enter'd on her teens;
Smiles on her whining spark, and hears
The sugar'd speech with raptur'd ears;
Impatient of a parent's rule,
She leaves her sire, and weds a fool.
Want enters at the guardless door;
And Love is fled, to come no more.
  Some few there are of sordid mould,
Who barter youth and bloom for gold;
Careless with what, or whom they mate,
Their ruling passion's all for state.
But Hymen, generous, just and kind,
Abhors the mercenary mind:
Such rebels groan beneath his rod,
For Hymen's a vindictive god;
"Be joyless every night," he said,
"And barren be their nuptial bed."
  Attend, my fair, to Wisdom's voice,
A better fate shall crown thy choice.
A married life, to speak the best,
Is all a lottery confess'd:
Yet if my fair-one will be wise,
I will insure my girl a prize:
Though not a prize to match thy worth,
Perhaps thy equal's not on earth.
  'Tis an important point to know,
There's no perfection here below.
Man's an odd compound, after all,
And ever has been—since the fall.

Say, that he loves you from his soul,
Still man is proud, nor hrooks control;
And though a slave in Love's soft school,
In wedlock claims his right to rule.
The best, in short, has faults about him,
If few those faults, you must not flout him.
With some, indeed, you can't dispense,
As want of temper and of sense:
For when the sun deserts the skies,
And the dull winter-evenings rise,
Then for a husband's social pow'r,
To form the calm, conversive hour;
The treasures of thy breast explore,
From that rich mine to draw the ore;
Fondly each generous thought refine,
And give thy native gold to shine;
Show thee, as really thou art,
Though fair, yet fairer still at heart.
Say, when life's purple blossoms fade,
As soon they must, thou charming maid!
When in thy cheeks the roses die,
And sickness clouds that brilliant eye;
Say, when or age or pains invade,
And those dear limbs shall call for aid;
If thou art fetter'd to a fool,
Shall not his transient passion cool?
And when thy health and beauty end,
Shall thy weak mate persist a friend?
But to a man of sense, my dear,
E'en then thou lovely shalt appear;
He'll share the griefs that wound thy heart,
And weeping claim the larger part;
Though age impairs that beauteous face,
He'll prize the pearl beyond its case.

In wedlock when the sexes meet,
Friendship is only then complete.
"Bless'd state! where souls each other draw,
Where love is liberty and law!"
The choicest blessing found below,
That man can wish, or heaven bestow!
Trust me, these raptures are divine,
For lovely Chloe once was mine!
Nor fear the varnish of my style,
Though poet, I'm estrang'd to guile.
Ah me! my faithful lips impart
The genuine language of my heart!
When bards extol their patrons high,
Perhaps 'tis gold extorts the lie;
Perhaps the poor reward of bread——
But who burns incense to the dead?
He, whom a fond affection draws,
Careless of censure, or applause;
Whose soul is upright and sincere,
With nought to wish, and nought to fear.
Now to my visionary scheme
Attend, and profit by my dream.
Amidst the slumbers of the night,
A stately temple rose to sight;
And ancient as the human race,
If Nature's purposes you trace.
This fane, by all the wise rever'd,
To wedlock's powerful god was rear'd.
Hard by I saw a graceful sage,
His locks were frosted o'er by age:
His garb was plain, his mind serene,
And wisdom dignified his mien.
With curious search his name I sought,
And found 'twas Hymen's favourite—Thought.

Apace the giddy crowds advance,
And a lewd satyr led the dance:
I griev'd to see whole thousands run,
For oh! what thousands were undone!
The sage, when these mad troops he spied,
In pity flew to join their side;
The disconcerted pairs began
To rail against him, to a man;
Vow'd they were strangers to his name,
Nor knew from whence the dotard came.
But mark the sequel—for this truth
Highly concerns impetuous youth:
Long ere the honeymoon could wane,
Perdition seiz'd on every twain;
At every house, and all day long,
Repentance plied her scorpion thong:
Disgust was there with frowning mien,
And every wayward child of Spleen.
Hymen approach'd his awful fane,
Attended by a numerous train:
Love, with each soft and nameless grace,
Was first in favour and in place;
Then came the god with solemn gait,
Whose every word was big with fate:
His hand a flaming taper bore,
That sacred symbol, fam'd of yore:
Virtue, adorn'd with every charm,
Sustain'd the god's incumbent arm;
Beauty improv'd the glowing scene
With all the roses of eighteen:
Youth led the gaily-smiling fair,
His purple pinions wav'd in air:
Wealth, a close hunks, walk'd hobbling nigh,
With vulture-claw and eagle-eye,

Who threescore years had seen, or more;
('Tis said his coat had seen a score;)
Proud was the wretch, though clad in rags,
Presuming much upon his bags.
  A female next her arts display'd,
Poets alone can paint the maid;
Trust me, Hogarth, (though great thy fame)
'Twould pose thy skill to draw the same;
And yet thy mimic power is more
Than ever painter's was before:
Now she was fair as cygnet's down,
Now as Mat Prior's Emma brown;
And, changing as the changing flow'r,
Her dress she varied every hour:
'Twas Fancy, child!—You know the fair,
Who pins your gown, and sets your hair.
  Lo! the god mounts his throne of state,
And sits the arbiter of fate:
His head with radiant glories dress'd,
Gently reclin'd on Virtue's breast:
Love took his station on the right,
His quiver beam'd with golden light.
Beauty usurp'd the second place,
Ambitious of distinguish'd grace;
She claim'd this ceremonial joy,
Because related to the boy;
(Said it was her's to point his dart,
And speed its passage to the heart;)
While on the god's inferior hand
Fancy and Wealth obtain'd their stand.
  And now the hallow'd rites proceed,
And now a thousand heartstrings bleed.
I saw a blooming trembling bride,
A toothless lover join'd her side;

Averse she turn'd her weeping face,
And shudder'd at the cold embrace.
  But various baits their force impart;
Thus titles lie at Celia's heart:
A passion much too foul to name,
Costs supercilious prudes their fame:
Prudes wed to publicans and sinners;
The hungry poet weds for dinners.
  The god with frown indignant view'd
The rabble covetous or lewd;
By every vice his altars stain'd,
By every fool his rites profan'd:
When Love complain'd of Wealth aloud,
Affirming Wealth debauch'd the crow'd;
Drew up in form his heavy charge,
Desiring to be heard at large.
  The god consents, the throng divide,
The young espous'd the plaintiff's side:
The old declar'd for the defendant,
For Age is Money's sworn attendant.
  Love said that wedlock was design'd
By gracious heaven to match the mind;
To pair the tender and the just,
And his the delegated trust:
That Wealth had play'd a knavish part,
And taught the tongue to wrong the heart;
But what avails the faithless voice?
The injur'd heart disdains the choice.—
  Wealth straight replied, that Love was blind,
And talk'd at random of the mind:
That killing eyes, and bleeding hearts,
And all the' artillery of darts,
Were long ago exploded fancies,
And laugh'd at—even in romances.

Poets indeed style Love a treat,
Perhaps for want of better meat:
And Love might be delicious fare,
Could we, like poets, live on air.
But grant that angels feast on Love,
(Those purer essences above)
Yet Albion's sons, he understood,
Prefer'd a more substantial food.
Thus while with gibes he dress'd his cause,
His grey admirers hem'd applause.
With seeming conquest pert and proud,
Wealth shook his sides, and chuckled loud;
When Fortune, to restrain his pride,
And fond to favour Love beside,
Opening the miser's tape-tied vest,
Disclos'd the cares which stung his breast:
Wealth stood abash'd at his disgrace,
And a deep crimson flush'd his face.
Love sweetly simper'd at the sight;
His gay adherents laugh'd outright.
The god, though grave his temper, smil'd,
For Hymen dearly priz'd the child:
But he who triumphs o'er his brother,
In turn is laugh'd at by another.
Such cruel scores we often find
Repaid the criminal in kind:—
For Poverty, that famish'd fiend;
Ambitious of a wealthy friend,
Advanc'd into the Miser's place,
And star'd the stripling in the face;
Whose lips grew pale, and cold as clay;
I thought the chit would swoon away.
The god was studious to employ
His cares to aid the vanquish'd boy;

And therefore issued his decree,
That the two parties straight agree,
When both obey'd the god's commands,
And Love and Riches join'd their hands.
  What wondrous change in each was wrought,
Believe me, fair! surpasses thought.
If Love had many charms before,
He now had charms, ten thousand more.
If Wealth had serpents in his breast,
They now are dead, or lull'd to rest.
  Beauty, that vain affected thing,
Who join'd the hymeneal ring,
Approach'd with round unthinking face,
And thus the trifler states her case.
  She said, that Love's complaints, 'twas known,
Exactly tallied with her own;
That Wealth had learn'd the felon's arts,
And robb'd her of a thousand hearts;
Desiring judgment against Wealth,
For falschood, perjury, and stealth:
All which she could on oath depose,
And hop'd the court would slit his nose.
  But Hymen, when he heard her name,
Call'd her an interloping dame;
Look'd through the crowd with angry state,
And blam'd the porter at the gate
For giving entrance to the fair,
When she was no essential there.
  To sink this haughty tyrant's pride,
He order'd Fancy to preside.
  Hence, when debates on beauty rise,
And each bright fair disputes the prize.

To Fancy's court we straight apply,
And wait the sentence of her eye;
In Beauty's realms she holds the seals,
And her awards preclude appeals.

VIII.

LIFE.

Let not the young my precepts shun;
Who slight good counsels are undone.
Your poet sung of Love's delights,
Of halcyon days and joyous nights;
To the gay fancy lovely themes;
And fain I'd hope they're more than dreams.
But, if you please, before we part,
I'd speak a language to your heart,
We'll talk of Life, though much, I fear,
The' ungrateful tale will wound your ear.
You raise your sanguine thoughts too high,
And hardly know the reason why:
But say Life's tree bears golden fruit,
Some canker shall corrode the root;
Some unexpected storm shall rise;
Or scorching suns, or chilling skies;
And (if experienc'd truths avail)
All your autumnal hopes shall fail.
"But, poet, whence such wide extremes?
Well may you style your labours dreams.
A son of sorrow thou, I ween,
Whose visions are the brats of Spleen.

Is bliss a vague unmeaning name—
Speak then the passions' use or aim;
Why rage desires without control,
And rouse such whirlwinds in the soul;
Why Hope erects her towering crest,
And laughs, and riots in the breast?
Think not, my weaker brain turns round,
Think not, I tread on fairy ground:
Think not, your pulse alone beats true—
Mine makes as healthful music too.
Our joys, when life's soft spring we trace,
Put forth their early buds apace.
See the bloom loads the tender shoot,
The bloom conceals the future fruit.
Yes, manhood's warm meridian sun
Shall ripen what in spring begun.
Thus infant roses, ere they blow,
In germinating clusters grow;
And only wait the summer's ray,
To burst and blossom to the day."

What said the gay unthinking boy?—
Methought Hilario talk'd of joy!
Tell, if thou canst, whence joys arise,
Or what those mighty joys you prize.
You'll find (and trust superior years)
The vale of life a vale of tears.
Could Wisdom teach, where joys abound,
Or riches purchase them, when found,
Would sceptred Solomon complain,
That all was fleeting, false, and vain?
Yet sceptred Solomon could say,
Returning clouds obscur'd his day.
Those maxims, which the preacher drew,
The royal sage experienc'd true.

He knew the various ills that wait
Our infant and meridian state;
That toys our earliest thoughts engage,
And different toys maturer age;
That grief at every stage appears,
But different griefs at different years;
That vanity is seen, in part,
Inscrib'd on every human heart:
In the child's breast the spark began,
Grows with his growth, and glares in man.
But when in life we journey late,
If follies die, do griefs abate?
Ah! what is life at fourscore years?— [tears!
One dark, rough road of sighs, groans, pains, and
Perhaps you'll think I act the same,
As a sly sharper plays his game:
You triumph every deal that's past,
He's sure to triumph at the last;
Who often wins some thousands more
Than twice the sum you won before.
But I'm a loser with the rest,
For Life is all a deal at best:
Where not the prize of wealth or fame,
Repays the trouble of the game;
(A truth no winner e'er denied,
An hour before that winner died.)
Not that with me these prizes shine,
For neither fame nor wealth are mine.
My cards!—a weak plebeian band,
With scarce an honour in my hand.
And, since my trumps are very few,
What have I more to boast than you!
Nor am I gainer by your fall!
That harlot Fortune bubbles all.

'Tis truth (receive it ill or well)
'Tis melancholy truth I tell.
Why should the preacher take your pence,
And smother truth to flatter sense?
I'm sure physicians have no merit,
Who kill through lenity of spirit.
That life's a game, divines confess,
This says at cards, and that at chess:
But if our views be centred here,
'Tis all a losing game, I fear.
Sailors, you know, when wars obtain,
And hostile vessels crowd the main,
If they discover from afar
A bark, as distant as a star,
Hold the perspective to their eyes,
To learn its colours, strength, and size;
And when this secret once they know,
Make ready to receive the foe.
Let you and I from sailors learn
Important truths of like concern.
I clos'd the day, as custom led,
With reading, till the time of bed;
Where Fancy, at the midnight hour,
Again display'd her magic pow'r,
(For know, that Fancy, like a sprite,
Prefers the silent scenes of night.)
She lodg'd me in a neighbouring wood,
No matter where the thicket stood;
The Genius of the place was nigh,
And held two pictures to my eye.
The curious painter had portray'd
Life in each just and genuine shade.
They, who have only known its dawn,
May think these lines too deeply drawn,

But riper years, I fear, will shew,
The wiser artist paints too true.
  One piece presents a rueful wild,
Where not a summer's sun bad smil'd:
The road with thorns is cover'd wide,
And Grief sits weeping by tbe side;
Her tears with constant tenor flow,
And form a mournful lake below;
Whose silent waters, dark and deep,
Through all the gloomy valley creep.
  Passions that flatter, or that slay,
Are beasts that fawn, or birds that prey.
Here Vice assumes the serpent's shape;
There Folly personates the ape;
Here Avarice gripes with harpies' claws;
There Malice grins with tigers' jaws;
While sons of mischief, Art and Guile,
Are alligators of the Nile.
  Ev'n Pleasure acts a treacherous part,
She charms the sense, but stings the beart;
And when she gulls us of our wealtb,
Or that superior pearl, our health,
Restores us nought but pains and woe,
And drowns us in tbe lake below.
  There a commission'd angel stands,
With desolation in his hands!
He sends the all-devouring flame,
And cities hardly boast a name:
Or wings the pestilential blast,
And lo! ten thousands breathe their last:
He speaks—obedient tempests roar,
And guilty nations are no more:
He speaks—the fury Discord raves,
And sweeps whole armies to their graves:

Or Famine lifts her mildew'd hand,
And Hunger howls through all the land.
  Oh! what a wretch is man, I cried,
Expos'd to death on every side!
And sure as born, to be undone
By evils which he cannot shun!
Besides a thousand baits to sin,
A thousand traitors lodg'd within!
For soon as Vice assaults the heart,
The rebels take the demon's part.
  I sigh, my aching bosom bleeds;
When straight the milder plan succeeds.
The lake of tears, the dreary shore,
The same as in the piece before.
But gleams of light are here display'd,
To cheer the eye, and gild the shade.
Affliction speaks a softer style,
And Disappointment wears a smile.
A group of Virtues blossom near,
Their roots improve by every tear.
  Here Patience, gentle maid! is nigh,
To calm the storm, and wipe the eye;
Hope acts the kind physician's part,
And warms the solitary heart;
Religion nobler comfort brings,
Disarms our griefs, or blunts their stings;
Points out the balance on the whole,
And Heaven rewards the struggling soul.
  But while these raptures I pursue,
The Genius suddenly withdrew.

IX.

DEATH.

VISION THE LAST.

'Tis thought my Visions are too grave;*
A proof I'm no designing knave.
Perhaps if Interest held the scales,
I had devis'd quite different tales;
Had join'd the laughing low buffoon,
And scribbled satire and lampoon;
Or stir'd each source of soft desire,
And fan'd the coals of wanton fire;
Then had my paltry Visions sold,
Yes, all my dreams had turn'd to gold;
Had prov'd the darlings of renown,
And I—a poet of renown!
  Let not my awful theme surprise;
Let no unmanly fears arise.
I wear no melancholy hue,
No wreaths of cypress or of yew.
The shroud, the coffin, pall, or hearse,
Shall ne'er deform my softer verse:
Let me consign the funeral plume,
The herald's paint, the sculptur'd tomb,
And all the solemn farce of graves,
To undertakers and their slaves.
  You know, that moral writers say
The world's a stage, and life a play;
That in this drama to succeed,
Requires much thought, and toil indeed!

* See the Monthly Review of New Books, for Feb. 1751.

There still remains one labour more,
Perhaps a greater than before.
Indulge the search, and you shall find
The harder task is still behind;
That harder task, to quit the stage
In early youth, or riper age;
To leave the company and place,
With firmness, dignity, and grace.
  Come, then, the closing scenes survey;
'Tis the last act which crowns the play.
Do well this grand decisive part,
And gain the plaudit of your heart.
Few greatly live in Wisdom's eye—
But oh! how few who greatly die!
Who, when their days approach an end,
Can meet the foe, as friend meets friend.
  Instructive heroes! tell us whence
Your noble scorn of flesh and sense!
You part from all we prize so dear,
Nor drop one soft reluctant tear:
Part from those tender joys of life,
The friend, the parent, child, and wife.
Death's black and stormy gulf you brave,
And ride exulting on the wave;
Deem thrones but trifles all!—no more—
Nor send one wishful look to shore.
  For foreign ports and lands unknown,
Thus the firm sailor leaves his own;
Obedient to the rising gale,
Unmoors his bark, and spreads his sail;
Defies the ocean, and the wind,
Nor mourns the joys he leaves behind.
  Is Death a powerful monarch? True:
Perhaps you dread the tyrant too?

Fear, like a fog, precludes the light,
Or swells the object to the sight.
Attend my visionary page,
And I'll disarm the tyrant's rage.
Come, let his ghastly form appear;
He's not so terrible when near.
Distance deludes the' unwary eye,
So clouds seem monsters in the sky:
Hold frequent converse with him now,
He'll daily wear a milder brow.
Why is my theme with terror fraught?
Because you shun the frequent thought.
Say, when the captive pard is nigh,
Whence thy pale cheek and frighted eye?
Say, why dismay'd thy manly breast,
When the grim lion shakes his crest?
Because these savage sights are new—
No keeper shudders at the view.
Keepers, accustom'd to the scene,
Approach the dens with look serene,
Fearless their grisly charge explore,
And smile to hear the tyrants roar.
"Ay—but to die! to bid adieu!
An everlasting farewell too!
Farewell to every joy around!
Oh! the heart sickens at the sound!"
Stay, stripling—thou art poorly taught—
Joy didst thou say?—discard the thought.
Joys are a rich celestial fruit,
And scorn a sublunary root.
What wears the face of joy below,
Is often found but splendid woe.
Joys here, like unsubstantial fame,
Are nothings with a pompous name;

Or else, like comets in the sphere,
Shine with destruction in their rear.
  Passions, like clouds, obscure the sight,
Hence mortals seldom judge aright.
The world's a harsh unfruitful soil,
Yet still we hope, and still we toil;
Deceive ourselves with wondrous art,
And disappointment wrings the heart.
  Thus when a mist collects around,
And hovers o'er a barren ground,
The poor deluded traveller spies
Imagin'd trees and structures rise;
But when the shrouded sun is clear,
The desert and the rocks appear.
  "Ah—but when youthful blood runs high,
Sure 'tis a dreadful thing to die!
To die! and what exalts the gloom,
I'm told that man survives the tomb!
O! can the learned prelate find
What future scenes await the mind?
Where wings the soul, dislodg'd from clay?
Some courteous angel point the way!
That unknown somewhere in the skies!
Say, where that unknown somewhere lies;
And kindly prove, when life is o'er,
That pains and sorrows are no more.
For doubtless dying is a curse,
If present ills be chang'd for worse."
  Hush, my young friend, forego the theme;
And listen to your poet's dream.
  Erewhile I took an evening walk,
Honorio join'd in social talk.
Along the lawns the zephyrs sweep,
Each ruder wind was lull'd asleep.

The sky, all beauteous to behold,
Was streak'd with azure, green, and gold;
But, though serenely soft and fair,
Fever hung brooding in the air;
Then settled on Honorio's breast,
Which shudder'd at the fatal guest.
No drugs the kindly wish fulfil,
Disease eludes the doctor's skill.
The poison spreads through all the frame,
Ferments, and kindles into flame.
From side to side Honorio turns,
And now with thirst insatiate burns.
His eyes resign their wonted grace,
Those friendly lamps expire apace!
The brain's an useless organ grown,
And Reason tumbled from his throne.—
But while the purple surges glow,
The currents thicken as they flow;
The blood in every distant part
Stagnates and disappoints the heart;
Defrauded of its crimson store,
The vital engine plays no more.
Honorio dead, the funeral bell
Call'd every friend to bid farewell:
I join'd the melancholy bier,
And drop'd the unavailing tear.
The clock struck twelve—when nature sought
Repose from all the pangs of thought;
And while my limbs were sunk to rest,
A vision sooth'd my troubled breast.
I dream'd the spectre Death appear'd,
I dream'd his hollow voice I heard!
Methought the' imperial tyrant wore
A state no prince assum'd before.

All nature fetch'd a general groan,
And lay expiring round his throne.
I gaz'd—when straight arose to sight
The most detested fiend of night.
He shuffled with unequal pace,
And conscious shame deform'd his face.
With jealous leer he squinted round,
Or fix'd his eyes upon the ground.
From hell this frightful monster came,
Sin was his sire, and Guilt his name.
This fury, with officious care,
Waited around the Sovereign's chair;
In robes of terrors dress'd the king,
And arm'd him with a baneful sting;
Gave fierceness to the tyrant's eye,
And hung the sword upon his thigh.
Diseases next, a hideous crowd!
Proclaim'd their master's empire loud;
And, all obedient to his will,
Flew in commission'd troops to kill.
A rising whirlwind shakes the poles,
And lightning glares, and thunder rolls.
The Monarch and his train prepare
To range the foul tempestuous air.
Straight to his shoulders he applies
Two pinions of enormous size!
Methought I saw the ghastly form
Stretch his black wings, and mount the storm.
When Fancy's airy horse I strode,
And join'd the arm on the road.
As the grim conqueror urg'd his way,
He scatter'd terror and dismay.
Thousands a pensive aspect wore,
Thousands who sneer'd at Death before.

Life's records rise on every side,
And Conscience spreads those volumes wide;
Which faithful registers were brought
By pale-ey'd Fear and busy Thought.
Those faults which artful men conceal,
Stand here engrav'd with pen of steel,
By Conscience, that impartial scribe!
Whose honest palm disdains a bribe.
Their actions all like critics view,
And all like faithful critics too.
As guilt had stain'd life's various stage,
What tears of blood bedew'd the page!
All shudder'd at the black account,
And scarce believ'd the vast amount!
All vow'd a sudden change of heart,
Would Death relent, and sheath his dart.
But, when the awful foe withdrew,
All to their follies fled anew.
So when a wolf, who scours at large,
Springs on the shepherd's fleecy charge,
The flock in wild disorder fly,
And cast behind a frequent eye;
But, when the victim's bore away,
They rush to pasture and to play.
Indulge my dream; and let my pen
Paint those unmeaning creatures, Men.
Carus, with pains and sickness worn,
Chides the slow night, and sighs for morn,
Soon as he views the eastern ray,
He mourns the quick return of day;
Hourly laments protracted breath,
And courts the healing hand of Death.
Verres, oppress'd with guilt and shame,
Shipwreck'd in fortune, health, and fame,

Pines for his dark sepulchral bed,
To mingle with the' unheeded dead.
With fourscore years grey Natho bends,
A burden to himself and friends;
And with impatience seems to wait
The friendly hand of lingering fate:
So hirelings wish their labour done,
And often eye the western sun.
The monarch hears their various grief,
Descends, and brings the wish'd relief.
On Death with wild surprise they star'd;
All seem'd averse! All unprepar'd!
As torrents sweep with rapid force,
The grave's pale chief pursued his course.
No human pow'r can or withstand
Or shun the conquests of his hand.
Oh! could the prince of upright mind,
And, as a guardian-angel kind,
With every heartfelt worth beside,
Turn the keen shaft of Death aside;
When would the brave Augustus join
The ashes of his sacred line?
But Death maintains no partial war,
He mocks a sultan or a czar:
He lays his iron hand on all——
Yes; kings, and sons of kings, must fall!
A truth Britannia lately felt,
And trembled to her centre!——*
Could ablest statesmen ward the blow,
Would Granville own this common foe?
For greater talents ne'er were known
To grace the favourite of a throne.

* Referring to the death of Frederic Prince of Wales, March 20, 1751.

Could genius save—wit, learning, fire—
Tell me, would Chesterfield expire?
Say, would his glorious sun decline,
And set like your pale star or mine?
Could every virtue of the sky—
Would Herring,* Butler,† Secker‡ die?
Why this address to peerage all—
Untitled Allen's virtues call!
If Allen's worth demands a place,
Lords, with your leave, 'tis no disgrace,
Though high your ranks in heralds' rolls,
Know Virtue too ennobles souls:
By her that private man's renown'd,
Who pours a thousand blessings round,
While Allen takes Affliction's part,
And draws out all his generous heart;
Anxious to seize the fleeting day,
Lest unimprov'd it steal away:
While thus he walks with jealous strife
Through goodness, as he walks through life,
Shall not I mark his radiant path?—
Rise, muse and sing the Man of Bath!
Publish'd abroad, could goodness save,
Allen would disappoint the grave;
Translated to the heavenly shore,
Like Enoch, when his walk was o'er.
Not Beauty's powerful pleas restrain—
Her pleas are trifling, weak, and vain;
For women pierce with shrieks the air,
Smite their bare breasts, and rend their hair.
All have a doleful tale to tell,
How friends, sons, daughters, husbands fell!

* Archbishop of Canterbury. † Late Bishop of Durham.
‡ Bishop of Oxford, and afterwards Abp. of Canterbury.

Alas! is life our favourite theme!
'Tis all a vain, or painful dream.
A dream which fools or cowards prize,
But slighted by the brave or wise.
Who lives, for others' ills must groan,
Or bleed for sorrows of his own;
Must journey on with weeping eye,
Then pant, sink, agonize, and die.
"And shall a man arraign the skies,
Because man lives, and mourns, and dies?
Impatient reptile! (Reason cried)
Arraign thy passion and thy pride:
Retire, and commune with thy heart;
Ask, whence thou cam'st, and what thou art?
Explore thy body and thy mind,
Thy station too, why here assign'd?
The search shall teach thee life to prize,
And make thee grateful, good, and wise.
Why do you roam to foreign climes,
To study nations, modes, and times;
A science often dearly bought,
And often what avails you nought?
Go, man, and act a wiser part;
Study the science of your heart.
This home-philosophy you know,
Was priz'd some thousand years ago.*
Then why abroad a frequent guest?
Why such a stranger to your breast?
Why turn so many volumes o'er,
Till Dodsley can supply no more?
Not all the volumes on thy shelf,
Are worth that single volume, Self.

* "*Know Thyself*"—a celebrated saying of Chilo, one of the seven wise men of Greece.

For who this sacred book declines,
Howe'er in other arts he shines;
Though smit with Pindar's noble rage,
Or vers'd in Tully's manly page;
Though deeply read in Plato's school;
With all his knowledge, is a fool.
"Proclaim the truth—say, what is man?
His body from the dust began:
And when a few short years are o'er,
The crumbling fabric is no more.
"But whence the soul? From Heaven it came!
Oh! prize this intellectual flame.
This nobler Self with rapture scan,
'Tis mind alone which makes the man.
Trust me, there's not a joy on earth,
But from the soul derives its birth.
Ask the young rake (he'll answer right)
Who treats by day, and drinks by night,
What makes his entertainments shine,
What gives the relish to his wine;
He'll tell thee, (if he scorns the beast)
That social pleasures form the feast.
The charms of beauty too shall cloy,
Unless the soul exalts the joy:
The mind must animate the face,
Or cold and tasteless every grace.
"What! must the soul her powers dispense
To raise and swell the joys of sense?—
Know too, the joys of sense control,
And clog the motions of the soul:
Forbid her pinions to aspire,
Damp and impair her native fire:
And sure as Sense (that tyrant!) reigns,
She holds the empress, Soul, in chains.

Inglorious bondage to the mind,
Heaven-born, sublime, and unconfin'd!
She's independent, fair, and great,
And justly claims a large estate;
She asks no borrow'd aids to shine,
She boasts within a golden mine;
But, like the treasures of Peru,
Her wealth lies deep, and far from view.
Say, shall the man who knows her worth,
Debase her dignity and birth;
Or e'er repine at Heaven's decree,
Who kindly gave her leave to be;
Call'd her from nothing into day,
And built her tenement of clay?
Hear and accept me for your guide,
(Reason shall ne'er desert your side.)
Who listens to my wiser voice,
Can't but applaud his Maker's choice;
Pleas'd with that First and Sovereign Cause,
Pleas'd with unerring Wisdom's laws;
Secure, since Sovereign Goodness reigns,
Secure, since Sovereign Power obtains.
"With curious eyes review thy frame,
This science shall direct thy claim.
Dost thou indulge a double view,
A long, long life, and happy too?
Perhaps a further boon you crave—
To lie down easy in the grave?
Know then my dictates must prevail,
Or surely each fond wish shall fail.—
"Come, then, is Happiness thy aim?
Let mental joys be all thy game.
Repeat the search, and mend your pace,
The capture shall reward the chase.

Let every minute, as it springs,
Convey fresh knowledge on its wings;
Let every minute, as it flies,
Record thee good as well as wise.
While such pursuits your thoughts engage,
In a few years you'll live an age.
Who measures life by rolling years?
Fools measure by revolving spheres.
Go thou, and fetch the' unerring rule
From Virtue's and from Wisdom's school.
Who well improves life's shortest day,
Will scarce regret its setting ray;
Contented with his share of light,
Nor fear nor wish the' approach of night.
And when Disease assaults the heart,
When Sickness triumphs over Art,
Reflections on a life well past
Shall prove a cordial to the last;
This med'cine shall the soul sustain,
And soften or suspend her pain;
Shall break Death's fell tyrannic pow'r,
And calm the troubled dying hour."
  Bless'd rules of cool prudential age!
I listen'd, and rever'd the sage.
When lo! a form divinely bright
Descends and bursts upon my sight,
A seraph of illustrious birth!
(Religion was her name on earth)
Supremely sweet her radiant face,
And blooming with celestial grace!
Three shining cherubs form'd her train,
Wav'd their light wings, and reach'd the plain;
Faith, with sublime and piercing eye,
And pinions fluttering for the sky;

Here Hope, that smiling angel, stands,
And golden anchors grace her hands;
There Charity, in robes of white,
Fairest and favourite maid of light!
  The seraph spake—"'Tis Reason's part,
To govern, and to guard the heart;
To lull the wayward soul to rest,
When hopes and fears distract the breast.
Reason may calm this doubtful strife,
And steer thy bark through various life:
But when the storms of death are nigh,
And midnight darkness veils the sky,
Shall Reason then direct thy sail,
Disperse the clouds, or sink the gale?
Stranger, this skill alone is mine,
Skill! that transcends his scanty line.
  "That hoary sage has counsell'd right—
Be wise; nor scorn his friendly light.
Revere thyself—thou'rt near allied
To angels on thy better side.
How various e'er their ranks or kinds,
Angels are but unbodied minds;
When the partition-walls decay,
Men emerge angels from their clay.
  "Yes, when the frailer body dies,
The soul asserts her kindred skies.
But minds, though sprung from heavenly race,
Must first be tutor'd for the place.
(The joys above are understood,
And relish'd only by the good)
Who shall assume this guardian care?
Who shall secure their birthright there?
Souls are my charge—to me 'tis giv'n
To train them for their native Heav'n.

"Know then—Who bow the early knee,
And give the willing heart to me;
Who wisely, when Temptation waits,
Elude her frauds and spurn her baits;
Who dare to own my injur'd cause,
(Though fools deride my sacred laws)
Or scorn to deviate to the wrong,
Though Persecution lifts her thong.
Though all the sons of hell conspire
To raise the stake, and light the fire;
Know, that for such superior souls,
There lies a bliss beyond the poles;
Where spirits shine with purer ray,
And brighten to meridian day;
Where Love, where boundless Friendship rules,
(No friends that change, no love that cools!)
Where rising floods of knowledge roll,
And pour and pour upon the soul!
"But where's the passage to the skies?—
The road through Death's black valley lies.
Nay, do not shudder at my tale—
Though dark the shades, yet safe the vale.
This path the best of men have trod;
And who'd decline the road to God?
Oh! 'tis a glorious boon to die!
This favour can't be priz'd too high."
While thus she spake, my looks express'd
The raptures kindling in my breast:
My soul a fix'd attention gave;
When the stern Monarch of the Grave
With haughty strides approach'd—Amaz'd
I stood, and trembled as I gaz'd.
The Seraph calm'd each anxious fear,
And kindly wip'd the falling tear;

Then hasten'd, with expanded wing,
To meet the pale terrific king.
  But now, what milder scenes arise!
The tyrant drops his hostile guise.
He seems a youth divinely fair;
In graceful ringlets waves his hair:
His wings their whitening plumes display,
His burnish'd plumes reflect the day.
Light flows his shining azure vest,
And all the angel stands confess'd.
  I view'd the change with sweet surprise,
And oh! I panted for the skies;
Thank'd Heaven, that e'er I drew my breath,
And triumph'd in the thoughts of Death!

THE FIRESIDE.

Dear Chloe, while the busy crowd,
The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,
  In folly's maze advance;
Though singularity and pride
Be call'd our choice, we'll step aside,
  Nor join the giddy dance.

From the gay world we'll oft retire
To our own family and fire,
  Where love our hours employs;
No noisy neighbour enters here,
No intermeddling stranger near,
  To spoil our heartfelt joys.

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies;
  And they are fools who roam;
The world hath nothing to bestow,
From our ownselves our bliss must flow,
  And that dear hut—our home.

Of rest was Noah's dove bereft,
When with impatient wing she left
  That safe retreat, the ark;
Giving her vain excursions o'er,
The disappointed bird once more
  Explor'd the sacred bark.

Though fools spurn Hymen's gentle powers,
We, who improve his golden hours,

By sweet experience know,
That marriage, rightly understood,
Gives to the tender and the good
A paradise below!

Our babes shall richest comforts bring;
If tutor'd right they'll prove a spring
Whence pleasures ever rise:
We'll form their mind with studious care,
To all that's manly, good, and fair,
And train them for the skies,

While they our wisest hours engage,
They'll joy our youth, support our age,
And crown our hoary hairs;
They'll grow in virtue every day,
And thus our fondest loves repay,
And recompense our cares.

No borrow'd joys! they're all our own,
While to the world we live unknown,
Or by the world forgot:
Monarchs! we envy not your state,
We look with pity on the great,
And bless our humble lot.

Our portion is not large, indeed,
But then how little do we need,
For Nature's calls are few!
In this the art of living lies,
To want no more than may suffice,
And make that little do.

We'll therefore relish with content
Whate'er kind Providence has sent,

Nor aim beyond our power;
For, if our stock be very small,
'Tis prudence to enjoy it all,
Nor lose the present hour.

To be resign'd when ills betide,
Patient when favours are denied,
And pleas'd with favours given:
Dear Chloe, this is wisdom's part,
This is that incense of the heart,
Whose fragrance smells to Heaven.

We'll ask no long-protracted treat,
Since winter-life is seldom sweet;
But, when our feast is o'er,
Grateful from table we'll arise,
Nor grudge our sons, with envious eyes,
The relics of our store.

Thus hand in hand through life we'll go;
Its chequer'd paths of joy and woe
With cautious steps we'll tread;
Quit its vain scenes without a tear,
Without a trouble or a fear,
And mingle with the dead.

While conscience, like a faithful friend,
Shall through the gloomy vale attend,
And cheer our dying breath;
Shall, when all other comforts cease,
Like a kind angel whisper peace,
And smooth the bed of death.

END OF VOL. XXXV.